June 5, 1943

THE NEW YORKER

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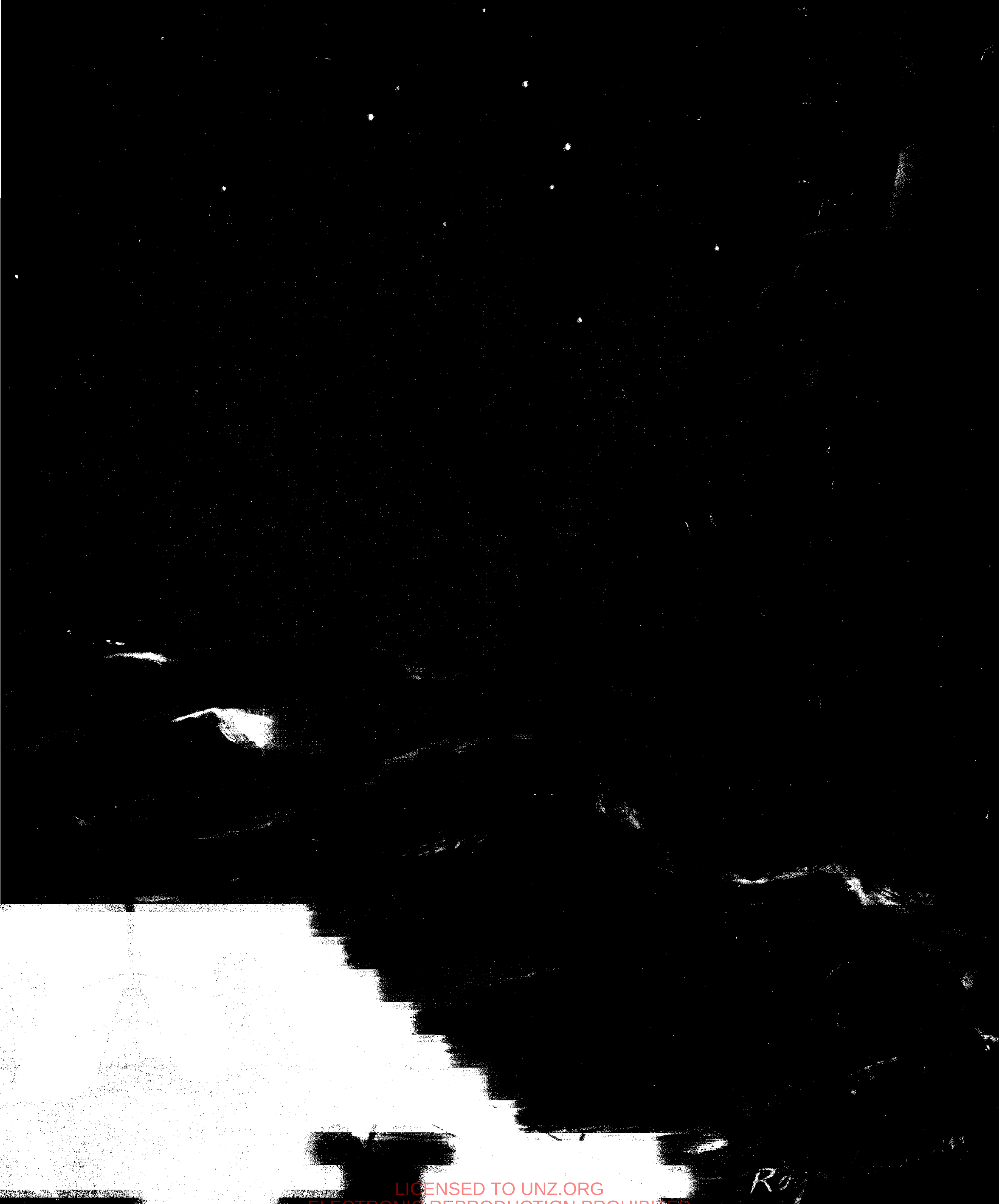

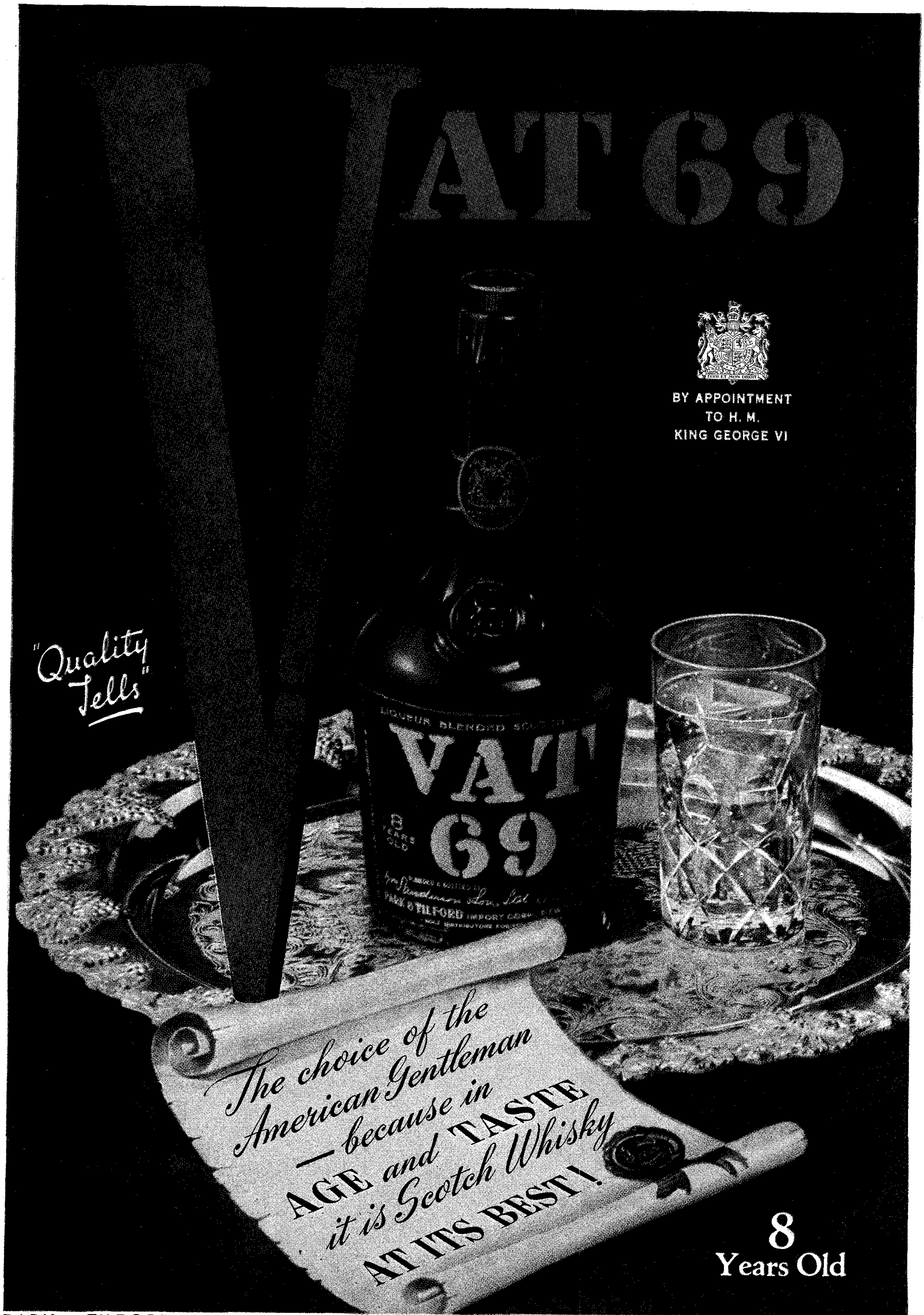
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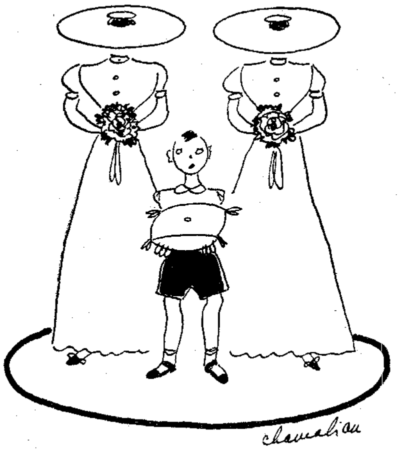
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 3,
THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 12.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Effie Shannon heads the cast of this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy, which is now in its third year. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's remarkable comedy about a man whose wives come back to haunt him. Splendid performances by Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick make everything practically perfect. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., June 5.)

The Corn Is Green—Ethel Barrymore back in her 1940 triumph about the education of a Welsh coal miner. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Counselor-at-Law—Paul Muni in a revival of Elmer Rice's success. Not as topical as it was in 1931, but still good enough entertainment. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Dark Eyes—Very funny piece about the invasion of a Long Island household by three spirited Russians. Eugenie Leontovich will be replaced by Tamara Geva on Sun., June 6. Elena Miramova will stay on. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—All about how three sporty girls are turned loose in wartime Washington and nearly wreck it. Joseph Fields is the author and the cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Doris Nolan, and Arlene Francis. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Eve of St. Mark—Maxwell Anderson follows his hero from his home on a farm to his death on Corregidor. An interesting melodrama, but a rather florid and sentimental play. Aline MacMahon and Mary Rolfe have leading rôles. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harriet—Thirty-three years in the life of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who, unfortunately, doesn't seem to have been a very fascinating woman. Helen Hayes, however, is magnificent. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Janie—A comedy about adolescent and military life in the suburbs which may easily appeal to suburban adolescents. Brock Pemberton has employed, among others, Gwen Anderson and Linda Watkins. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Junior Miss—An industrious thirteen-year-old tries to make her family behave like people in the movies. An excellent dramatization of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories, made almost irresistible by the acting of Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan as two little girls. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Kiss and Tell—A typical George Abbott comedy about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Jessie Royce Landis heads a pleasant, competent cast. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is well over three years old. Harry Bannister and Muriel Kirkland play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Patriots—A lucid, if not very inspiring, account of Thomas Jefferson's feud with Alexander Hamilton. The statesmen involved are Raymond Edward Johnson, House Jameson, and Cecil Humphreys. Winner of the Drama Critics' award for the season's best play. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Skin of Our Teeth—Thornton Wilder's superb fantasy, dealing with the survival of the human race through glaciers and floods and wars. Conrad Nagel and Miriam Hopkins are among the indestructible people in the cast. Winner of this year's Pulitzer Prize. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Three's a Family—A simple-minded, sometimes funny piece about pregnant ladies and the current housing shortage. With Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Tomorrow the World—A sober, though somewhat elementary, attempt to deal with the problem of how the children of Nazi Germany are to be reëducated. With Skippy Homeier, Ralph Bellamy, and Shirley Booth. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Tues. at 8:55; other nights, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

By Jupiter—The Rodgers and Hart adaptation of "The Warrior's Husband," with Ray Bolger, Ronald Graham, and Benay Venuta. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Closes Sat., June 12.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs" that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. Richard Rodgers wrote the music and Alfred Drake, Joseph Buloff, Joan Roberts, and Celeste Holm are among those who sing and dance their way through this American folk play. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Something for the Boys—Ethel Merman singing Cole Porter songs in a comedy that is about Army life as much as anything else. With Allen Jenkins and Betty Bruce. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Sons o' Fun—An Olsen and Johnson brainstorm, strictly for those who admired "Hellz-a-Poppin." Mr. O. and Mr. J. have left the cast, but Frank Libuse and Joe Besser are still around to torment the audience. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Star and Garter—Burlesque finally comes into its own in this funny and occasionally handsome show, with Bobby Clark and Gypsy Rose Lee. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Thurs., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Rough-and-tumble version of an American institution. Milton Berle is in charge of a large cast. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

The Student Prince—A revival of the Sigmund Romberg operetta, with Ann Pennington and Everett Marshall. Produced by the Shuberts. Opens Tues., June 8. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

For This We Fight—Paul Robeson, Pearl Primus, Canada Lee, and others in a pageant by Langston Hughes, showing the rôle of the Negro in American history: Mon., June 7, at 7:30 P.M. (Madison Square Garden. For tickets, call AT 9-4670.)

BALLET

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—"Carnaval," "Coppelia," and "Le Beau Danube," Thurs., June 3; "Carnaval," "Igroushki," "Scheherazade," and "The Magic Swan," Fri., June 4; "Chopin Concerto," "Rodeo," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Sat., June 5; at 8:30 P.M. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—A green and pleasant retreat, with Jules Lande's orchestra playing for dancing.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo has joined the show here, which also includes Mildred Bailey, the Golden Gate Quartet, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—A tropical spot, with Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, Frank Marti's samba band, and a show.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—No show, of course, but there are still the coconuts and zebra stripes to marvel at, as well as Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band to dance to.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—The orchestras of Michael Lo Scalvo and Eddie Davis play good tunes as they were written.

Monte Carlo Beach, 51 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—This summer house, next door to the winter quarters, has reopened for the season. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotger's rumba band for dancing, and there's also some entertainment.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room has the most regal-looking waiters in town. Stanley Melba's orchestra is here, with a small show. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde is at home to her friends in the Persian Room. Bob Grant's orchestra. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Larry Keyes' orchestra provides the dance music in this warm-weather haven.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The gay Café Lounge offers dance music by Joseph C. Smith's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—One of the most popular canteens on the East Side. The names of the orchestras are to be announced. Tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The lofty Starlight Roof has dance music by Xavier Cugat's orchestra and, at the supper hour, songs by Tito Guizar. Mischa Borr's orchestra also helps entertain the after-theatre trade. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**le ruban bleu**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a dimly lit little place, with Maxine Sullivan and a number of other competent performers. . . . **blue angel**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): Claude Alphand and the Revuers are among those who keep things going in this at-

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

Page
BOOKS 71
THE CURRENT CINEMA 40
LETTER FROM LONDON 36
MUSICAL EVENTS:
POPULAR RECORDS 68
OF ALL THINGS 62
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
ABOUT THE HOUSE 58
THE RACE TRACK 66
A REPORTER AT LARGE 45

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

The New Yorker, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XIX, No. 16, June 5, 1943. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1943, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 3,
THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 12.

tractive spot.... SPIVY'S ROOF, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself sings those hearty songs of hers, and there are other entertainers as well.... LA VIE PARISIENNE, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): there's Libby Holman, in addition to the Lamotte murals you may have heard about.... 1-2-3 CLUB, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano and the customers just relax in this large, pleasant room. ... PENTHOUSE CLUB, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): candlelight, a view of the Park, and musicians, strolling and stationary.

Miscellaneous—The VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a big East Side place that has a touch of Broadway about it; Val Olman's orchestra, Panchito's rumba band, and a show that includes Charles Weidman.... LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a small one with more charm for its size, or perhaps because of it, than most; Dick Wilson's orchestra.... ARMANDO'S, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): one of the tiniest dance floors yet; George Morris's orchestra.... CASBAH, 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): fairly fancy, with Don Maya's orchestra and a not-too-large show.... LA MARTINIQUE, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a cheerful place, with Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and some entertainment. ... RIOBAMBA, 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): pink-and-blue ceilings, white palm trees, and a show; Roy Fox's orchestra and Nora Morales' rumba band. ... CASINO RUSSE, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian atmosphere and entertainment; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra.... ASTOR ROOF, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Harry James' orchestra.... ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Barry Winton's orchestra.... NEW YORKER HOTEL, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Jerry Wald's orchestra and an ice show.... PENNSYLVANIA, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Charlie Spivak's orchestra.... ROOSEVELT, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.... BILL'S GAY NINETIES, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): noisy, but all right if you feel like community singing; no dancing.... VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a low-ceilinged cellar spot, with Richard Dyer-Bennett singing folk songs.... JIMMY KELLY'S, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rough-and-tumble carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

●

Broadway Atmosphere—At the HURRICANE, B'way at 49 (CO 5-1995): Duke Ellington and his band should be enough for you, but there's also a show.... DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a new revue, all about the postwar world, in the Billy Rose manner.... LATIN QUARTER, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): modeled after the old Left Bank, with cancans and all that.... LA CONGA, 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a Latin-American place, with Carmen Amaya and others; Machito's rumba band.... HAVANA-MADRID, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly Latin, with a rumba band and a show.

Mostly for Music—At CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village favorite, with Ammons and Johnson and Frankie Newton's orchestra.... NICK'S, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another downtown landmark, this one with Brad Gowans' orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon.... KELLY'S STABLE, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): nothing elaborate about the setting, but there's the Clarence Profit Trio and Coleman Hawkins' orchestra.

Al-Fresco—The CLAREMONT INN, Riverside Dr. at 104: there's a fine view of the Hudson in the afternoon; Joe Ricardel's orchestra plays for dancing in the evenings.... MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: lunch and tea are served in the garden.... CENTRAL PARK ZOO: the cafeteria there is jammed on Sundays, but it's fun for a weekday breakfast or an afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafés on lower Fifth Ave., quieter than ever now with the disappearance of the motor car: the BREVOORT, 5 Ave. at 8; FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, 5 Ave. at 9; and LONGCHAMPS, 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

African Sculpture—A loan show of primitive figures: Fighting French Relief Committee Shop, 2 W. 57. Daily 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 5.

Milton Avery—Recent oils by this modernist: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 29.

Carol Blanchard—Imaginative oils in her first New York showing: Perls, 32 E. 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., June 4.

Alexander Calder and Yves Tanguy—Wood-and-wire sculptures by the first, and recent oils by the second: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 5.

Lovis Corinth—A retrospective show of paintings, drawings, water colors, and lithographs by this German Expressionist, who died in 1925: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 3.

Julio de Diego—A Spanish-born artist shows new oils inspired by the war: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., June 4.

Louis M. Eilshemius—Twelve landscapes and figure paintings from this artist's work: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 30.

Europeans—A new gallery opens with paintings of women by André Derain, Moïse Kisling, Marcel Vertès, and others: Niveau, 63 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 5.

Jean-Louis Forain—First one-man show of his oils in this country: Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, 457 Madison, at 50. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sat., June 12.

Groups—At the FERARGIL, 63 E. 57: four Americans, George Constant, Joseph Foshko, Orenzo Gasparo, and James Lechay, show their recent oils. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., June 4.... BABCOCK, 38 E. 57: John Costigan, Thomas Eakins, Winslow Homer, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 15.... MORTON, 130 W. 57: Robert Blair, James Brockway, Gregory Ivy, and others in this gallery's group. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 19.... VALENTINE, 55 E. 57: French and American figure paintings. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 12. ... WAKEFIELD, 64 E. 55: small paintings and drawings by Saul Steinberg, Edward Melcarth, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through June 30.... AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER, 44 W. 56: recent oils and sculptures by American and British artists. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., June 11.... WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64: annual exhibition of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 26.

Alfred H. Maurer—Paintings by a man who had considerable influence on American art: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 26.

Jacob Lawrence—A series of gouaches of Harlem life: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., June 4.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Water colors, from the Index of American Design, of weathervanes, andirons, and other early American metal work, along with examples from the Museum's collection (through July 21); also, American and British cartoons in an exhibition sponsored by the English-Speaking Union (through June 30). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Big exhibition of Latin-American paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sun., June 6.

Georgia O'Keeffe—Recent oils in her established style: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through June 19.

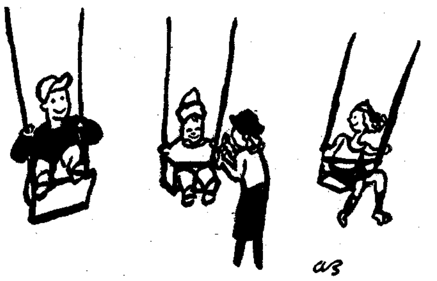
Three Centuries—From Thomas Gainsborough to Henry Botkin—all in one gallery: Andre Seligmann, 15 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 30.

Stark Young—This writer-artist exhibits his imaginative landscapes and flower paintings; a war-relief benefit: Friends of Greece, 52 E. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., June 5.

Young Americans—Abstract works by painters and sculptors under thirty-five: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 26.

Here and There—At the NEW SCHOOL, 66 W. 12: first showing in America of paintings by Enrico Donati. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Wed., June 9.... CLAY CLUB, 4 W. 8: carvings of animals, people, and insects by Cleo Hartwig. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through June 26.... MIDTOWN, 605 Madison, at 58: small sculptures and drawings by Herbert Ferber. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., June 4. ... CARSTAIRS, 11 E. 57: paintings of prewar France by Lucien Adrion. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., June 11.... NORLYST, 59 W. 56: paintings, gouaches, engravings, and drawings by Gabor Peterdi. Tues., 11 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through June 13.... BONESTELL, 18 E. 57: recent oils by Joseph Solman. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 12.... ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 711 5 Ave., at 55: water colors and paintings by Grant Reynard. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 19.... KOHN, 608 5 Ave., at 49: water colors by Abraham Blackman. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 18.

Note—The semi-annual outdoor art exhibit in Washington Square will continue daily, from 11 A.M. to dusk, through Sun., June 6.



MUSIC

Church Music Festival—The American Guild of Organists, assisted by several choirs, presenting a series of choral services and recitals: St. Thomas', 5 Ave. at 53, Thurs., June 3, at 5 P.M.; St. Bartholomew's, Park at 50, Thurs., June 3, at 8 P.M.; St. George's, 207 E. 16, Fri., June 4, at 5 P.M.; St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112, Fri., June 4, at 8 P.M.

OPERA

San Carlo Opera Company—"Aïda," Thurs. Eve., June 3; "Faust," Fri. Eve., June 4; "La Traviata," Sat. Aft., June 5; "Carmen," Sat. Eve., June 5; "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Sun. Aft., June 6; "Il Trovatore," Sun. Eve., June 6. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Eves. at 8:20. Mats. Sat. at 2:30 and Sun. at 3.)

Rosalinda—The Max Reinhardt version of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. St. Louis, Thurs. and Fri., June 3-4, at 3 P.M., Sat., June 5, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., June 6 (doubleheader), at 2 P.M.... POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Philadelphia, Wed., June 9, at 3 P.M., and Sat., June 12, at 2:30 P.M.... EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Boston, Wed., June 9, at 6 P.M., Thurs., June 10, at 3 P.M., and Sat., June 12, at 2:30 P.M.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden: Chalky Wright vs. Phil Terranova, featherweights, 15 rounds, Fri., June 4; Henry Armstrong vs. Sammy Angott, lightweights, 10 rounds, Fri., June 11. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M., main bout at 10.

Racing—Daily at Belmont Park at 1:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 5. (The National Stallion and The Belmont, Sat., June 5.) ... Weekdays at Aqueduct, post time to be announced, starting Mon., June 7. (Queens County Handicap, Mon., June 7; The Shevlin, Wed., June 9; Carter Handicap, Sat., June 12.)

Track and Field—Metropolitan A.A.U. senior championships: Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island, Sat., June 5, at 1:30 P.M.

Yachting—Championship races on the Sound: Larchmont Y.C., Larchmont, N. Y., Sun., June 6, at about 1 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

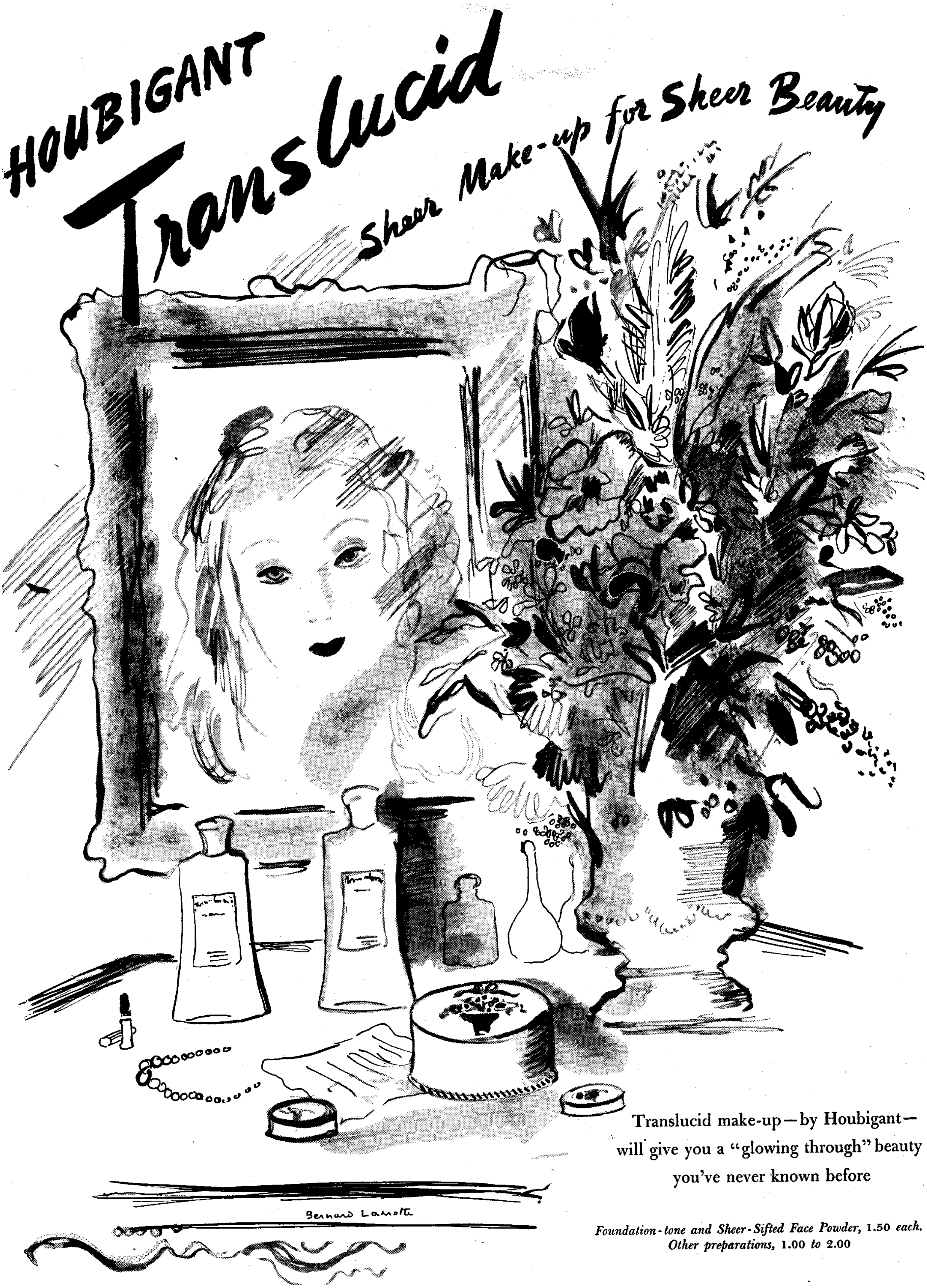
Wartime Exhibitions—At the CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of combat vehicles, artillery, small arms, and bombs, assembled by the Army, of the kinds being used by our forces overseas, as well as booby traps and equipment captured from the enemy. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.; through June 30. ... ROCKEFELLER PLAZA: the second of a series of outdoor exhibits under the supervision of the Office of War Information, this one showing what America would be like under Axis domination. Daily 9 A.M. to dusk; through July 4.... MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., Rockefeller Center: an exhibit, sponsored by the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, of photomurals, examples of lend-lease equipment, and a display of captured German war-trophies. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through July 16.... FREEDOM HOUSE, 32 E. 51: a collection of photographs, mostly unpublished, of bombings and other wartime scenes in Great Britain, along with maps and diagrams showing the development of the British Empire. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

Defense Show—The Civilian Defense Volunteer Office presenting a Norman Bel Geddes air raid, with films and real incendiary bombs, and demonstrations by 3,000 volunteer workers: Madison Square Garden, Thurs., June 10, at 8 P.M. For tickets, call PL 5-7301.

Planetarium—"The Sun" is the title of this month's lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri., 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat., 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun., 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

Benefit—A party, with entertainment by Claude Alphand, Walter O'Keefe, and several astrologers, for the Merchant Marine Canteen and the American Women's Hospitals Reserve Corps: Ritz Tower, Thurs., June 3, at 8:30 P.M. For tickets, call CO 5-5898.

On the Air—"This Is Official," third in a new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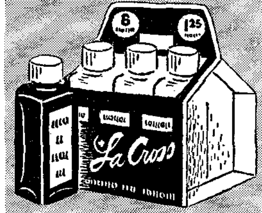

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS, FROM
THURSDAY, JUNE 3, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 12

series of government broadcasts, the speakers to be announced, Sun., June 6, at 1 P.M., WJZ. . . . Elmer Davis, speaking for the Office of War Information, Fri. Eves. at 10:45 P.M., WABC, WEAF, WJZ, and WQXR. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Pierre Monteux conducting, Sun., June 6, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . San Carlo Opera: "Faust," Fri., June 4, at 8:30 P.M.; "La Traviata," Sat., June 5, at 2:30 P.M.; "Carmen," Sat., June 5, at 8:30 P.M.; "Il Trovatore," Sun., June 6, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . Boxing: Chalky Wright vs. Phil Terranova, Fri., June 4; Henry Armstrong vs. Sammy Angott, Fri., June 11; at 10 P.M., WOR. . . . Racing: from Belmont Park, The Belmont, Sat., June 5, at 4:15 P.M., WABC, WEAF, WOR.

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Paintings, period furniture, Georgian silver, and other furnishings from the late Fred J. Fisher's yacht, Nakhoda: Fri., June 4, at 2 P.M. . . . Rare English, American, and French books from the library of Gertrude D. Walker and the late William Hall Walker: Wed., June 9, at 2 P.M.

MOTION PICTURES

ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC—Warner Brothers have gone all out for the merchant marine in this one. The good cast includes Humphrey Bogart, Raymond Massey, and Ruth Gordon. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

AIR FORCE—A story, with no nonsense, about action in the Pacific in December, 1941. A Flying Fortress plays the major rôle and John Garfield a minor one. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., June 4. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; through Wed., June 9. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sat. through Thurs., June 5-10. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. through Tues., June 6-8. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; starting Wed., June 9.)

BATAAN—Story of a lost patrol in the Philippines with Robert Taylor, George Murphy, Thomas Mitchell, and no nonsense. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

DESERT VICTORY—The great British documentary about Montgomery and Rommel. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Tues. through Fri., June 8-11. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; starting Tues., June 8.)

FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO—This isn't what actually happened to the Afrika Korps, but it's fun to think about. Erich von Stroheim is a natural as Rommel, and there's also Franchot Tone, Anne Baxter, and Akim Tamiroff. (Paramount, B'way at 43.)

HANGMEN ALSO DIE—Excitement following the assassination of a German official in Czechoslovakia. Kept especially exciting by the direction of Fritz Lang. The cast includes Brian Donlevy, Walter Brennan, and Anna Lee. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sat., June 5. . . . Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Mon., June 7.)

THE HUMAN COMEDY—Saroyan looks at life and finds it, as usual, irreproachable. Mickey Rooney, Frank Morgan, and an admirable child named Jack Jenkins. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

KEEPER OF THE FLAME—Dramatic story about a national idol who dies respected by all but who is later found by a reporter to have been a menace. Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Fri., June 4. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., June 5. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Tues., June 5-8. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; starting Tues., June 8. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; starting Wed., June 9.)

MISSION TO MOSCOW—An interpretation of ex-Ambassador Davies' book that is often awkward and tiresome but that has excellent moments and an important message, to wit: collective security. Walter Huston, Ann Harding, Oscar Homolka, and a good slice of the Group Theatre are in the cast. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

THE MOON IS DOWN—Nunnally Johnson has done very well by Steinbeck's play, with the help of Henry Travers, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and Dorris Bowden. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Mon., June 7. . . . R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; and Nemo, B'way at 110; through Wed., June 9.)

THE MORE THE MERRIER—Comedy in the cramped quarters of Washington, involving Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, and Charles Coburn. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

SALUDOS AMIGOS—A colorful, forty-five-minute Disney, featuring Donald Duck and others in South America. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; starting Tues., June 8.)

THIS LAND IS MINE—About the soundest of the What's Going On in the Occupied Countries group, with Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Hara, Walter Slezak, George Sanders, and Kent Smith. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

THE YOUNG MR. PITT—Some of the best pre-Churchill speeches to come out of Parliament are featured in this English film about Britain vs. Napoleon. Robert Donat and Robert Morley. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs., June 3. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., June 4-5. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., June 4-6. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., June 5-7.)

REVIVALS

BEAU GESTE (1939)—The Foreign Legion and Gary Cooper in the desert. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., June 8-9.)

CAVALCADE (1933)—Noel Coward's account of England during two wars. Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., June 8-10.)

COURRIER DE LYON (1938)—Eighteenth-century highway robbery. In French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Wed. and Thurs., June 9-10.)

FIVE CAME BACK (1939)—Jungle adventure. Chester Morris and Joseph Calleia. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Sat., June 5.)

THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE (1941)—John Steinbeck's semi-documentary film about a Mexican hamlet. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., June 3.)

THE GHOST GOES WEST (1935)—A Scottish castle moved to America. Robert Donat in a René Clair film. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

GONE WITH THE WIND (1939)—Four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others, in case you've forgotten. (Art, 36 E. 8; Tues. through Thurs., June 8-10.)

HOLD BACK THE DAWN (1941)—Immigration problems in a Mexican border town. Olivia de Havilland, Charles Boyer, and Paulette Goddard. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., June 8-10.)

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY (1941)—Life in the Welsh collieries. Maureen O'Hara, Walter Pidgeon, Roddy McDowall. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., June 4-7.)

IN THIS OUR LIFE (1942)—The Ellen Glasgow novel of a Southern family and its problem daughter. Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, George Brent, and Dennis Morgan. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., June 5-8.)

JOY OF LIVING (1938)—Kern tunes, comedy, Irene Dunne, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. through Thurs., June 8-10.)

LOVE AFFAIR (1939)—Romance starts at sea. Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., June 4-7.)

PÉPÉ LE MOKO (1941)—The French version of life in the Kasbah. With Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., June 3. . . . 5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Sat. and Sun., June 5-6.)

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL (1935)—Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon in the French Revolution. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

SIDEWALKS OF LONDON (1940)—English stage people. Vivien Leigh and Charles Laughton. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Mon., June 5-7.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—Hitchcock excitement. Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., June 6-7.)

WHEN TOMORROW COMES (1939)—Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer, labor problems, and hurricanes. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. through Thurs., June 8-10.)

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY (1942)—James Cagney hoofing and singing his way through the life of the late George M. Cohan. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., June 4. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Mon., June 4-7.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing a selection of short musical films with

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creating an aura of loveliness
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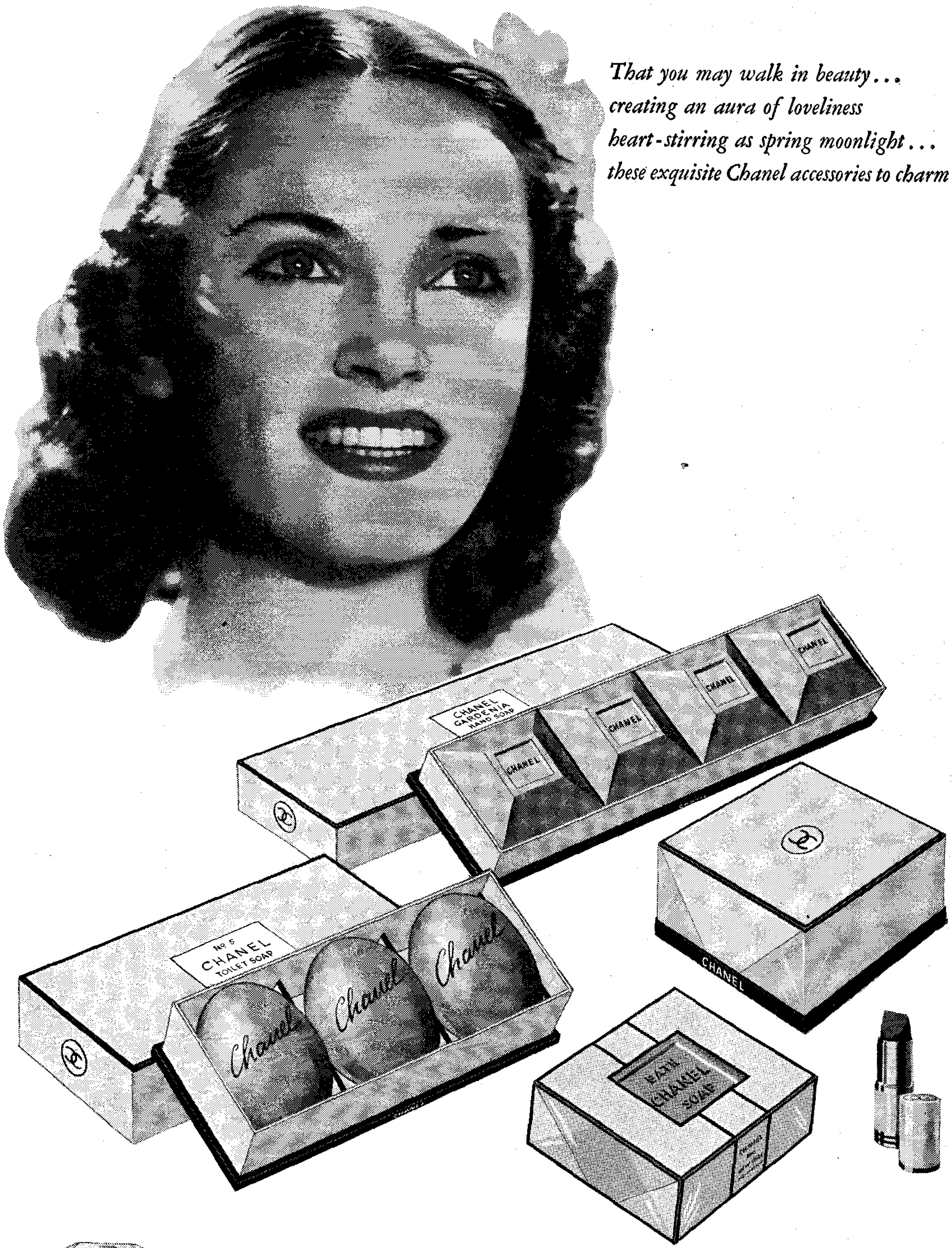
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

such artists as José Iturbi, Emanuel Feuermann, and Vitya Vronsky and Victor Babin. Weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M., and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M., through Sat., June 12.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—There is an urgent need for volunteers to fill emergency jobs now open. Residents who want to help out should get in touch with this borough's Civilian Defense Volunteer Office, 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7301), which supervises much of the local volunteer work and can also help sign people up with the Red Cross and American Women's Voluntary Services. (The C.D.V.O. phone number in the Bronx is JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GI 7-1000.)

Some of the most pressing needs right now, not necessarily in order of importance, are for (1) women to serve the Army's Auxiliary Aircraft Warning Service by working five and a half hours two or three days a week or one shift a week from midnight to 8 A.M., plotting the courses of planes spotted by observers in this vicinity; (2) women to take a seven-week Red Cross part-time course and then work at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (3) anyone over sixteen who, after taking a two-month part-time course, will do vocational and recreational work with children on a regular schedule; (4) men and women to take a short course of instruction and then act as block-service leaders, visiting twenty families in their neighborhoods at least once every fortnight to explain developments in rationing, salvage, and other wartime matters; (5) men not immediately subject to the draft to train one evening a week as auxiliary firemen; (6) women to take a two-week part-time training course and then put in at least nine hours a week as Health Department assistants in city schools, nurseries, and other institutions.

People who can't volunteer on a steady basis are urged to register with the C.D.V.O. as spot workers for short-notice jobs in connection with rationing.

SALVAGE—The need for kitchen fat, which is wanted for the manufacture of explosives, is growing more acute, and officials say they have reason to believe that many people are being lax about saving it. Your neighborhood butcher has been asked by the government to make his shop a receiving centre for whatever fat you can spare. Strain the fat (both the deep-frying kind and pan or broiler drippings are acceptable) into any clean, wide-mouthed can and keep this in a cool place until you have accumulated at least a pound, the smallest amount butchers can be expected to handle. . . . Rubber is not wanted for salvage at the moment, but rags and tin cans and other scrap metal are just as urgently needed as ever. The New York City Salvage Committee, 122 E. 42nd (MU 3-9669), will send a collector for rags and scrap metal in amounts of fifty pounds or more and, if you want to dispose of smaller quantities, will give you the address of the collection depot nearest your home. . . . To prepare tin cans for salvage, remove the labels and cut out both ends; then wash the cans thoroughly and press them almost flat. Your building superintendent will see that they get into the proper hands.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteering and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of defense agency in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The Navy has an immediate need for a number of German-made Robot cameras, which it wants to buy. The only type acceptable is model II, with a 30 or 32.5 or 37.5 mm. Zeiss Tessar *f*2.8 lens. For further information, call or write the Naval Adviser's Office, 122 E. 42nd (MU 3-6805, Ext. 514). . . . The Red Cross is still very much in need of donors to contribute blood to send to field and base hospitals. Anyone wishing to coöperate should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), will arrange to call for and distribute any phonographs, phonograph records, radios, athletic paraphernalia, or card tables which you may care to contribute for the enjoyment of servicemen. Cigarettes, of course, are always welcome. . . . The Army is looking for dogs weighing fifty pounds or more and from one to five years old to train for sentry, pack, scout, or messenger duty. Owners wishing to donate such animals should get in touch with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6471), to learn whether theirs meet the Army's fairly stringent requirements. . . . The Metropolitan Opera Guild is collecting and reconditioning musical instruments to be distributed by the Red Cross to military and naval hospitals in this country. Anyone wishing to contribute should call RE 4-2410.

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. . . to our fellow workers on the Fighting Fronts

Many of you out there on the fighting fronts once worked side by side with us here at United Air Lines. It's hard for us to visualize what your lives must be like today. For we, like so many millions of Americans, have no enemy hurling bombs and shells at us to remind us that his goal is our total destruction.

For that reason, perhaps it has taken us longer to realize the full meaning of all-out war. Perhaps we've let food rationing, and taxes, and the number of miles we can drive our cars become overly important to us.

We cannot all shoot down Zeros. We cannot all sink U-boats. We cannot all blast Nazi pillboxes to powder.

But unless we work harder and better today than yesterday, we delay your return home. And when you do come back to your job here at United, we must be able to look you squarely in the eye in the honest knowledge that we have carried our full share of this war's burden.

Realizing the urgent need for every ounce of energy and courage we can muster, we of United volunteer this pledge!

This is our pledge to you . . .

★ I will do the best job I know how to do.

★ I will fulfill my responsibility as a citizen by buying War Bonds, taking part in Civilian Defense activities, supporting the Red Cross, and performing willingly all other home front duties required of me.

★ I will neither spread rumors nor talk about anything that might help the enemy.

★ I will *not complain.*

★ I will accept my sacrifices here just as unselfishly as you are accepting your greater sacrifices out there.

The Employees of UNITED AIR LINES

This pledge has been forwarded to each of the 900 United Air Lines employees in the Armed Forces all over the world

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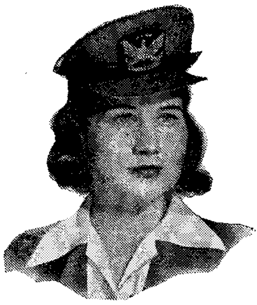
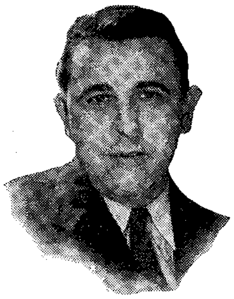
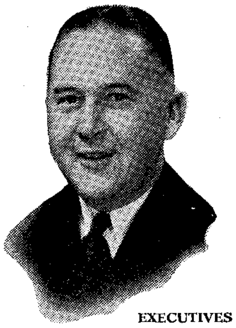

PASSENGER AGENTS

MECHANICS

MACHINISTS


RADIO OPERATORS

STEWARDESSES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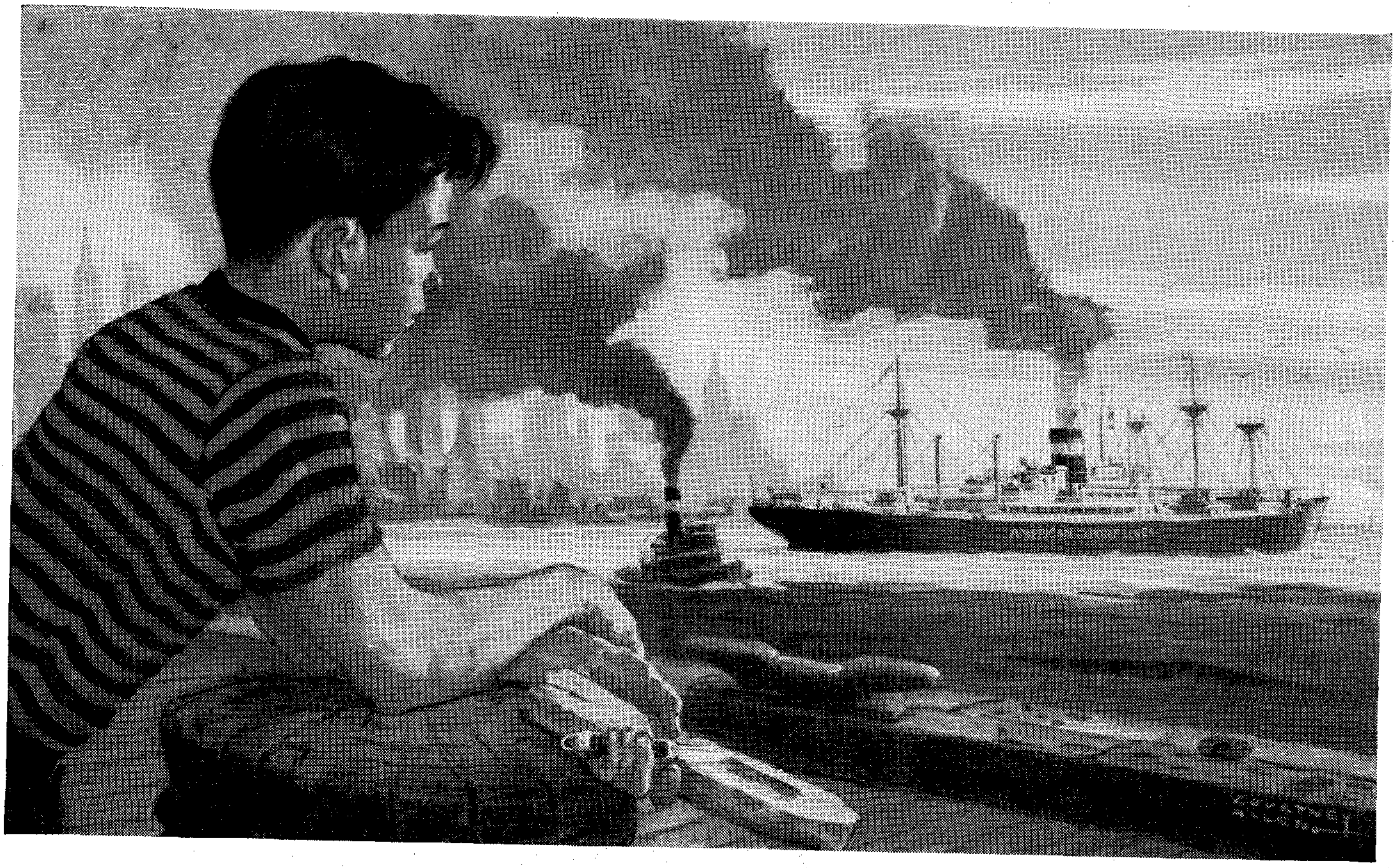
From the Merchant Marine Act of 1936, as amended: "It is necessary for the national defense and development of its foreign and domestic commerce that the United States shall have a merchant marine (a) sufficient to carry its domestic waterborne commerce and a substantial portion of the waterborne export and import foreign commerce of the United States, and to provide shipping service on all routes essential for maintaining the flow of such domestic and foreign waterborne commerce at all times, (b) capable of serving as a naval and military auxiliary in time of war or national emergency, (c) owned and operated under the United States flag by citizens of the United States insofar as may be practicable, and (d) composed of the best-equipped, safest, and most suitable types of vessels, constructed in the United States and manned with a trained and efficient citizen personnel. It is hereby declared to be the policy of the United States to foster the development and encourage the maintenance of such a merchant marine." (*Public Act 835*)



Who will give him his ship?

He'll have a fine ship! Men in the mines of Minnesota, Arizona, Pennsylvania and a dozen other states will dig the metals and coal to build it. Others will drill for its oil, cut its timbers. In a hundred cities and towns, men and women will form its plates and engines and gears, and raise it proudly in its shipway.

From 1928 to 1937, only 4 seagoing merchant vessels a year were built in the U. S. Our merchant marine dropped to 8th place among maritime nations —70% of our overseas trade moved in foreign ships! Under those conditions, an American boy was virtually denied the dream of sailing under his country's merchant flag.

But his seagoing career is assured today. In the far-sighted Merchant Marine Act of 1936, Congress declared that our foreign trade — our very security—depend upon a merchant marine "*owned and operated under the United States flag by citizens of the United States . . . manned with a trained and efficient citizen personnel.*"

Two very important provisions of this Act make it possible for the U. S. to build and man vessels with citizens, and still compete against lower wages and living standards of other countries. Our Government pays some of the difference between our building costs and costs abroad, between U. S. crew wages and lower foreign wages.

This is the meaning of "subsidy" . . . one of the best investments America has ever made. For the ship-building and ship-operating companies through whom it is paid are merely *distributors* of the subsidy . . . they pay it out to the men and women who build and man our ships.

In this way, the subsidy brings jobs and earnings to factories and homes, farms and businesses all over the country — and stays *in* our country. And it provides security for our nation —without this program, we would not, today, have enough shipping to supply the Allied fronts!

American Export Lines
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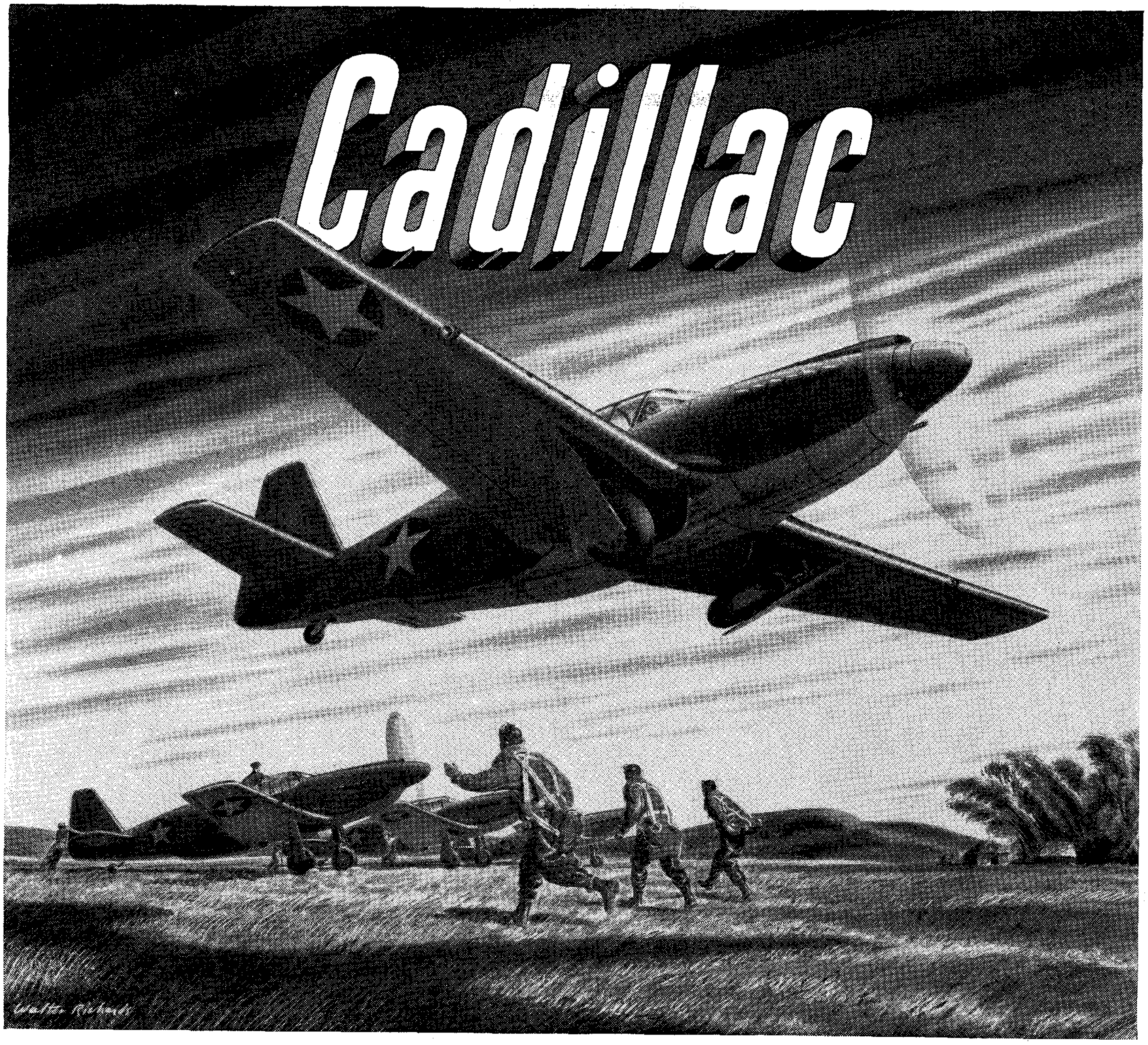
American Export Airlines flying boats, too, shorten supply lines to our fighting fronts.



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For one of the wartime jobs entrusted to Cadillac craftsmen is the production of basic power-producing assemblies for America's most famed liquid-cooled aircraft engines. There's forty years of "know how" in the nose of every fighter plane so powered—forty years that help to endow each with a degree of dependability which only the utmost in precision manufacturing and craftsmanship can insure.

Thus the Cadillac peacetime traditions are carried on in time of war, with this far broader implication—

Cadillac's responsibility today is to nations as a whole—to all Americans—to our Allies—with the clear mandate to produce vital war materiel in necessary quantities until the need ceases to exist.

Cadillac proudly accepts this trust and is now engaged in war production to the fullest extent in its history. The M-5 light tank, built in its entirety in Cadillac plants, special machinery for the Navy, and other subcontracted war materiel are and will continue to be our sole concern until Victory is won.

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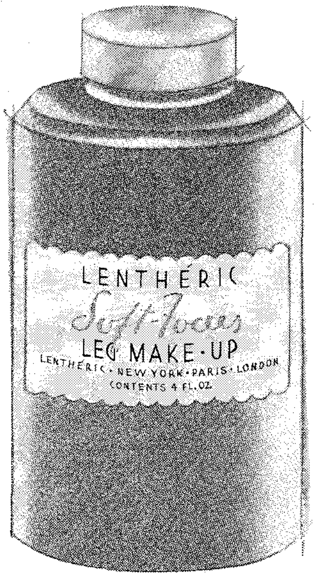
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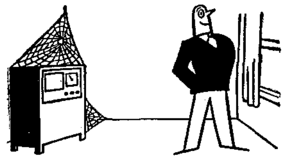
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

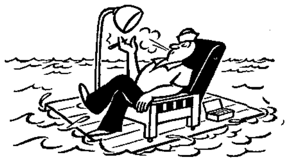
Notes and Comment

SOME time ago Professors John L. Childs and George S. Counts of Teachers College wrote a small book called "America, Russia, and the Communist Party," which proposed that Moscow dissolve the Comintern in exchange for the good will of America and the authors. The day after Moscow had done exactly that, the publishers of the book rushed an ad into the papers reading: "MOSCOW agrees with and accepts the proposals made in AMERICA, RUSSIA, AND THE COMMUNIST PARTY—$1.25 at all bookstores." It is easy to visualize the scene in the publishers' office: the members of the firm in a whirl because a petulant little book on their list has suddenly turned out to be big news, the authors aghast at the idea that a terrifying international organization has shattered into dust at their command. We can see a certain danger in allowing any authors to believe that their written words may have such a ready and direct effect upon reality, or in allowing any publishers to believe that a dollar-and-a-quarter book can change the world setup. Just in case either the professors or their publishers are kidding themselves in the Comintern matter, we will recall a bit of anthropological lore set down by Sir James Frazer. One of the commonest witchcraft stunts among primitive peoples is the rite of ending eclipses of the sun. The savages beat drums or shoot arrows at the moon, to frighten it and make it disgorge the sun, and, like a big, obedient dog, it always does.

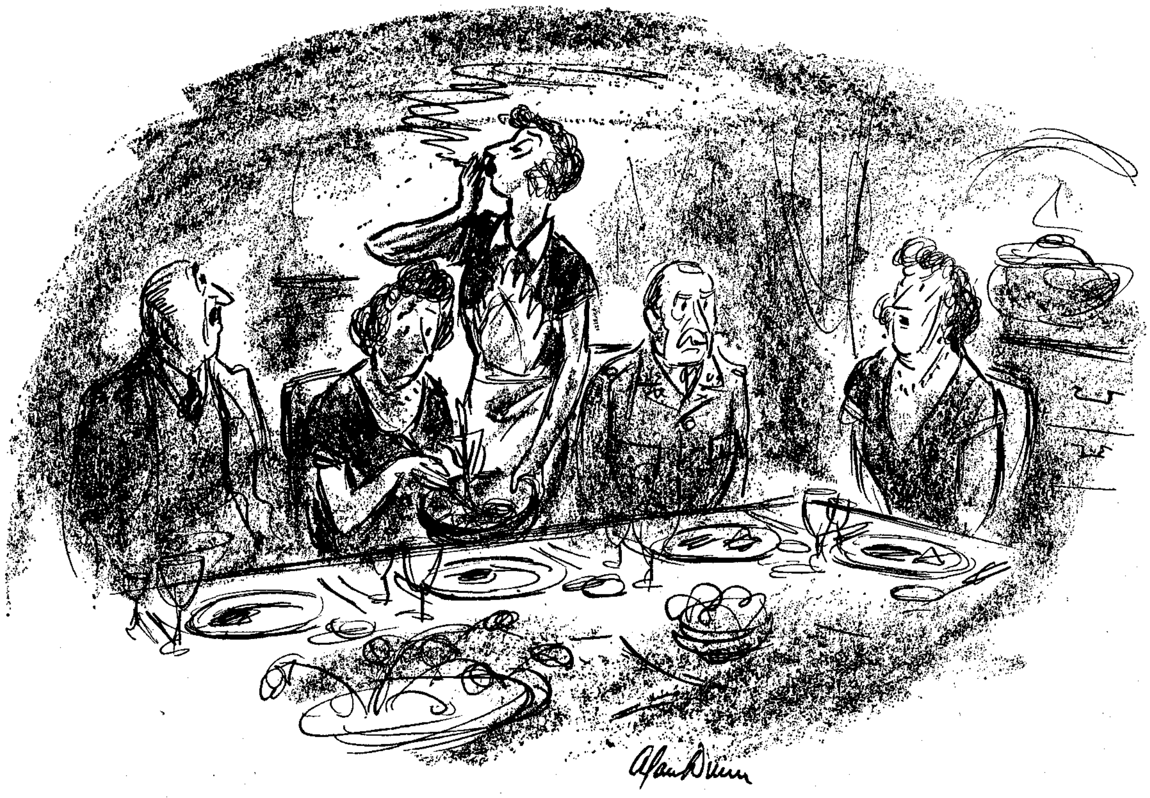
THE newspapers report that a seventeen-year-old Bronx girl who was a witness in a recent trial was unable to tell the judge the number of months in the year or the number of days in any month, though she did know that there are seven days in a week. The girl had been through the sixth grade. It is not difficult to foresee the consequences. Already the *Times* is at work on a test to be sent to kindergartens and grammar schools throughout the country. The results will be appalling. Thirty-nine per cent of the school children on the Eastern seaboard will think that the order of days is Tuesday, Sunday, Friday, Thursday, Monday, Saturday, Wednesday. Fourteen per cent will say that the current year is 1925. A jingle will have led forty-seven per cent to believe that the months, in succession, are September, April, June, November, Except, and February, which will be spelled Fabruarie, Febry, Februruarary, and Federalawry. Seven per cent will believe that Octagon is the eighth day of the week during leap year, and B.C. will be interpreted as Busy Season (twelve per cent), Before Chipso (five per cent), By Calendar (one per cent), and Bing Crosby (seventy-nine per cent). Fifty-three per cent will not be able to list 1871, 1902, and 1410 in chronological order. Twenty per cent will identify January as a captain who fought in the Civil War, the Crusades, the Spanish-American War, or the African campaign. An overwhelming majority will state that there are eight hours in a day and forty hours in a week. Eighteen per cent will declare that the days are named for the members of Roosevelt's Cabinet and six per cent will be unable to distinguish between May and Nebraska. It will serve the *Times* right.

WE know a Bucks County man who works in town at white-collar tasks during the week but toils as blacksmith, gardener, and screen-door painter over the weekend. Despite all the exercise and fresh air, he hadn't been feeling well—pains in his stomach and headaches. He decided to have a knee-to-knee talk with his physician, who thumped and listened and asked questions. "Well," said the doctor, finally, "I can't find anything wrong, and you oughtn't to have stomach pains and headaches. I'm going to suggest that we go slow before tampering with your routine. For the next few weeks just try not listening to the radio." The Bucks County man says he has been following the doctor's advice conscientiously, and feels all right.





THE life of a soldier or sailor, we have had occasion to reflect, is not all shrapnel and tension, or K.P. and monotony. We have been thinking lately of several small incidents we have read about, some of them a little out of this world: of the torpedoed sailor who dragged himself aboard a life raft and soon afterward pulled out of the adjacent debris a Morris chair, a sunray lamp, and a box of cigars, and of the Kentucky fliers stationed in China who found that they could operate a small private still without any legal molestation. The Greek Commandos who led the way into Gabès in the Tunisian fighting were immediately greeted by a Greek dentist, who fixed all their teeth without charge. A pair of sailors floating not far offshore in the Atlantic caught a pigeon and found strapped to its leg the message "Come to dinner tonight. Mama has lamb chops." Then there was the incident of the Coast



Guard cadets who were assigned to a new station near Atlantic City and got the thrill of learning that they were living in one of Father Divine's old heavens. All in all, life in the services seems likely not to be dull, and we admit that we are often tempted to sympathize with the small, East Side boys who have taken to standing around outside Grand Central station and snarling at the men in uniform, "Drinking enough coffee, soldier?"

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: One business firm that you can't find listed in *Dun & Bradstreet* is the firm of Dun & Bradstreet.

Air-raid wardens calling on official business at the home of Nicholas Murray Butler are directed to the service entrance.

The village of Maryland Park, just across the line from the District of Columbia, has changed the name of Roosevelt Street to Coolidge Street.

Lost

LEST the Associated Press grow too proud of the fact that the Rockefeller Center building in which it has its offices is named the Associated Press Building, we're going to tell you what happened the other day, when we went up there to call on an A.P. man we know. We asked the elevator starter what floor the A.P. was on and he directed us to the third. The A.P. wasn't immediately in sight, and we wound up in the Rockefeller renting office.

"Sorry," we said to the receptionist there. "We were looking for the Associated Press."

"The Associated Press?" she said dubiously, consulting a notebook. "I don't find them in our list of tenants."

"This is the Associated Press Building," we said simply. She gave us a look, disappeared into an inner office, and soon returned with the news that the Associated Press was on the fourth floor of the Associated Press Building. That's where it was, all right.

Don't

WHEN the automobile owners of the Atlantic seaboard were taken off their honor in the matter of pleasure-driving and put under a definite interdiction, the local office of the OPA left little to chance. It issued a fifty-two-paragraph, four-page mimeographed memorandum which takes up, in alphabetical order, practically all the reasons one could advance for using an automobile—Apartment Hunting, Business, Confirmations, Delivery of Car, Emergencies, Funerals, Graduation, and so on through to Visits, War Work, and Weddings. To sum up the whole memo: if in doubt, don't. If, for instance, you're a physician accustomed to drive to social affairs, on the theory that you may get an emergency call while you're there, don't. Or if you're thinking of selling your car (not a bad idea, maybe), pick out a dealer and drive straight to him; if an OPA inspector catches you shopping around from one dealer to another, there'll be hell to pay.

Since May 20th, when these regulations went into effect, the OPA has issued an average of two hundred summonses a day for the New York District, which includes the city and seven nearby counties. These are returnable at district headquarters, in the Empire State Building. (Don't drive; a bus goes right to the door.) Here a board of OPA employees and volunteers—many of them are attorneys and most of them work without pay—conduct hearings every weekday from 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. Boards of inquiry have the power to deprive an offender of gasoline for the duration, but actually the stiffest penalty handed out has been the revocation of a ration book for six months, after which the guilty party is eligible to apply to his ration board for a new book of coupons. Henry N. Rapaport, chief rationing attorney for the New York District, tells us that he hopes soon to get the boards organized so that they can hold inquiries at the local rationing offices. There are sixty-seven offices in the New York District. This would mean that the offenders wouldn't have to travel so far and that all the records and documents would be at hand. Mr. Rapaport is bearish on the question of pleasure-driving rationing; thinks it will continue indefinitely.

After chatting with Mr. Rapaport one day last week, we stuck around for a while and listened to some of the hearings. We were, as a matter of fact, encouraged to do so. Mr. Rapaport explained that the OPA is courting publicity. "We want people to be informed, not punished," he told us. "The more the word gets around, the fewer of these hearings we will have to hold, I *hope*." We were led to a conference room, where an OPA attorney named Birdsall—assisted by a volunteer named Hess, of a downtown law firm, and a uniformed A.W.V.S. lady, who was serving as clerk—was dealing with the case of an undertaker named Larson, who had been caught driving without any classification sticker on his car. He lost his book until September 1st. We were told that Larson's was a particularly serious offense, as a man without a sticker on his windshield can usually talk a dealer into selling him gasoline on any old kind of coupon book he may come into possession of, or without any book at all. A Mr. Steiner, who had driven his father-in-law to work at City Island and stopped off on the way home for a little fishing, lost his "A" book until August 15th and his "B" book for three weeks. "Your father-in-law could have used the subway," Mr. Hess told him. So it went.

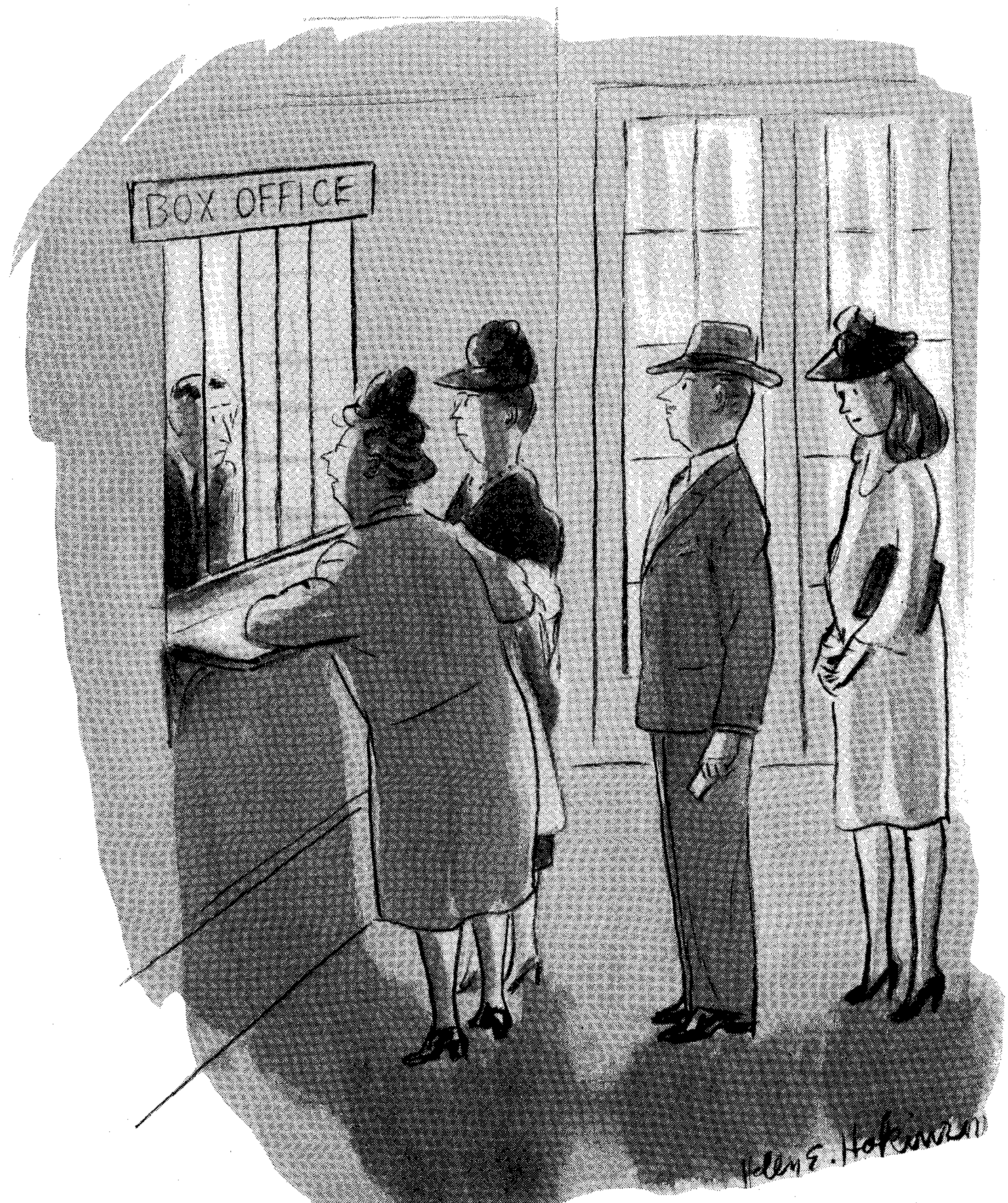
Lines to a Lady

THIS seems to us a fairly ominous little tale. A meat-packing outfit in Jersey, the Elizabeth Abattoir, found itself sorely in need of new scales a while ago and applied by mail to the WPB for the necessary priority. In due time, as they say, the WPB replied: no priority, no new scales. The letter bearing this bad news began "Elizabeth Abattoir, Elizabeth, New Jersey. Dear Madam . . ."

Waiting for Lucio

WE called last week on the Christiani family, the bareback riders who were *not*, you may have noticed, with the Big Show this year. The whole family are living up on West Seventy-second Street and are going to be in a musical play written by Paul Gallico and Lorenz Hart. They will ride bareback and speak lines, and what's more, Vivienne Segal, the soubrette, is also going to ride bareback. "You would not believe it," we were told by Mogador, a dapper, twenty-two-year-old Christiani. "Here is an actress of the spoken word and now, in thirty days, without fear or complaint, she stands up on a moving horse." Ortans Christiani, his sister, remarked, perhaps a little indifferently, "She senses her confidence because Lucio stands behind her on that horse. Who could have fear with Lucio standing behind one on a horse?" Mogador replied, with some heat, that such talk was all very well for a girl who had done ballet on a horse since infancy, concluding, "It is a miracle for a grown woman to learn to stand up on a horse in thirty days." "Oh, yes," said Ortans, "I am admiring that. I only wish to praise Lucio." Her mother, whose English is imperfect, broke into the conversation with a cry of alarm. "What matter with Lucio? Troub'?" Mogador explained to her, in Italian, what we had been talking about. "Ah," she said, with obvious satisfaction. "No troub'. Good. Soon he's home to eat." "*Then*," Ortans said, "you will see something. Lucio is *so* funny." Mogador added, "When Lucio goes on a horse all eyes are on him and the laughter is tremendous. He is the greatest rider of all time. It is impossible to do a full somersault with a full twist from one horse to another, but Lucio does it." Ortans continued excitedly, "In the show Chita will speak, I will speak, Lucio will speak." "Oh, Lucio speaks so funny and acts so funny!" exclaimed Mogador. "Underneath he must be very funny, for we all laugh."

Whiling away the time until Lucio



"Just how funny is this Milton Berle?"

should arrive, we checked on the family setup and learned that the act is at present made up of ten sons and daughters of Ernesto and Emma Christiani and the six sons of Ernesto's brother, Pietro. Pietro's and Ernesto's grandfather, Pilade Christiani, was the head blacksmith at the stables of King Victor Emmanuel II of Italy, who was crazy over horses, horses, horses. The king pensioned Pilade off when he grew old and gave him thirty thousand lire. Well, his grandson, Ernesto, was in love with circus life, so the old man used the money to buy him a small travelling circus. Ernesto became a bareback rider in his own show and, as his children got to be ten or eleven, he would train them. He also trained his brother Pietro's children. "Each time we would get to be fourteen, fifteen, Father would say, 'Now comes choice. You wish to be in circus career, you wish to be something else? Say now,' " Mogador told us. "Never did he force us." Only one third-generation Christiani (less than six per cent) turned his back on the circus; he's now a physician in Italy.

When the Christianis travel with the circus, they have their own Pullman car, with a kitchen in which Mama Christiani does the cooking. She has a nice house in Sarasota, where the circus's winter quarters are, but prefers to travel with the children. Every time they play Columbus, Ohio, they stop off to visit the grave of one of their favorite horses, who died there. "Perhaps this is sentimental," Mogador said. "But you have never stood on your head on a horse or swung under him." We nodded our assent.

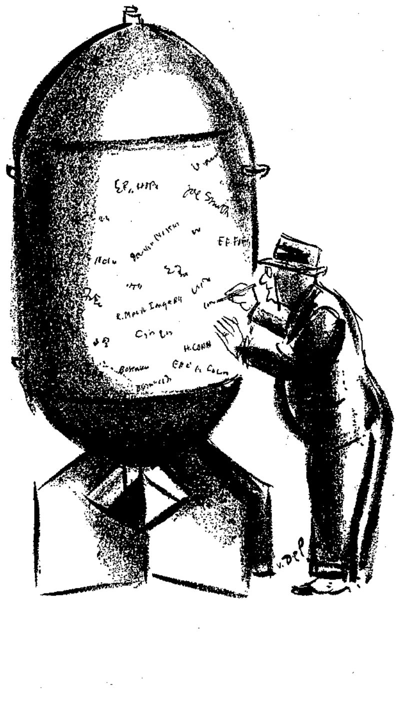
So far only one of the brothers has been drafted. He is Belmonte, around whom the whole act revolved. Lucio has taken his place, and he puts more emphasis on clowning than precision. "I look at Lucio all the time and I still laugh," Ortans told us. "He looks like falling, and all the time he won't, of course." At this point, Lucio called up to say that he wouldn't be home for dinner after all. We took one final look at Ortans, who is quite a dish, and wandered off.

Good Faith

YOU can imagine, even if you don't know, what the Union Station in Washington is like at eight in the morning, when the sleeping cars disgorge all the people with briefcases and urgent errands. Through this turmoil, one morning last week, came an old gentleman in a wheel chair pushed by a redcap; he had a steamer rug tucked around his knees and carried in his lap the inevitable briefcase. When the wheel chair arrived at the taxi platform, everybody fell back. Thereupon the old gentleman, who was in his stocking feet, arose, tipped the porter, and walked briskly to the cab. Immediately the mob, sensing an outrageous piece of trickery, began to growl. He stuck his head out the window and held up a hand for silence. "Damn shoes got stolen in the sleeper last night," he said. "Have to go to a hotel and wait for my office to send me a Number 17 coupon."

Flag Loft

A LARGE proportion of the Navy's flags are being made in the flag loft of the Navy Yard here, the work being done on sewing machines by a force of several hundred civilian women employees, all named Betsy. That's ten times the flag loft's normal peacetime complement. Flags get used up fast. For instance, a warship on convoy duty sometimes wears out a set of signal flags in a single voyage, since the wind whips them to shreds. The flag loft was one of the first departments at the Yard to go on a twenty-four-hour-day, seven-day-week basis, and at that the demand is always a jump ahead of production. It makes two hundred kinds of flag, the most popular number being, of course, the Stars and Stripes. This comes in seven sizes, ranging in length from twenty-three feet to two feet. The first are for battleships and the last for PT boats. However, most warships keep several sizes in their flag locker, for different uses. Size No. 7, five by nine and a half, is used as a covering for burial at sea.

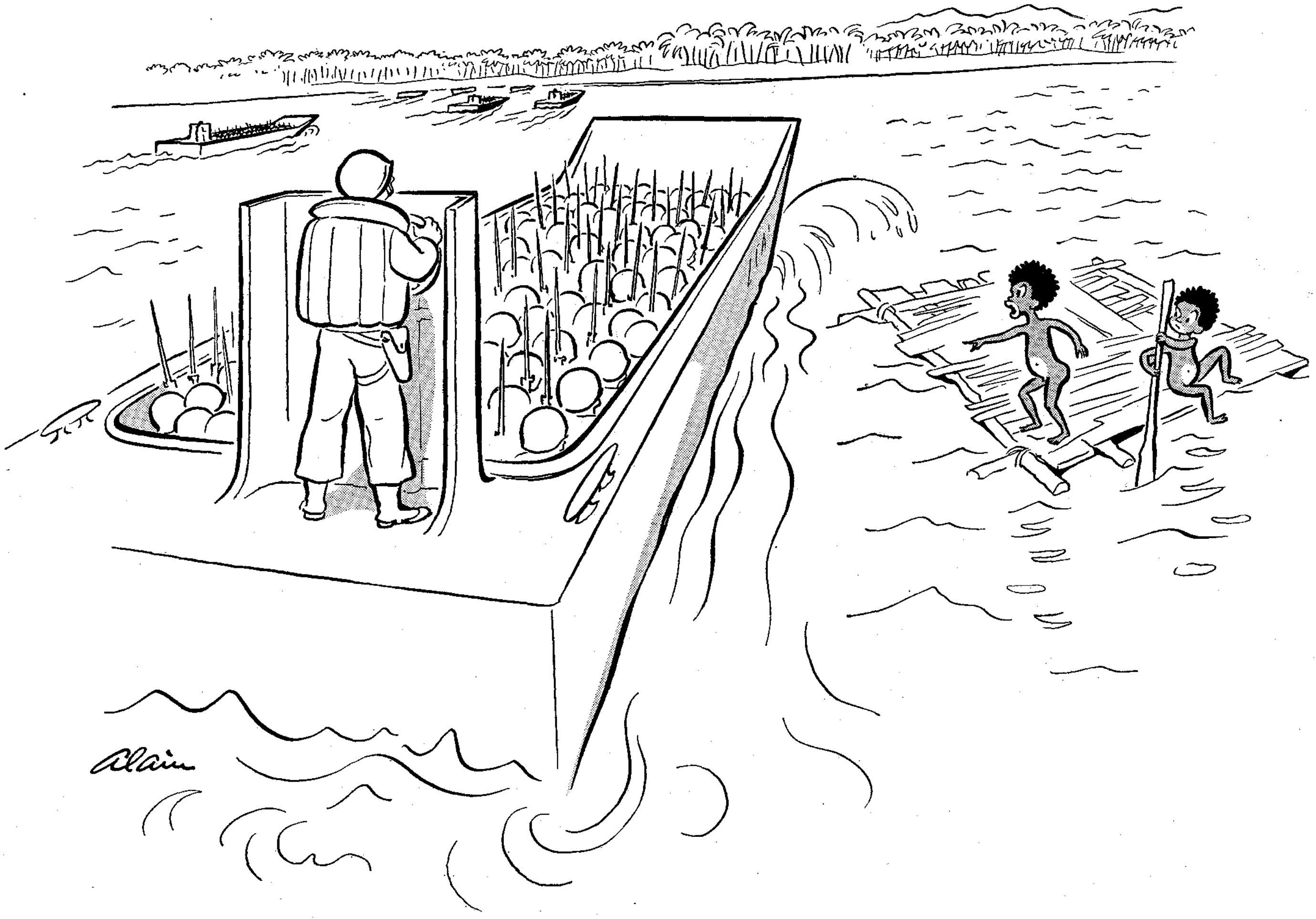


A Navy vessel needs more flags than any shore-bound person would imagine. In the first place, there are seventy signal flags and pennants, which stand for letters of the alphabet, numbers, and often-used phrases. There's a submarine warning (a black fish on a white field with a red border); a church pennant, flown above the national ensign while divine service is being conducted; battalion flags for the use of landing parties (a red one is used if artillery is taken ashore, otherwise a blue one); a commission pennant, perpetually flown at the masthead while the ship is in commission; a consular flag (a white "C" surrounded by white stars, on a blue field) displayed whenever a United States consul is aboard; a flag used to indicate that the President is aboard; and a flag for a member of his Cabinet. The Presidential flag, which bears the Great Seal of the United States, is the hardest to make, on account of the amount of embroidering it requires. The Navy Yard's flag loft, incidentally, is the repository not only of little-known flags but of little-known facts about flags; for instance, that four hundred people constitute the minimum for a really good human flag—forty-eight of them in white for the stars, ninety-six in blue for the field, a hundred and thirty-six for the red stripes, and a hundred and twenty for the white stripes.

Until just before Pearl Harbor, the flag loft made the national ensigns of all the other countries, including those of our present enemies. These were for use when a vessel visited a foreign port. The loft gets orders constantly these days for flags of the United Nations, but the supply of Italian, German, and Japanese flags has remained constant, there having been no need for replacements. The loft made the flags used by Eisenhower in his landing in Africa, on a rush order.

Treatment

CAMBRIDGE, Massachusetts, stories are, as we think we've mentioned before, of the boneless, more delicately flavored variety of Boston story. This story is not only about Cambridge but about the glass flowers in the Agassiz Museum there. It seems that a nice little Southern girl, the bride of a naval lieutenant who is being whisked through Harvard's training course, was whiling away part of a lonely day by inspecting



"Coin, Mister! Throw coin, Mister!"

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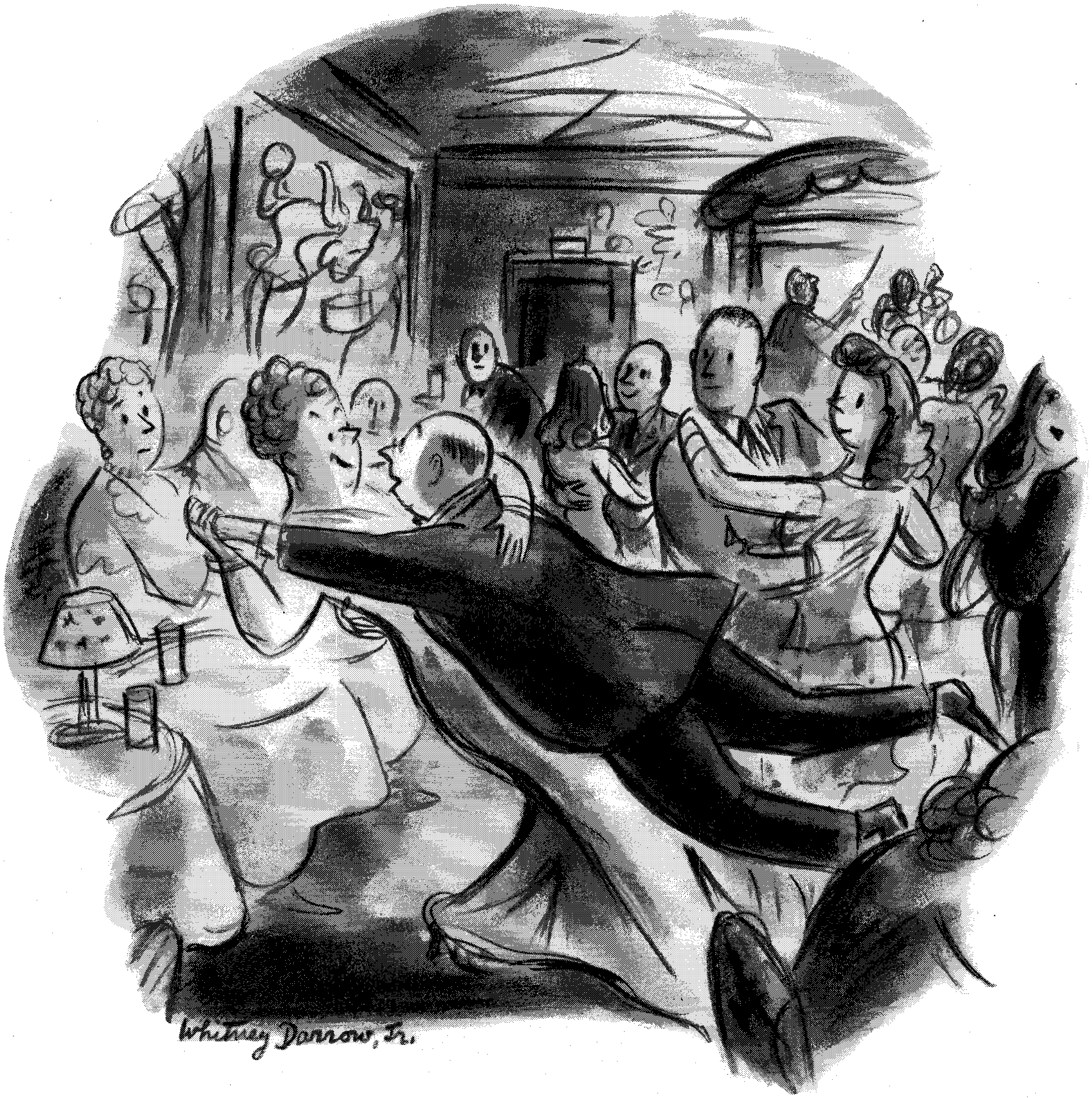
the famous glass flowers. The flowers are beautiful, but they are displayed in rather austere surroundings, so she was highly mortified to be seized by an attack of hiccups while admiring a glass cornflower. Then a nightmarish thing happened: a stern-looking lady grabbed her arm and muttered fiercely, "Where's my purse?" "What?" our little magnolia blossom gasped. "You heard what I said," the lady hissed, still more fiercely. "I saw you take my purse, and I want it back." Close to tears, the bride said, "Ah hope Ah die if Ah ever even saw yo' purse." Suddenly, the grim lady smiled and patted the arm she had been shaking. "Hiccups all gone, I see," she beamed, and moved off to look at a glass babies'-breath. The bride went right home and lay down with a cold cloth on her brow.

Faure's Faculty

AFTER reading an article in the *Sun* the other afternoon, we scurried up to 35 East Sixtieth Street to call on Mr. Firmin Faure, who, the *Sun* said, has the happy ability of gauging the intelligence of a person by placing a finger on a photograph of his and then counting the vibrations that pass through his own body to a small copper pendulum suspended from his other hand. The *Sun* explained that this is the science of teleradiesthesy and that Mr. Faure is a past master of it. We found Mr. Faure to be a small, jolly gentleman of seventy-nine, who, in his native France, which he left just before the Germans took over, was a consulting geologist. He told us that teleradiesthesy is by no means new and that there are many practitioners in Europe. Then he sketched the principles of the science for us. Pictures of persons of average intelligence radiate fifteen impulses. Less brilliant types scale downward. Twenty impulses indicate perfection of mind and nervous system. Impulses slightly below twenty indicate stolidity and phlegm. Impulses above twenty indicate degrees of nervous instability. Forty impulses indicates madness. Hitler, who rates at thirty-five, is fairly close to the insanity level.

We asked Mr. Faure if he would mind rating a few more men for us. "Where are their pictures?" he said briskly, pulling the pendulum, a cylinder on a length of chain, from his pocket. We had come prepared with a few old issues of *Life* tucked under an arm, and in one of them we selected a snapshot of President Roosevelt as a college student. Mr. Faure went right to work, bothering neither to read the caption nor look at the photograph. He placed a finger on the likeness, suspended the pendulum, and after a short interval announced the result. "Twenty-three," said Mr. Faure. "This man is somewhat nervous but with good brain." We told him he was the President and he nodded with satisfaction. We next, in a spirit of conscientious research, offered Mr. Faure a picture of an African gorilla, but he spotted the substitute and explained that teleradiesthesy does not work with animals. Thwarted, we swung to Adolf Berle. "Eleven," asserted Mr. Faure as his pendulum stopped vibrating. When we protested that the figure seemed low for a man who had graduated from Harvard at the age of eighteen, Mr. Faure held his ground firmly. "This gentleman may be—what you say?—



"Watch it, Charlotte, you're tending to lead again."

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erudite, but"—he shrugged—"the pendulum cannot lie."

We suffered another slight setback when we attempted to pry into the intellectual status of His Sherifian Majesty the Sultan of Morocco, a descendant of the son-in-law of Mohammed. Mr. Faure made the test but would not announce the result. "This man we had better forget," he said. "I might hurt his feelings." When Mr. Faure put his finger upon our next selection, John L. Lewis, he said "Phew!" and drew back his hand hastily. Then, cautiously, he touched the picture again and recorded the impulses. "*Formidable!*" he exclaimed when he was through. "This man is terrific! Twenty-*nine*. Very, very nervous but with *much* force. Almost unbalance." For public enlightenment, we will announce that, in our session with Mr. Faure, General George C. Marshall got an eighteen, Stalin a twenty-four, and Harry James, the band leader, a twelve. The final test was made on a halftone of Sir William Beveridge. "Six," Mr. Faure announced quickly. "Whoever in the world is this man?" When we told Mr. Faure, he went "Tch, tch."

Milestone

A MEDICAL friend of ours overheard his two small children playing a spirited and (naturally) rather realistic game of doctor-and-nurse. His son, in the rôle of doctor, was prescribing a new and miraculous drug—sulfacola. Our medical friend just can't get sulfacola out of his head; thinks that maybe, just possibly . . .

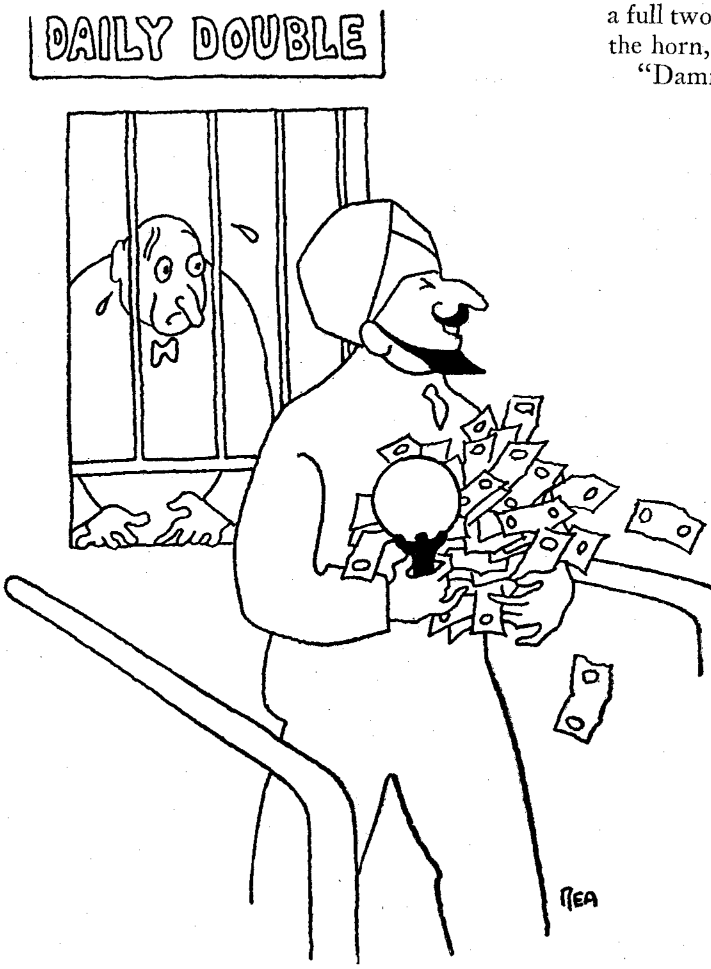
NOW WE KNOW

WHERE Mary Spellacy worked, in the office of a fairly big theatrical manager, the office rules were elastic. Nobody ever got there before Mary, and Mary never got there before ten-thirty. The boss, of course, had a key, and if he wanted to go to work before Mary opened up, there was nothing to stop him. The permanent staff was small: the boss, the press agent, the bookkeeper, the boss's secretary, and Mary, who called herself a receptionist, as indeed she was, along with her other duties of typing, running the tiny switchboard, and anything else she felt like doing. There were a lot of things she liked about her job: the pay was good and there were generous, unexpected bonuses when the boss had a hit or was drunk; Mary saw a lot of celebrities and knew precisely their relationships with the boss; she went to all of the boss's first nights and, through an understanding with other girls similarly placed in other offices, she got to quite a few first nights of other producers. The boss never bothered her and the press agent had not made a pass in three years. But the best, or certainly not the least attractive, feature of the job was the starting time in the morning. She had been hired to start at ten, but in three and a half years she had inched the starting time closer to eleven, with only a few ineffectual cracks from the bookkeeper, who gave up after she saw that Mary was in solid with the boss.

It wasn't that Mary was a lazy girl. But she liked a good time, and when you live a four-dollar taxi haul from Times Square you are likely to miss out on your sleep if you have dates in town. Mary liked her eight hours.

Because she lived in the far reaches of Queens, at the end of the bus line, Mary frequently was the first passenger on the bus which took her to the subway. Over a period of years she had known by sight, or to say hello to, dozens of bus-drivers, but Herbert was the only one with whom she got on more intimate terms.

One day Herbert was sitting in the bus waiting for time to start a new trip. Mary had been a passenger of his often enough so that they would nod and smile and say good morning, but this morning something seemed to have got into Herbert. Ordinarily he was a rather sad-eyed Jew with what Mary called a little muzzy that made him look somewhat like an ugly Ronald Colman. He had a beautiful smile, with that lingering sadness in it. But he was full of the devil this particular morning, and when Mary arrived at the bus he pretended not to have seen her. She tapped lightly on the glass door, and instead of touching the pneumatic door-opener, he looked down at his fingernails and pretended to polish them on his trousers and held up his hands as though he were seriously contemplating the effect of the polishing. Mary tapped again, but this time Herbert looked at his watch, frowned, then put the bus in gear and raced the engine, but he didn't release the clutch. Mary banged harder on the door, and now, pretending to notice her for the first time, Herbert slipped the bus out of gear and pulled the door-opener.



"You!" said Mary, studying him.

He smiled and said, "*Good* morning."

He spoke so affably, so politely, that Mary could not be sure of her suspicions. But Herbert did the same thing the next morning and Mary said, "Some people are blind in one eye and can't see out of the other. I wonder how they get jobs driving a bus."

"Do you mean me, for instance?"

"If the shoe fits, and also some people must be so hard of hearing they ought to wear a hearing device."

"I don't possibly see what you mean."

The third morning Mary simply walked to the door of the bus and did not tap on the door. This time Herbert made her wait a minute or so, then, looking to his left and up in the sky at an imaginary airplane, he distracted Mary's attention so that she too looked up to the sky, and at that moment Herbert touched the door-opener. He turned and burst out laughing.

"J-o-x—jokes," said Mary, dropping her money in the box.

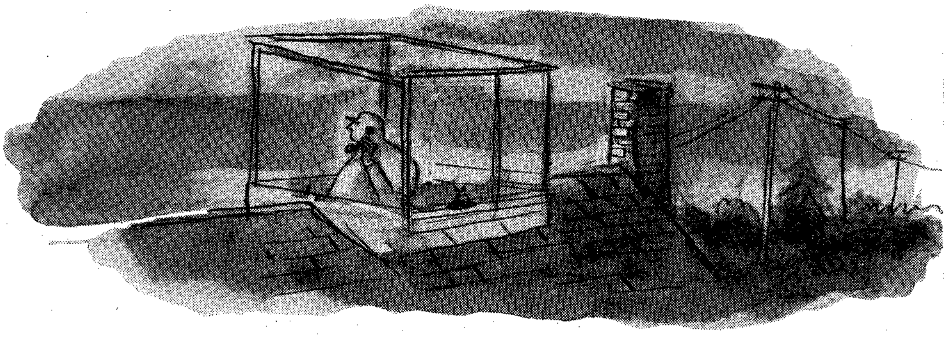
The next morning Mary decided to fool *him*. Instead of going to the door of the bus, she walked straight to a spot just in front of the windshield and leaned against the bus, reading her paper. He let her read undisturbed for a full two minutes, then blasted away on the horn, and she jumped.

"Damn you!" she yelled. She wanted to get inside and crown him, but he sat there laughing and wouldn't open the door. When her anger subsided, she made up her mind not to ride with Herbert that day. She sat down on the wooden bench at the bus stop and resumed the appearance of reading her paper. Herbert opened the door, but Mary did not take her eyes off the paper. Herbert began to worry; not only was she really angry and obviously determined not to ride with him but he was a minute over his starting time. He got out.

"I apologize," he said.

"I refuse to accept your apology. I'll take the next bus, and I have a good notion to report you. The nerve."

"You wouldn't do



that, would you? You know it was only kidding."

"Yes, and you take advantage of that. Just because you know I'm sap enough that I wouldn't report you."

"If I thought you were the kind that would turn me in, I never would of started the gag in the first place. I mean it was a compliment."

"It wasn't any compliment blowing that horn. That terrorized me."

"I'm sincerely sorry and offer my humble apologies. Please get in."

She hesitated, then said, "Oh, all right, but cut the comedy. I have a job the same as you have."

They got in. She fished in her bag for the money.

"No, the ride's on me this morning. *Every* morning, I'd *like* it to be."

"A nickel won't break me," said Mary. "And anyway, I don't *know* you."

"I know. What's your name? I don't even know your name."

"Why do you want to know my name?"

"My name is Lewis. Herbert Lewis. If you wanted to turn me in any time, that's my name."

"Are you inferring that you're gonna pull the same kind of tricks again, because my patience is just about exhausted."

"A-a-a-h, it was just to relieve the monotony and I thought you looked like a good sport that could take it. Maybe I *was* fresh."

"*May*be!" She paid her fare and chose a seat toward the back of the bus to discourage any further conversation. She could tell by the fact he did not greet the other passengers that he was pretty darn miserable. At the subway station, instead of taking the centre door, which would have been more convenient, she walked to the front of the bus, and just as she was leaving she turned to him and gave him her best smile and said "Goo'bye." As she crossed the street and went into the station, she felt his eyes on her all the way, and she knew how he was looking.

FOR the next few days there were no more tricks, but warm smiles passed between them, and Mary guessed that he was beginning to look forward to their morning encounters just as much as she was, which was a lot. She got so now she sat near the front, near him. In that way they eventually found out the facts about each other: that he was married, two kids, 3-A, lived in Jackson Heights, had a Chevvie. He also told her that he had wanted to study medicine, took piano lessons for two years when he was a kid, gave up smoking for six months but put on so much weight his clothes would hardly fit him, had a brother in the Coast Guard, thought the movies were a waste of time, and had not seen a Broadway show since "Meet the People," to which he had gone with his wife's sister and her husband. Mary supplied such information as the fact that she had been to Cuba on a cruise, put ammonia in a coke for a hangover, had more friends Jews than she did Irish, had taken piano lessons for two years when she was a kid, liked steak well done on the outside but rare on the inside, had wanted to become a nun when she was twelve, and lived with her mother and three sisters in the fourth house in that row of houses that you could see from the end of the bus line. In a few weeks they knew all they had to know about each other to fall in love, and after the period of unconscious caution it became a case of who would make the first move.

One morning Mary said to him, "I can get you two tickets for a show Tuesday night if you want to go."

"You mean passes?"

"Yes. My boss, we have a new show opening Friday and the way we do it, they like to show it to an audience before the critics see it, so Tuesday the employees of the Brooklyn Edison, I think it is, or maybe it's Bond Bread, anyway this kind of an employees' club gets tickets for nothing. It's the same cast and everything as the opening night but of course no critics are allowed in. We just want to get the audience reaction. Sort of a dress rehearsal with people out front so they can tell where the laughs are and what to cut, et cetera. Would you like to go and take your wife?"

"Listen, Mary, I hate my wife."

"Oh. Well, I just thought, you know."

"Don't think I don't appreciate your offer, because I do. Sincerely. But you go to a show, you're suppose to go to have a good time, take somebody you're fond of that you can have an enjoyable evening. My wife just don't fit in that category. I'm not saying anything behind her back. Everybody knows it, and it was her idea in the first place. I mean she took to disliking me before I took to disliking her. It's only the kids—a-a-a-a-h! You make a kind gesture and what do I do, I shoot off my mouth, but I might as well, Mary, because I love *you*, Mary. I'm gettin' changed over to another run. I might as well tell you that while I'm blabber-mouthing. You don't have to say anything. You don't have to take any responsibility or get the idea because I love you you have any—responsibility. But it's doing me no good torturing myself and now getting drunk, so I asked them to change me to another run."

"You did? When do you change?"

"Monday night I change with a fellow over at Forest Hills—he lives nearer, where it'll be more convenient for him. That's a week from Monday night. Christ, I think of you all day. She's all right, my wife, but a lot of people in this world—phooey. You're not saying anything. Well, I guess I know what you're thinking."

"Not by the way you say that you don't. I have to think."

"No you don't. I told you you didn't have any responsibility. I only told you for my own satisfaction."

"You're wrong there, Herbert. I have the responsibility that I let you be the first to say anything. If you hadn't said anything, I would have said something. Or showed it somehow, and prob'ly did. Well, at least we got it out in the open."

"Yes, I guess so. Anyway, now we know." —JOHN O'HARA

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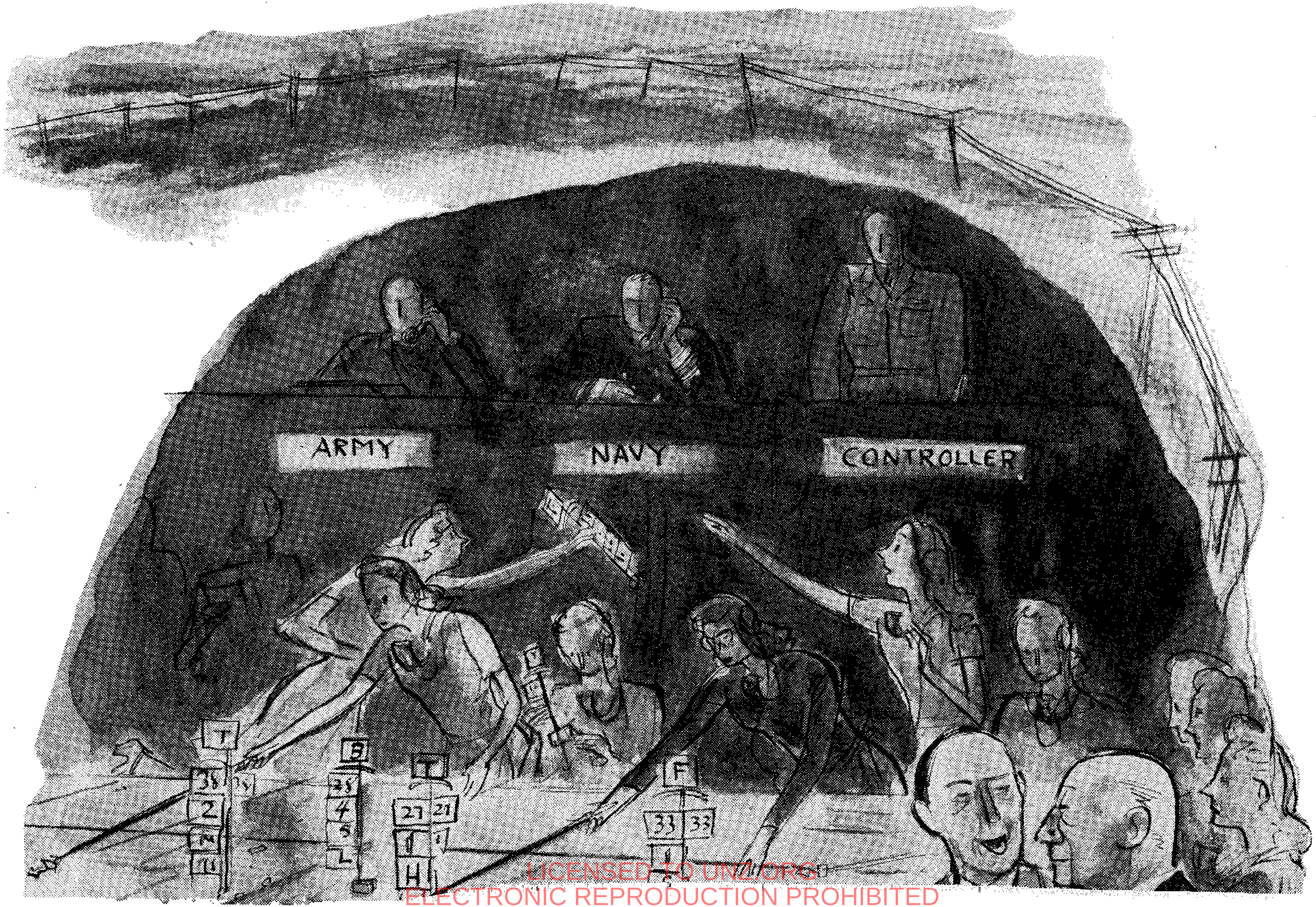
Place the back of your head under your chin and press upward gently.—*Boston Herald.*

Mind showing us?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V IS FOR A LOT OF THINGS

IT was very hot in Mrs. Buell's garden, and as she knelt transplanting cabbages from the flat in which she had started them early in March to the bed that ran parallel with the barberry hedge, the sun beat fiercely on her back. At the first sign of spring, she had sent to Sears Roebuck for a denim suit called, appropriately, the Lady Hercules. It consisted of a jacket, trousers, and a visored cap, and Mrs. Buell had hoped that she would look like one of those wonderful Russian women in it—the women who built subways and did men's work. Instead, she looked more like Casey Jones, and, as no amount of washing had softened the denim, which hung stiffly below her knees and from her shoulders, she had trouble moving her arms and legs.

As she set out a sickly cabbage plant, she remembered that last year, in the same spot, blue laceflower had moved gently in the breeze from the shore, and she sighed. She raised her eyes and looked at the rows of vegetables set in the hard earth. Although she and her husband, Harry, had used string to make sure that the rows would be straight, they had a snakelike appearance. This, she told herself, was of no importance, and she tried to keep her mind fixed on the canning season and the dozens of jars of vegetables that would be stored in the cellar. It was June, but neither Mrs. Buell nor Harry had forgotten the winter. "This coming winter," she had told Harry firmly, "we'll simply ignore our points, *really*. I mean except for the things we can't grow ourselves, like butter. But I certainly never intend to buy another can of tomatoes again when it's perfectly simple to grow them ourselves." Stiff with resolution, she had sent away for booklets on how to winter-store carrots, onions, cabbage, and turnips, and for booklets about canning and preserving. She had ruthlessly changed her annual flower bed into a vegetable garden, and in May, she and Harry had started to turn the ground over, mixing it with lime and bone meal as the booklet said. Harry had even had the soil analyzed, but when the report came, he hadn't understood it.

The truth was that Mr. and Mrs. Buell missed Andrew Sini, a Sicilian who had worked for them for ten years. Andrew had lived in Monroe, Connecticut, since 1916, but he spoke very little English. Mrs. Buell had grown accustomed to pointing out things to him, and their conversations throughout the years had been simple. It was not until last Christmas that she had found out that Andrew was not a citizen. He had stopped by to get the package of toys that Mrs. Buell had wrapped for his eight children and she had patriotically said something about how wonderful it was to be a citizen of this glorious country, and he had laughed merrily. "Me no citizen," he stated flatly.

Mrs. Buell had been frankly shocked. She had even tried to argue with him, but he had not understood. When he had gone away happily with the package of toys, she had spoken to Harry about it. "Really, Harry," she had said. "That's the whole trouble with everything. When you think of that Andrew Sini living here all these years and not even *trying* to become a citizen! Well, it makes you wonder. Do you suppose he even pays *taxes*?" Mr. Buell, who was

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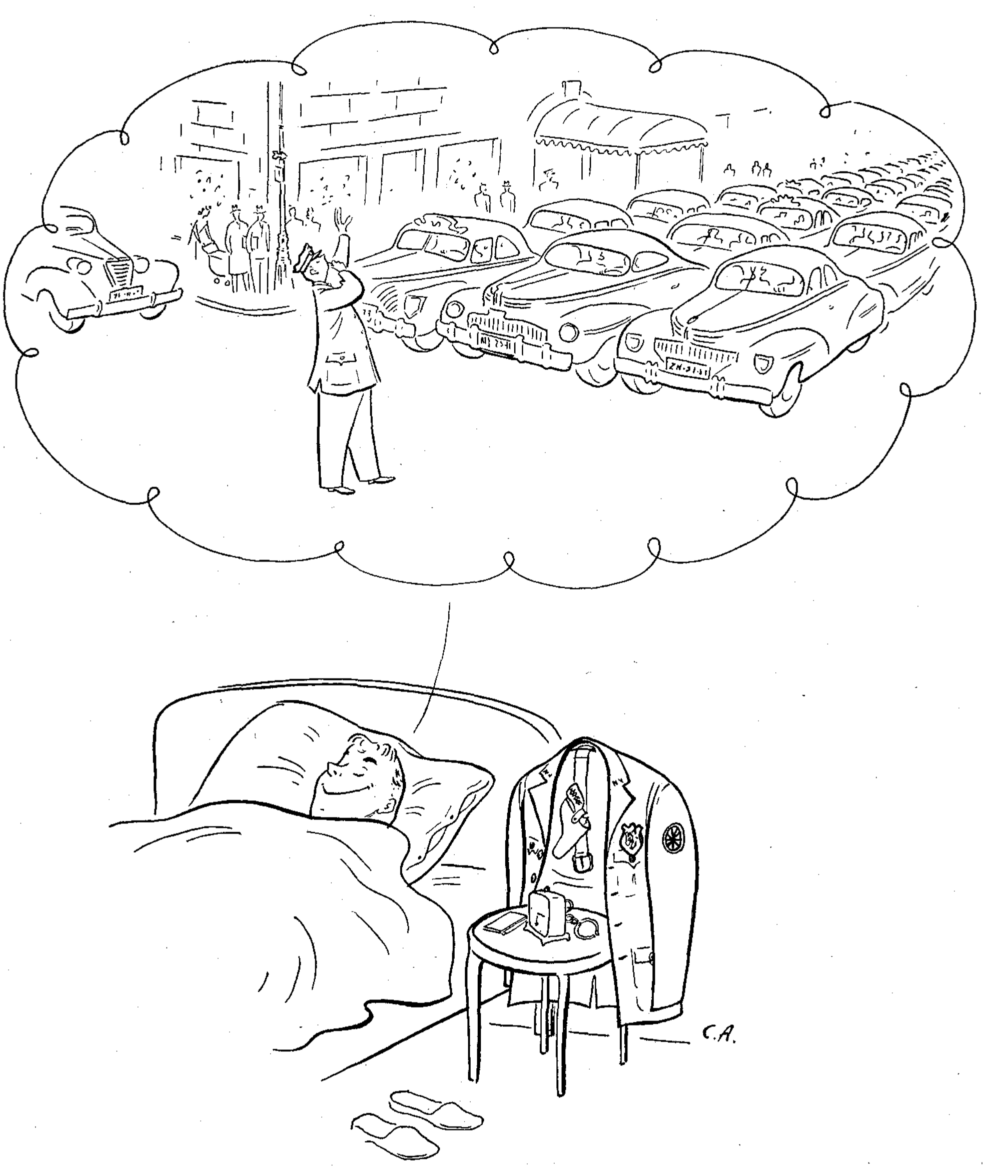


flattered. "Goodness! You know and I know that I've never actually had to work in the garden. I mean I had the ideas, but I didn't actually have to work, whereas this is the first year, this is the first year Mrs. Mabon's been able to have anyone to help her. I suppose Mr. Mabon's very well fixed now that there's a war on. Converting his factory and everything."

Andrew looked down at her and smiled. "What you do in pants?" he asked.

"Oh, these!" Mrs. Buell smoothed the stiff creases of her suit.

"You look damn funny," he said. He threw back his head, his black eyes closed, and he began to laugh.

Unaccountably, Mrs. Buell felt better. She stood up and brushed the dirt from her trouser legs. "Look, Andrew," she said. "I'll take you in to New Haven and you take out your first papers. That's what I'll do. And I'll teach you, Andrew, so you'll know what to say when they ask you questions. You understand, Andrew? *First* papers."

"Sure," he said. He pointed to the V of cornflowers. They were not yet in bloom. "What you do?"

"That," Mrs. Buell said, "is a V—a red, white, and blue V for Victory."

"Is no good," Andrew said.

"It's not exactly straight," Mrs. Buell admitted. "But that isn't the point: It's a V for Victory."

Andrew Sini made a V with his thumb and forefinger. "I fix her," he said.

"Well," Mrs. Buell said doubtfully, "you fix her, but whether you like it or not, I'm going to teach you so you can take out your first papers."

"Sure," he said.

"I'm not positive what they ask, but I'll find out," Mrs. Buell said. "I know one thing, though. Who is the President of the United States?"

Andrew bowed his head in thought.

"Woodrow Wilson," he answered at last, triumphantly.

"No, Andrew," Mrs. Buell said. "The President of the United States is named Roosevelt—Franklin D. Roosevelt. I don't intend to discuss politics with you, so all you need to know is that his name is Franklin D. Roosevelt. Now, what's his name? What is the name of the President of the United States?"

This time Andrew answered more easily, like a child who has mastered a problem. "Woodrow Wilson."

"Look, Andrew," Mrs. Buell said. "Woodrow Wilson *was* President of the United States. But now he isn't. The President's name is Franklin D. Roosevelt. Do you understand?"

"Sure," Andrew said. "You go. I gotta work."

"All right," Mrs. Buell said. "But remember, now. *First* papers." She turned and walked away a few steps, then called back over her shoulder, "How is your boy?"

Andrew was stooping over the earth. His short brown hands moved quickly among the plants. "He's in big fight," he said. He straightened up and drew his finger across his throat. "Killa everybody."

His face shone with pride, and Mrs. Buell looked away quickly. "Well, that's lovely," she said. "He's a good boy. And you be good, too. You just remember the name of the President of the United States for today. And tomorrow I'll teach you something else."

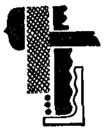
"Sure," Andrew said. "Woodrow Wilson."

MRS. BUELL walked back to the house. Harry was on the sun porch painting the furniture, and she stopped at the doorway. "Andrew's back," she said.

"I saw him," her husband said. "He came past the window."

"He's going to take out his first papers," Mrs. Buell said. "And I started to teach him the name of the President, but I don't know whether he'll learn or not. He keeps saying 'Woodrow Wilson.'"

She walked to the window that faced the yard and looked out across the garden. Andrew Sini was on his knees transplanting the cornflowers that were supposed to be planted in the shape of a V. She leaned up against the window frame, and as she watched, the V began to take shape. The lines of the green plants were sharp against the brown earth. She watched until the V was finished, and she saw Andrew drag the hose across the lawn and water it gently.



"I suppose it's all right," Mrs. Buell said to her husband. "After all, he did say Woodrow Wilson, and Woodrow Wilson was a fine man in his way. I mean, after all, it isn't as though he had said Warren Harding or someone like that."

Her heart that beat under the left pocket of her Lady Hercules suit grew soft. "I mean, it isn't as though Andrew Sini wasn't a *good* man," she said.

—SALLY BENSON

SURCEASE IN A BEAUTY PARLOR

Though cinemas I seldom haunt
  Or on the talkies spend my forces,
As keen as any débutante
  I chart their starry courses.
As well as Miss Louella Parsons
I know the Goddards and the Garsons,
Their fame, their fancies, and their faces—
Who sat with Hedy at the races,
How platinum girl met golden boy,
Who lately wedded Myrna Loy,
What salaries drooped and whose went higher.
For once a week beneath a drier
I gulp the Pierian waters pure
Of beauty-salon Literature.

Now, dentists' offices have hosts
  Of *Collier's*, Journal of Ideas,
And doctors rally to their *Posts*
  Or *Esquires* or *Hygeias*.
There's many an anteroom that trafficks
In *Harpers*, *Vogues*, or *Geographics*,
While teeming *Life* lies everywhere,
Complete with photographs of Clare.
But in the moist, sweet-scented haven
Where Mr. Robert puts my wave in,
No stuff so thin, no fare so mortal,
Dare pass that consecrated portal.
There Lovely Letters always means
The motion-picture magazines.

Weekly I drain the ultimate dregs
  Of revelations superhuman:
How Shearer likes her breakfast eggs,
  What Cagney thinks of Woman.
With what a racing pulse I peep on
The bed Joan Bennett falls to sleep on,
Or hear the excruciating sally
Made by Bob Hope to Rudy Vallée.
While Elsie does my manicure
I learn the foibles of Lamour,
When summer sportsmen strive and pant,
What garb is worn by Cary Grant,
Which marriages are ripe for Reno,
And who squired whom to what casino.

There Thought's a pastime for a dullard.
There Love and War come Technicolored,
While News is what, on trembling wire,
Flies hot from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
So when my world seems crumbling dust
  And all its mirth, by carking care, done,
I think of Robert's, and I just
  Go down and get my hair done.

—PHYLLIS McGINLEY

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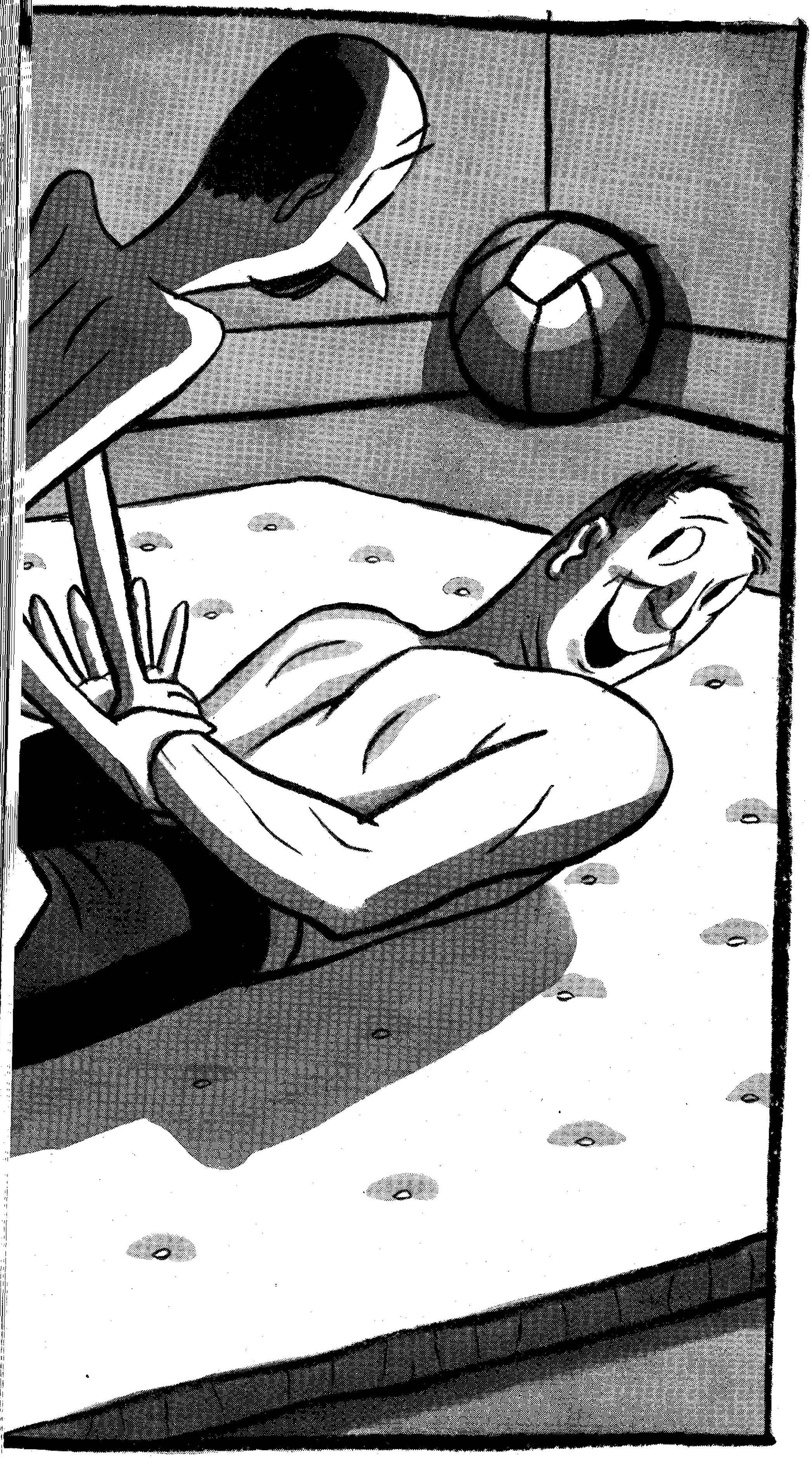
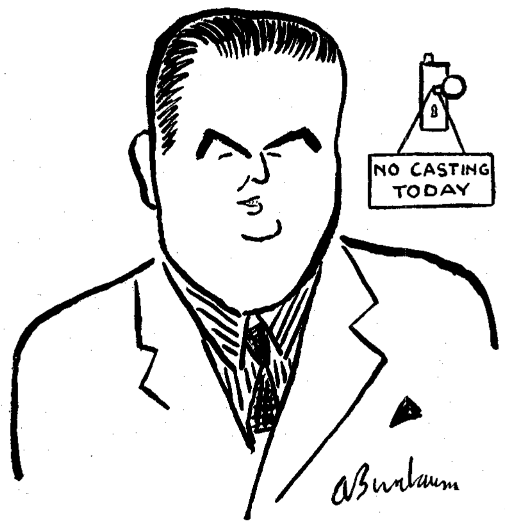


Mr. Duncan! A month ago you couldn't have done that."



PROFILES

MR. MILLER AND MR. HYDE—II

ALTHOUGH Gilbert Miller, the theatrical producer, is physically built along lethargic lines, his wildly fluctuating moods change as swiftly as the reflections of a man passing a series of Coney Island mirrors. Within the space of a half hour, Miller can be cushiony and smiling, black-browed and stubborn, and contorted into fury, and sometimes he manages to combine all three aspects in a single antic. Frederick McKay, a friend and associate, once happened to be in Miller's office in Rockefeller Center when a secretary brought in the wrong papers, or made some such mistake. Miller raged at her so mercilessly that McKay, embarrassed, turned to leave. Miller grabbed his wrist. "Don't go," he commanded, and at that moment the telephone rang. Still holding McKay's wrist and hastily telling the secretary to wait where she was, Miller picked up the receiver and carried on a cooing and sociable conversation with the Palm Beach acquaintance who had rung him up. Then he replaced the receiver and, without loosening his grip on McKay, resumed his tirade against the secretary where it had been interrupted.

Middle age, occasional ill-health, and fifteen years of quiet matrimony have mellowed his temper, so that now he almost visibly counts ten before he yells, but his awareness of this improvement sometimes irritates him to a frazzle. "Goddamit, I can't even get *mad* any more!" he shouted at his wife one day not long ago when things were annoying him. He has always had a disarming way of admitting that his disposition is far from angelic. Several years ago he asked a friend in Washington to sound out one Frank P. Morse, a Washington broker whom both men knew, as to whether Morse would like to come to New York to be Miller's general manager. The friend reported that Morse had declined, saying frankly that Gilbert's fits of temper were more than he would care to stand. "But doesn't he realize," Miller gravely inquired, "that I would be away in Europe six months of every year?"

Miller's lightning changes of character remind some people of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. European pals who have seen him glow with pleasure and burn with rage think of him indulgently as being more like the kind of waltzing mouse that circulates dreamily for a while and then suddenly, in another mood, dashes itself to pieces. Toward Europeans, whom he loves, Miller comes nearest to being consistently gentle. In 1938, when the news got around that Hitler intended to occupy Austria, Miller heard the tidings in Vienna. For all anyone knew then, the Germans planned to march on into Hungary as well, and Miller worriedly sent word to his friend and Hungarian representative, Alexander Ince, who was in Budapest, saying that Hitler was coming to Vienna and that Ince had better join Miller there immediately and fly to Paris. Ince wired back, "Sorry I cannot join you in Vienna. Wally Beery is coming to Budapest." This light-heartedness was typical of the times and of the world which Miller, as a producer active and well known on both sides of the Atlantic, had come to inhabit and enjoy. In 1938, his production of "Victoria Regina" was in its third season in New York, with Helen Hayes, and its tenth month in London, with Pamela Stanley. His newer play, "Oscar Wilde," was a success on Broadway and he had two companies of "Tovarich" touring American cities. He was also planning a London production of that box-office boon, "The Women," through an arrangement with Max Gordon, who had presented it in New York. "I don't produce plays in England, and Gilbert had the high hat on there" is the way Gordon, a picturesque talker, explains the deal. Miller's high hat had gleamed in most of the European capitals by 1938. "The Women" would be his seventy-third London production, and his success, in London and in New York, with English adaptations of plays by Middle-European playwrights such as Molnár, Lajos Biro, and Melchior Lengyel had made him equally prominent in Vienna, Budapest, and Prague. He had been having a fine time in Vienna until the Führer flounced in, and the rumble of war was less strong in his ears than the strains of the *Wienerwalzer*, which he likes to hum along with an orchestra, swaying his big body and keeping time with a plump hand. He left Vienna reluctantly, flying to Paris in one of his own planes. He generally travelled in a Stinson, sometimes flying it himself, occasionally taking along Frank Steinman, his pilot. Miller was a great one at trading in old planes for new, and at one time he owned five. Most of them were upholstered in red leather and had windows you could turn up and down, like the windows in a limousine.

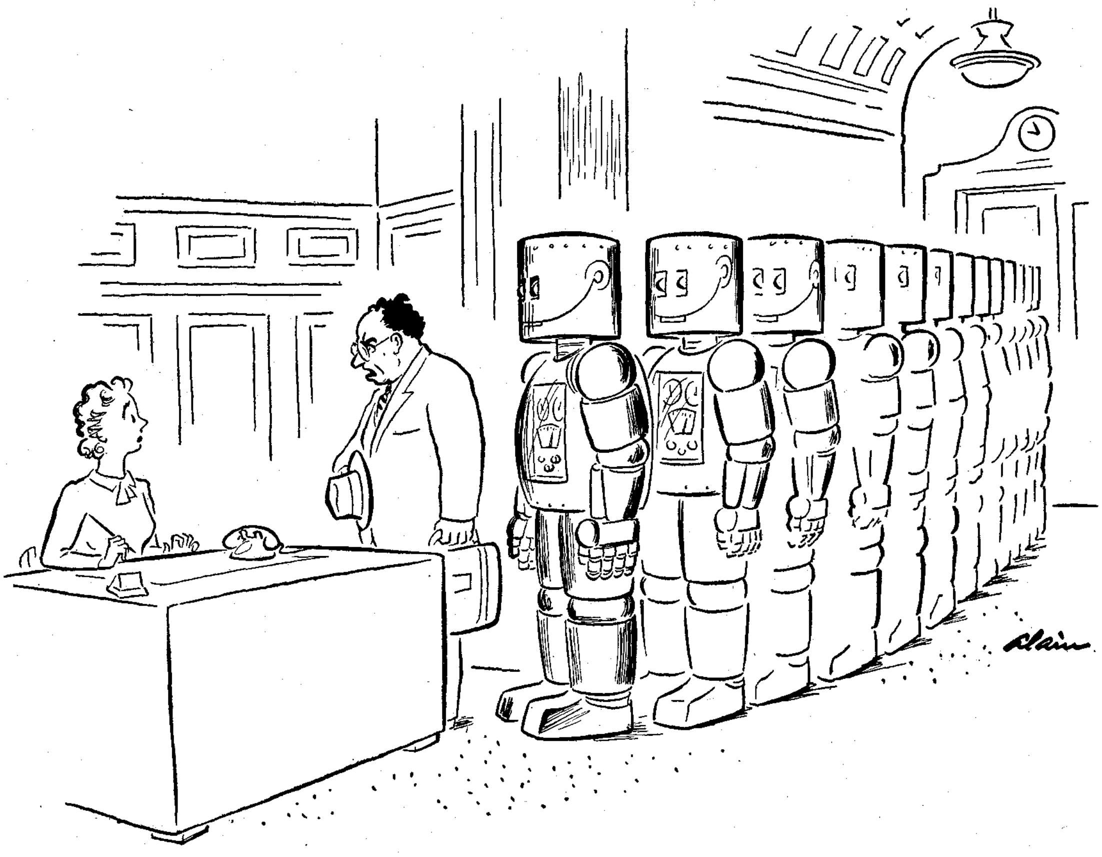
The war burst upon Miller and his wife the following year in a way that was almost personally insulting, although accidental. Flying from Zurich to Paris, with Miller piloting, they were fired on by French anti-aircraft guns as they crossed the French frontier. Mrs. Miller describes the incident coolly today, apparently unaware that the implied picture of the Millers' prewar social schedule is more staggering to the average listener than the fracas at the frontier. "We had flown from London to Geneva to see the Goya collection that had been evacuated from Spain," she relates. "Then we went on to Lausanne for dinner and ran into Grace Moore, and she gave us two tickets she couldn't use for the Toscanini concert in Lucerne the next night, so we flew to Lucerne in the morning. Somebody in Lucerne told us about a wonderful fair they were having in Zurich, so next day we went to the fair." She pauses reflectively here and murmurs, "It was really too beguiling." Then she continues, "That night we were dining at the British Embassy when a naval attaché, Captain Holland, told us we'd better get out of Zurich because the war situation looked bad, so we took off in the morning for Elsie Mendl's at Versailles. Of course we knew there was a rule that private planes mustn't fly over the militarized zone at the frontier, and we made the detour, according to Gilbert's map. But they had changed the detour in case of war, and it seems we were flying right smack across the military zone. A lot of guns roared at us and bullets began whizzing past the plane. Luckily we weren't hit, but I was never so glad to get anywhere in my life as I was when we arrived at Elsie's and found them all sitting around having champagne, and everything back to normal."

Miller learned to fly eight years ago, at the age of fifty, and says that he was inspired by the example of Leland Hayward, the Hollywood agent and amateur pilot, a younger and more erratic man. "If that nut could fly a plane, I figured I could too" is how Miller puts it. The two men have a common commercial interest in aviation. Hayward is chairman of the board of Southwest Airways, which operates, for the United States and British governments, four training fields near Phoenix, Arizona, and Miller is a large stockholder in the company. Flying instructors say that Miller is a good pilot, but some erstwhile passengers feel that he has a tendency to dream at the controls, and at least one claims to have seen him set the instruments and relax cozily, at six thousand feet, to read the manuscript of a new play. One time, flying alone through fog from London to visit Lord Brownlow, a friend who lived in the country, he got lost when his map blew out of a window and, coming down to ask directions, he landed in a hedge surrounding a cottage. The lady of the house came out and regarded him coldly, her hands on her hips. "Why don't you look where you're going?" she demanded. Miller arrived at Brownlow's six hours late, in such a temper that he made another bad landing, this time on his host's private field. According to E. Ray Goetz, the producer, who was present, the plane bounced in the air three times while Brownlow and Goetz looked on in horror, expecting it to turn over and burst into flames. It came to rest at last, upright, and Miller piled out, cursing, and strode savagely toward his host. "What's the idea of letting your field get in that condition?" he roared.

Miller has a curious indifference to maps, and once, undertaking to fly a friend from Paris to Nuremberg to lunch at a restaurant he had heard about, came down by mistake in Düsseldorf, a couple of hundred miles away, thinking it was Nuremberg. It was lunchtime, so they lunched cheerfully in Düsseldorf. Miller has turned over to the American and British governments the planes he owned at the outbreak of the war. A man who felt relieved by this news was a Hungarian friend whom Miller had taken for a flight over Manhattan some years ago, swooping around thrillingly to point out all the sights. When they came down, Miller, anxious to keep his guest amused, suggested, "What do you say we go and have a Turkish bath?" The Hungarian wiped his brow. "No thanks, I've had mine," he said.

MILLER'S name first appeared on theatre programs as a producer in 1927, when he had been general manager of Charles Frohman, Inc., for six years and had been producing plays under the Frohman name for that length of time. The Frohman company was owned by Adolph Zukor and Jesse Lasky, who also controlled Famous Players-Lasky and Paramount, and the idea was to have Miller put on plays in New York which Hollywood could then turn into pictures. Hollywood people like the prestige of a Broadway run as a prelude to a movie première, and they are not unhappy if the play, as well as the picture, makes money. When Miller's cosmopolitan tastes led him to produce plays that were such unlikely material for closely censored Hollywood as "Casanova," "The Swan," "Grounds for Divorce," and "Easy Virtue," Zukor began to worry a little, but the plays were financially successful and he could scarcely complain. When, however, Miller followed these productions with "The Captive," a play about Lesbians, Zukor jumped up and down.

"The Captive" played eighteen weeks to packed houses, while Zukor visibly aged. Finally, the New York Police Department, prodded by anti-vice societies and newspaper editorials, raided the show one night and hauled Helen Menken, its star, and the rest of the cast off to night court. James F. Reilly, who was then Miller's general manager, had the presence of mind to tell the box-office man not to deposit the evening's take and stuffed the cash, which amounted to some $2,400, into his pockets. Then he telephoned Miller at home to break the news that Lieutenant James C. Coy had a warrant for Miller's arrest. The boss was giving a dinner party in the bachelor flat on Park Avenue where he lived at that time. He excused himself to his guests and took a taxi to the police station, arriving importantly in white tie and tails. After Miller had made a strong speech protesting the arrest, Reil-



"I want to see Mr. McNutt at once. It's urgent."

ly turned up with the box-office money and bailed everybody out, including Miller. "The Captive" was withdrawn and Miller was required by the district attorney to sign an affidavit that he would never again produce the play in New York State. The police took the scenery to a public dump on Long Island and burned it.

The somewhat unexpected result of the "Captive" débâcle was that the words "Gilbert Miller Presents" appeared forthwith on the programs of two other Frohman shows then running in New York, "The Play's the Thing" and "The Constant Wife." Miller now says that he just went ahead and had the programs printed that way. "Zukor was in Hollywood; he couldn't say anything. And I am a great believer in the *fait accompli*," he adds. Presumably he wouldn't have cared if Zukor *had* objected, for his spirits were high and untrammelled that season. It was in the same year, 1927, that he married Kathryn Bache, the daughter of Jules Bache, the broker and art patron, and he was feeling as fine, free, and independent as any bridegroom, and more so than some.

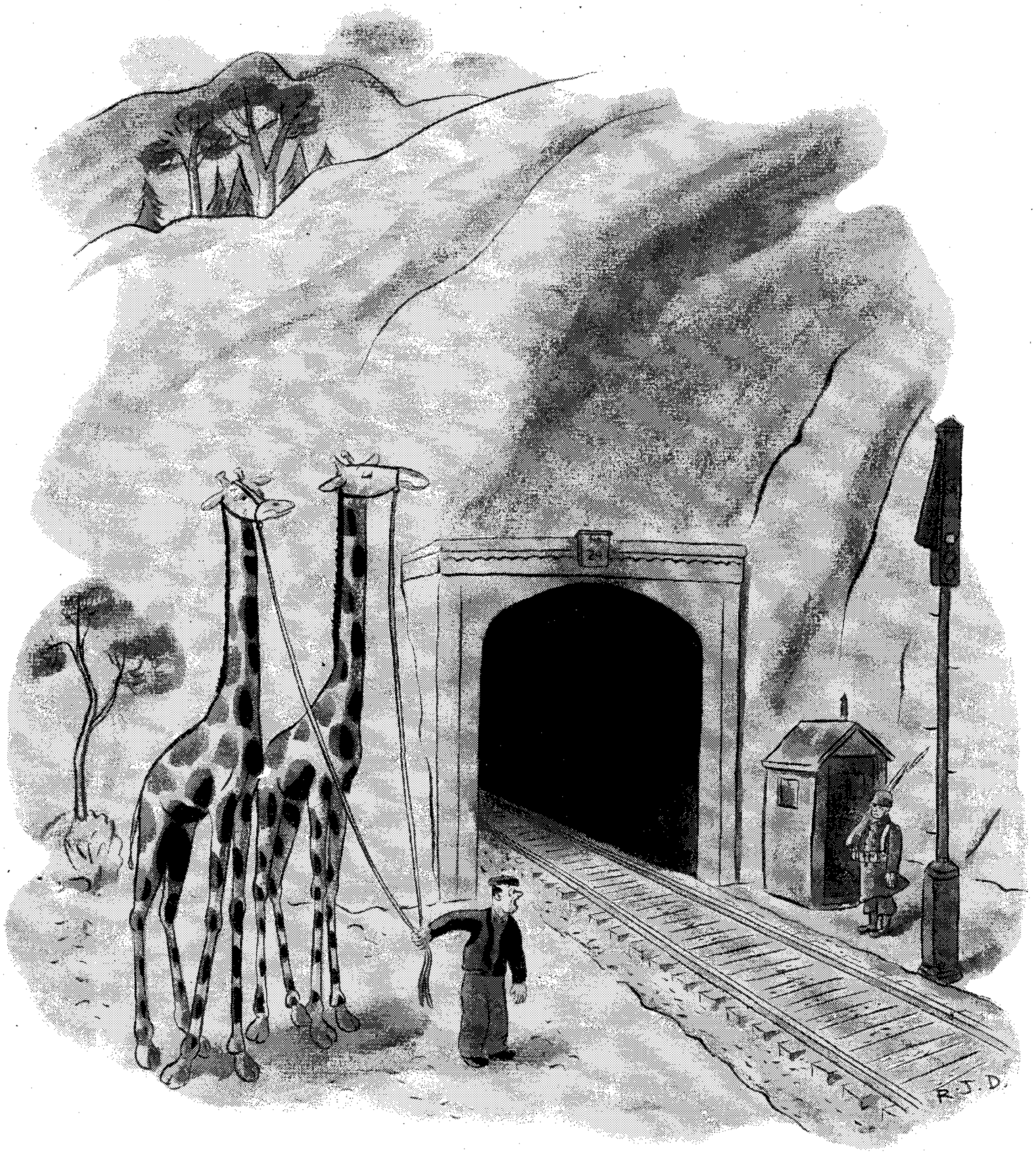
Miller stayed on as general manager of Charles Frohman, Inc., for the next five years, and produced many successful plays for the company. In 1932, four years before Charles Frohman, Inc., was dissolved, he resigned and put on his first independent production, "The Late Christopher Bean." Since then he has produced such memorable plays in New York and in London as "The Petrified Forest," "Reunion in Vienna," "Payment Deferred," "Men in White," and the current "Harriet." His American stars have included Helen Hayes, Katharine Cornell, Ina Claire, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, Ethel Barrymore, Ruth Gordon, Jeanne Eagels, and Eva Le Gallienne, and among the English actors he has introduced to America are Leslie Howard, Basil Rathbone, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and Charles Laughton. Theatregoers think of "a Gilbert Miller opening" as reverently as they mention "a Helen Hayes opening" or "a Katharine Cornell opening," and until the war put a stop to dressing up, most first-nighters would as soon have gone to a Miller opening naked as without their white ties and chinchilla wraps.

Opening nights and even tryouts are sacred to Miller, too, and he once, in England, gave his old friend Frederick McKay the full Jekyll-and-Hyde, or waltzing-mouse, treatment because McKay had booked passage for America on a ship whose sailing time prevented him from going with Miller to Bournemouth for the out-of-town opening of "Tovarich." It happened that Miller, in an earlier, expansive mood, had sent McKay to his London tailor with instructions to order a fine suit of dress clothes as a present from his pal. McKay had done so, and had also ordered two or three business suits, to be charged to his own account. In the stormy scene over the "Tovarich" mixup, Miller reminded McKay of his gift of the dress suit and accused him of foul ingratitude. McKay, escaping, called up the tailor and told him to put the dress suit on his own bill, as well as the other clothes. After McKay had sailed for America, as scheduled, Miller, suspecting some such gesture, telephoned the tailor and ordered him to charge all of McKay's suits to *him*. McKay beat him to the payment, and Miller, arriving in the United States some time later, made one of his abrupt and awkward attempts to square things. His olive branch was an invitation to dinner at the Bache house (where the Millers live with Mr. Bache), after which he took McKay to his own room and offered him all the clothes Miller himself had grown too fat to wear.

This was quite a gesture, since Miller generally hangs on to the clothes he has outgrown, never knowing when a spasm of dieting may lose him ten pounds and enable him to fit himself joyfully once more into the waiting garments. His English valet, who was with him twelve years, now has a war job in England, and Miller is attended by a morose Irishman. Burgess Meredith tells a story of happier days, when he and Miller once crossed on the same boat to Europe. There was a trap-shooting tournament on deck one morning, and the assembled contestants gaped when Miller arrived wearing a hunting jacket and followed by his English valet, carrying a gun case. When Miller's turn came, he selected a gun and frowningly took aim. "One moment, sir!" cried the valet, bringing a little box out of his pocket. Miller laid down his gun, opened the box, took out two cotton ear plugs, and gravely placed them in his ears. Then he handed the box back, raised his gun again, waited for the bird, aimed, and fired. "The only proper ending to that story would be to have him miss," Meredith says, "but it wouldn't be true. He's a hell of a shot. As I remember it, he won the tournament."

TALES of American grandeur in Europe between the two wars sound thin these days, but Miller and his wife developed a refinement of *luxe* that is still interesting for its simplicity. Other people travelled with forty trunks and a staff of servants; the Millers travelled empty-handed, because they had five establishments running at once—a house in Mayfair and one in Sussex, a flat in Paris, a villa in Biarritz and another at Le Touquet—and each one was partly staffed and fully equipped with clothes and toilet articles. The Millers never had to carry so much as a toothbrush when they went from one of their homes to another. Miller's contribution to Drungewick Manor, the place in Sussex, was a landing field, which is now plowed up and turned into a vegetable farm. He still owns Drungewick and the house in London, which is currently occupied by the Norwegian Military Command, a branch of the Norwegian Government in Exile. It's hard to tell, of course, who now owns the places in France.

When "Victoria Regina" opened in London, Princess Beatrice, a daughter of Queen Victoria, received the Millers in her box and graciously pointed out two errors in the play. John Brown would have worn green, not black, at Balmoral, she said, and the Queen would have addressed him as "my good Brown," not "my dear Brown." Miller corrected the mistakes, and frivolous friends who heard about the incident addressed Mrs. Miller for some time afterward as "my good Kitty." The late Duke of Kent and his duchess, who were the gayest members of the



"Seen anything of a circus train that was supposed to meet me on this side of the tunnel?"

• •

British Royal Family, used to drop in on the Millers so often that Kitty Miller was soon qualified to join in the current hostesses' whisper, which went, "They're charming, but *what* party-crashers!" The Millers knew the Duke when he was just Prince George, and one story other expatriates of the period never tire of telling involves the following dialogue between Miller and an American friend he encountered:

MILLER: You know what the Prince calls Kitty?

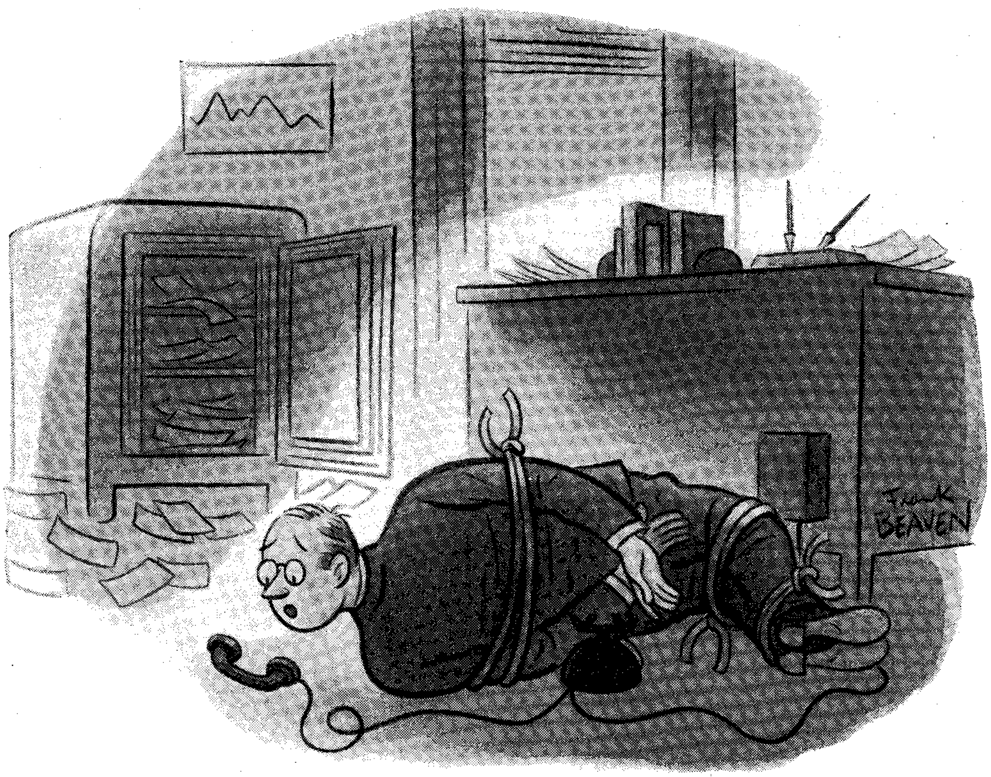
FRIEND (*interested*): No! What does he call her?

MILLER: Kitty!

Miller defends himself against accusations of snobbishness in much the same way that a pretty girl modestly disclaims her looks, and he denies now that this conversation ever took place. He adds crisply that what the Prince actually called Kitty was Flash.

As a clubman, Miller is not a conspicuous success. He belongs to the Buck's Club in London and to The Players in New York, and he was once proposed by Leonard Thomas for membership in the Racquet and Tennis. So far, however, the Racquet Club has limited its theatrical members to two, Lieutenant Commander Robert Montgomery and Fred Astaire. Members of actors' clubs are cool to Miller, partly because actors like to tell stories and he is a poor listener. At The Players, one time, an acquaintance started to tell him an anecdote involving several people and prefaced it not only by mentioning their names but also by giving a short description of each. "Yes, yes, I know them all—get on with it," Miller interrupted curtly, and killed the story on the spot. A more urbane man might have stifled his boredom and waited politely for the point, but Miller has no more social armor than an angry baby. At a party in Hollywood not long ago, Louis B. Mayer, who is accustomed to reverent handling, crossed a patio to speak to Miller. Miller feels slightly hostile toward Mayer, who, he says, has always been a great one to borrow English actors imported by Miller and never return them. As Mayer approached with outstretched hand, Miller looked at him and said, "What, you here begging again?" Later, Mayer's daughter, Irene Selznick, reproached Miller. "You mustn't speak that way to a man of my father's age," she protested. "Look," Miller said, "I'll be fifty-nine next July. Your father says he's fifty-two. If he wants to be fifty-two, he's just a kid to me." Miller's hapless impulses have occasionally lost him a valuable actor. Some years ago, Herbert Marshall came to New York from Hollywood to go into a Miller production. He stalked back to Hollywood at once when Miller greeted him with a long, abusive, and ribald tirade against the one movie actress Marshall happened to prefer to any other. The two men are on fairly good terms now, however. Nearly everybody finally forgives Miller, sometimes for business reasons, often because he can be so charming that they forget their wounds.

Miller likes to think of himself as a raconteur, gourmet, and boon companion, and some people who know him well agree that those words describe him, although one intimate, ponder-



"I'm sorry, Ma'am—I must have the wrong number!"

• •

ing the term "gourmet," finally said, "Well, he's a terrible eater all right, if that's what you mean." Miller once opened a restaurant of his own in Paris, in partnership with Walter Wanger, a gourmet from Hollywood. It was called Les Frolics, and the two owners closed it up after they arrived one evening and found the two best tables occupied by a maharaja and his suite. "Why do you suppose we opened a restaurant except to get the best tables?" Miller demanded of his headwaiter as he firmly paid him off.

MILLER has made as much as $700,000 in one of his good theatrical seasons, and has lost almost that amount in one or two of his bad ones. He holds ninety-nine-year leases on two London theatres, the Lyric and the St. James, and in the first two years of the war, when English people stayed home nights, he lost $200,000 on those two theatres alone. Now that the British are going to the theatre again, he has begun to recover his losses. He also operates the Henry Miller Theatre in New York, which his father built with the financial backing of Klaw & Erlanger and of Mrs. Elizabeth Milbank Anderson, Jeremiah Milbank's daughter, who owned the lot on West Forty-third Street where the theatre now stands. After Henry Miller's death, in 1926, Gilbert bought out the Klaw & Erlanger interest and was sole lessee of the theatre until its lease expired. He now manages it through an agreement with the Milbank Memorial Fund, paying its executors twenty-five per cent of the gross take of each play he produces there. The Henry Miller has housed many of Gilbert's successes, but it has also been the scene of such successive and instantaneous Miller flops as "Delicate Story," which ran three weeks, "Heart of a City" (three weeks), and "Flare Path" (ten days). "Delicate Story," a Molnár trifle in six scenes, was described on the program as having been "translated and staged by Gilbert Miller," and its dialogue unfortunately included, in Scene 5, the line "Are you trying to use the world tragedy to excuse your filthy behavior?" On opening night this was enough to send Richard Watts, the *Herald Tribune* critic, quietly up the aisle and out, and witnesses declare that Miller, who saw him leaving, pounded after him, hoarsely muttering, "*I* didn't write that line, I never *heard* it before!"

It sometimes seems that people begrudge Miller even his most heartfelt utterances. After the successful opening of "Harriet" at the Henry Miller this season, Miller gratefully went backstage to see Helen Hayes and said, among other tributes, " 'Dear Brutus' was your youth, Helen, 'Coquette' was your adolescence, and 'Harriet' is your maturity." Miss Hayes' husband, Major Charles MacArthur, who was also present, shook his head. "You've got it wrong, Gilbert," he murmured. " 'Dear Brutus' was Helen's youth, 'Coquette' was her adolescence, and 'Harriet' is *your* maturity."

Most theatrical producers like to gamble for relaxation as well as for a living, and Miller's outside speculations have included horse racing and foreign exchange. He and Frank Curzon, a London theatrical manager, were joint owners of Primrose House, a racing stable at Newmarket, England. Call Boy, Golden Boy, and Scofflaw were all Primrose House horses and Miller still regrets that he sold his interest to Curzon in 1926, just a year before Call Boy won the Derby. As a businessman active in England and in America, he has long been obliged to deal in two kinds of currency, and he began to study exchange seriously some years ago when he noticed that fluctuations in value were occasionally hurting his profits. In 1934, when President Roosevelt announced the devaluation of the dollar, Miller had already sold the dollar short in England, a piece of foresight which made him a tidy sum. Six months later the decision of the United States Treasury to buy up silver found Miller loaded with silver which he had bought on margin through his London broker and was now able to sell at a profit. One December evening in 1935, he was dining in a Baltimore restaurant before the tryout of a new play. His companions were Ray Goetz and George Marshall, the Washington laundry man who also owns a football team. The talk turned to fairly deep things, and Miller said, "The trouble with you two boys is you live too dangerously. Ray, here, retires at the height of his career just because he thinks he has enough money to live on, and you, George, put your money in a ball team. I call that dangerous living." The headwaiter interrupted Miller to tell him that his hotel had transferred a telephone call for him to the restaurant, and to usher him to a booth. It was a transatlantic call, relayed from New York, and Miller's London broker was on the wire. The United States Government had stopped pegging the price of silver, he informed his client, the silver market had collapsed, Miller's losses were amounting to $25,000 a day, and the London firm regretted that it could no longer cover him. Miller hung up, called his New York broker at his home, and arranged to sell enough stocks, bonds, and so on to meet the catastrophe. He says now that it took about everything he had, including some of

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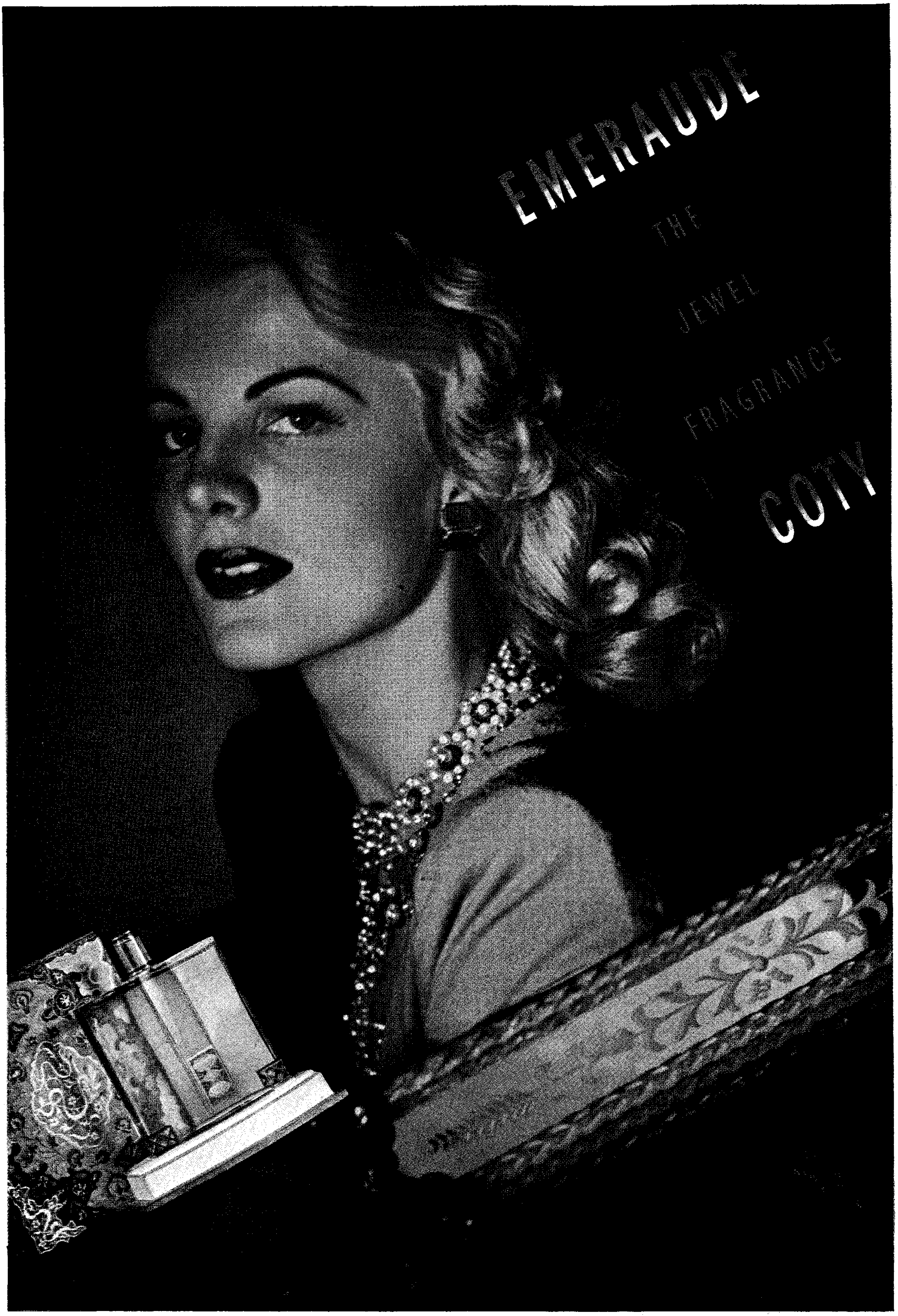
his wife's jewels, and that he came out of the telephone booth broke. "Well, boys," he said to Goetz and Marshall, "we might as well go on over and see the show."

The play that tried out in Baltimore that night was "Victoria Regina," and it ran four years in New York and on tour and made $2,671,778 gross. About half of Miller's share went to the government in taxes, and it was soon after the play's phenomenal success that he formed Heron Productions, Inc., as a means of simplifying his bookkeeping. Helen Hayes and Charles MacArthur are said to own thirty-five per cent of "Harriet," but neither owned any of "Victoria," and Miss Hayes worked throughout the run of the play on a straight salary of $1,500 a week, plus ten per cent of the weekly gross. All of this brought her an average of $2,400 a week in New York and $3,200 weekly on tour. There is a story, possibly apocryphal, that Miller, one Christmas, tried to make her a present of ten per cent of "Victoria" and that she declined it sweetly with a note saying, "No thank you, Gilbert, I have the same troubles you have."

Miller's love of the theatre is genuine, and the theatre's rewards, although erratic, have been enough to enable him to answer Hollywood offers with the single, stunning, and implausible statement that riches do not tempt him. His apparent indifference to selling plays to the movies also acts on film producers like catnip on a cat. In 1936, as he was about to sail for Europe after the New York opening of "Tovarich," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer telephoned him from Hollywood and offered $80,000 for the picture rights to the play. Miller refused the offer and sailed. In Brighton, about a week later, another call from Metro offered more money, and a few days afterward Metro phoned him in Karlsbad and raised the bid again. By the time Miller arrived in Prague other picture companies had started bidding by transatlantic telephone and he finally sold the play to Warner Brothers for $100,000, a fairly big price in those days. "Never go to Hollywood to sell a picture," he was heard to muse after that. "Go to Vienna and make 'em call you up from Hollywood."

Miller wears a telephone as constantly as any movie producer, and his wife sometimes frets when this habit makes them late for engagements, but her fretting is indulgent. Her husband has an eye for a production at home as well as on a stage, and his efforts can be winning. During the first winter they spent


EMERAUDE
THE
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COTY

The smartest dog in the world

WE'VE NEVER HEARD of a dog who actually did this, but . . . *Our* idea of the smartest pup in the world would be one who could carry his master's cocktail invitations to neighbors' homes.

All he'd have to do would be to carry four red roses, trot up to the door and wag his tail.

The neighbors—if they're the kind of friends we think they are—would know this meant: "Come on over for cocktails—magnificent, soul-satisfying cocktails made with the world's most glorious whiskey . . . Four Roses!"

FOUR ROSES

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore together in London, when they were living in a hotel and the foggy weather began to depress Mrs. Miller, he would bustle around every morning, fixing up the living room to cheer her, before he let her maid wake her up. When she joined him there for breakfast she would find the curtains drawn against the fog, a fire dancing on the hearth, dozens of red roses in vases everywhere, and a portable phonograph playing a Viennese waltz. Remembering that, she lets him telephone as much as he wants to, although she flinches slightly from his choice of a cozy telephone nook; he makes most of his calls on an extension in the lavatory adjoining his private office.

THE Millers spend most of their time in the Bache house in New York, taking their vacations on a farm they own in Sandy Hook, Connecticut. The Bache mansion is baronial, with a vast entrance hall and yawning black fireplaces big enough to stand a horse in, and it frightens some of the Millers' Middle-European guests. "There are oubliettes in this house," Ludwig Bemelmans declared one night at a party there, glancing nervously over his shoulder. "I am talking to Goetz one minute ago, a picture turns on the wall, and he is gone." Ince, Molnár, and many of Miller's other Continental friends have come to live in New York since the war. Molnár was temporarily annoyed with Miller last winter for turning down his latest play, "The King's Mate." "Oscar Serlin produced it and lost fifty thousand dollars," Miller remarks when the subject comes up. Nobody has ever successfully mistaken Miller's love of Viennese waltzes, red roses, and red-coated Hungarian gypsy musicians for the kind of sentimentality that might seduce him into putting on a friend's play if he thought he was going to lose money on it. He can be as ruthless in five foreign languages as he can be in his native tongue, and as unpredictable. One time, during a rehearsal of a play adapted from the French, he turned from arguing in French with a Parisian actor and absent-mindedly shouted an order, also in French, to Peter Mason, a timid Negro who worked for him as porter, errand boy, and harassed handyman. Without stopping to ask questions, Peter streaked up the aisle and out of the theatre, returning soon with a handful of pencils, a package of cigarettes, a quart of ice cream, and a newspaper. Miller took the newspaper and waved aside the other offerings. "I didn't know what the boss was sayin'," Peter explained to an interested onlooker, "but when he yells like that he mostly wants one of them four things."

Miller knows that his manner confuses people and he thinks it is because he often doesn't know whom he is talking to, since he has a poor memory for names. He cites as an instance a tangle he once got into when he engaged an actor for a New York play by cable from London. His New York office signed the actor he had named in the cable, and Miller, arriving home, discovered that he had remembered the name of the wrong actor. He had to pay the wrong actor a weekly salary for the run of the play besides paying the right actor, when he finally recollected who he was. Theatre people don't care much for eccentricities that include forgetting their names, and there are one or two who would just as soon forget Gilbert Miller's if it were economically advisable.

Old friends from Europe understand Miller better. "He is a refugee, like the rest of us," one of them said thoughtfully not long ago, watching Miller beat time to a czardas orchestra playing a waltz from "Der Rosenkavalier." Europe being what it is, his foreign cronies often snatch him out of his memories with a demand for quick action, and they usually get it. Shortly before his death this winter, Dr. Rudolf Kommer telephoned him and asked his aid in smuggling a young German anti-Nazi out of the Reich. Miller will almost tenderly help people out of trouble, but he likes to have an eagle-eyed control over what they do afterward. The young man arrived safely in America, and once he had landed, Miller spoke crisply to Kommer. "Tell your friend," he said, "that New York is overrun with refugees asking for jobs. Tell him to get out of New York. Farmers need help all over America, factories need workers. Tell this boy to get *out* of New York." Next day, the young German called on Miller at his office to thank him for his help. "Doctor Kommer has given me your message," he added, "and I have obeyed. Tomorrow, Herr Miller, I leave for Hollywood."

—MARGARET CASE HARRIMAN

(This is the second of two articles on Mr. Gilbert Miller.)

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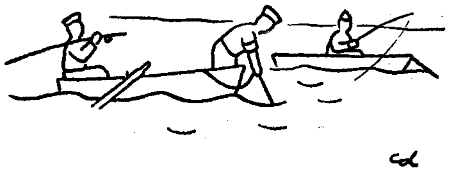
THE PINCH THAT TICKLES

A Charting of Some of the Notches Which Civilians Have Been Asked to Take in Their Belts During This War Without Causing Anyone to Feel the Slightest Pain

LOCALE	THE PINCHER	THE PINCH
Miami	Joe W. Power, city publicity director	He discontinued the practice of sending out pictures of bathing beauties.
North Mankato, Minnesota	Officials of the town's annual Trade Show	They decided against holding their traditional old-time fiddlers' contest.
New York City	Tony Williams, chairman of the annual convention of the Merchant Tailors and Designers Association of America	He announced that the association would not issue a list of America's ten best-dressed men this year.
Harrison, New Jersey	Members of the Board of Education	They voted to do away with final examinations in order to save paper.
Akron, Ohio	City fathers	They cancelled the annual National Soapbox Derby.
Toronto	Officials of the Ontario Hydro Commission	They turned off the colored lights which used to illuminate Niagara Falls.
New York City	Borough President Edgar J. Nathan, Jr.	He ruled against hanging political-campaign banners across the streets of Manhattan.
Cambridge, Massachusetts	William G. Morse, purchasing agent for Harvard University	He disclosed that the annual Class Day battle between old grads would be suspended as a means of saving $450 worth of confetti.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN



"I forgot"
-WON'T WIN
THE WAR!

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LETTER FROM LONDON

MAY 28 (BY CABLE)

SOME erudite Briton has just dug up the fact that 1946 will be the bimillenary of the invasion of Britain by Rome in the summer of 55 B.C. Lots of less erudite Britons are merely hoping that this summer will neatly wipe out the score for their woad-stained ancestors, even if it is three years too early. On the whole, however, there's not much speculation about where and how the revenge will take place, and it is only in conversation with the Continent's exiles in London that one begins to think of the second front not as a military maneuver but in terms of flesh and blood. On tablecloths in Soho and Bloomsbury it has been demonstrated with passionate conviction that here, right by this fork or that spoon, is the only place for an Allied landing, which Kurt—or Hendrik or Jean or Demetrios—will naturally be there to help along if he's still alive.

Londoners, more calmly waiting to see what the conference in Washington has cooked up for their own Berts and Georges, talk mostly about the increasing power of the air offensive. There have been occasional protests from the Church and elsewhere over the frankly jubilant way in which the press whoops about the tonnage of bombs that has been dumped on German cities. Certainly the average man's sober conviction that it's a bad job which has got to be done doesn't stop him from wincing over the gruesome thought that the Dortmund bombing must have made his own worst blitz night seem almost like a party. All the same, German propaganda wails about terror raiding can't be expected to make much impression on Londoners, not to mention the inhabitants of Coventry, Hull, Plymouth, and other English cities which got hell in the days when the Nazis seemed to be the only boys who could dish it out.

London's recent crop of nocturnal sirens revived local suspicions that something unpleasant in the way of retaliations was going to start at last, but all that the majority of Londoners received was a headache from lack of sleep. The first couple of nights of intermittent sirens and gunfire had everybody wide awake and wondering whether to reach for his dressing gown. By the fourth night, most people were back in the old routine of hunting up the earplugs, drawing the eiderdown over their heads, and trustingly leaving the whole thing to the boys in the ack-ack batteries. Britons on the south coast, however, haven't had such minor visitations. Recent hit-and-run raids on seaside towns, against which it's difficult to provide protection, have been nasty enough to justify their citizens' feeling better, whatever the bishops say, when they hear the Fortresses roaring out over the Channel some of these bright mornings.

THE dissolution of the Comintern was the signal here for a chorus of newspaper approval and a certain amount of pother in the British Communist camp, which, finding that the red flag had suddenly been hauled down, diplomatically began wagging a peacemaking white one under the Labour Party's window. It isn't yet clear whether this overture will be followed by Labour's inviting the homeless comrades to come right in. The question will be debated at the annual Labour conference at Whitsuntide. Some Tory strongholds may still exist which breathed a sigh of relief at the news that bloody revolution wasn't brewing over the village beer mugs after all, but the bulk of non-political Englishmen apparently felt that nothing much need be altered in their feeling for their Russian ally. To these simple-minded folk, the press halloos about the resulting increase of confidence among the Soviet's allies seemed comparable to going through the formality of being introduced to a gallant stranger who has just slugged a bully who was attacking you. Most Britons had apparently concluded that last year's record of Russian slugging was a good enough passport to confidence in itself, but there is naturally deep satisfaction over the fact that Dr. Goebbels' pet Bolshevist scare story has come to what is for him a most unhappy ending. Everybody was also pleased with Mr. Churchill's reference to the debt to Russia in his speech to Congress, which came over the air fine here and was looked upon by complacently nodding Britons as one of his best.

USUALLY there is less public grousing over the Ministry of Food than over any other government body, but its scheme for the distribution of the new ration books caused a nationwide protest. It's encouraging to note that the row arose not because Lord Woolton had taken a new crack at the national diet but because, according to millions of country dwellers, he was going to waste their precious working time by compelling them to make a trip to the district town to get their ration books. Fuming rustic householders swamped both the Ministry and their M.P.'s with plaints that the journey, probably a dozen miles of slow country bus ride, with hours of waiting in a queue at the end of it, could be dispensed with if the competent Women's Voluntary Services ladies were allowed to handle the distribution in each village. Since the allocation was to be made in alphabetical order, a busy housewife responsible for a bunch of evacuees all with different surnames would have to make the trip several days running. The Ministry has bowed before the storm and ruled that one or two delegates from each village may collect the whole community's cards and stagger home with them. This is the same system that is being employed in factories.

Something which should cheer the populace, when it finally gets its books, is that food, clothing, and chocolate coupons have all been assembled under one cover. This sensible new arrangement will do away with the old complicated one of several sets bouncing around in handbags and the fairly frequent spectacle of addled shoppers muzzily proffering their food points in a dressmaker's shop.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

PSALM OF LIFE (GREATER NEW YORK)

Morning. The city's heart dilates
  (To put it somewhat nastily)
And millions it ingurgitates
  In an immense diastole.

Evening contracts the city's heart.
  And men (I see them mistily)
Along unnumbered veins depart
  In a gigantic systole.

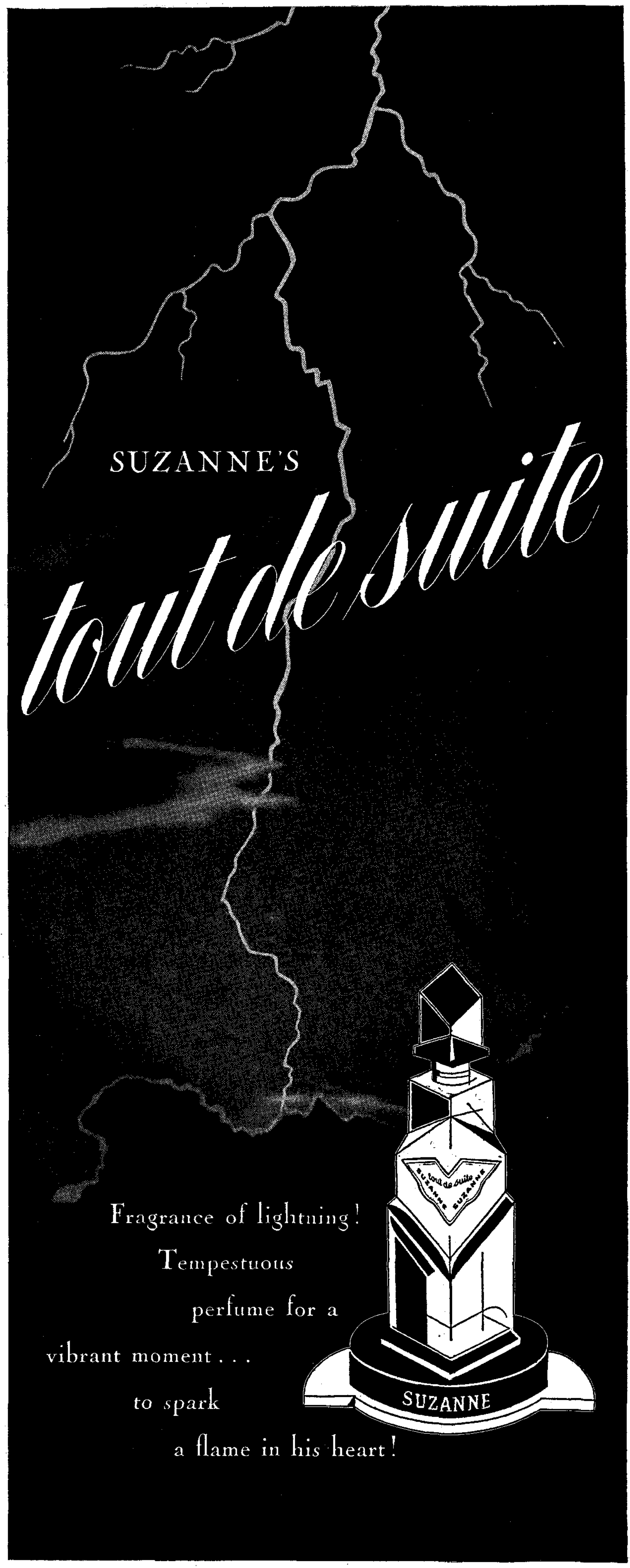
A pretty thought. "But how about
  Weekends?" a critic fustily
Objects. The city's heart, no doubt,
  Then merely flutters gustily.

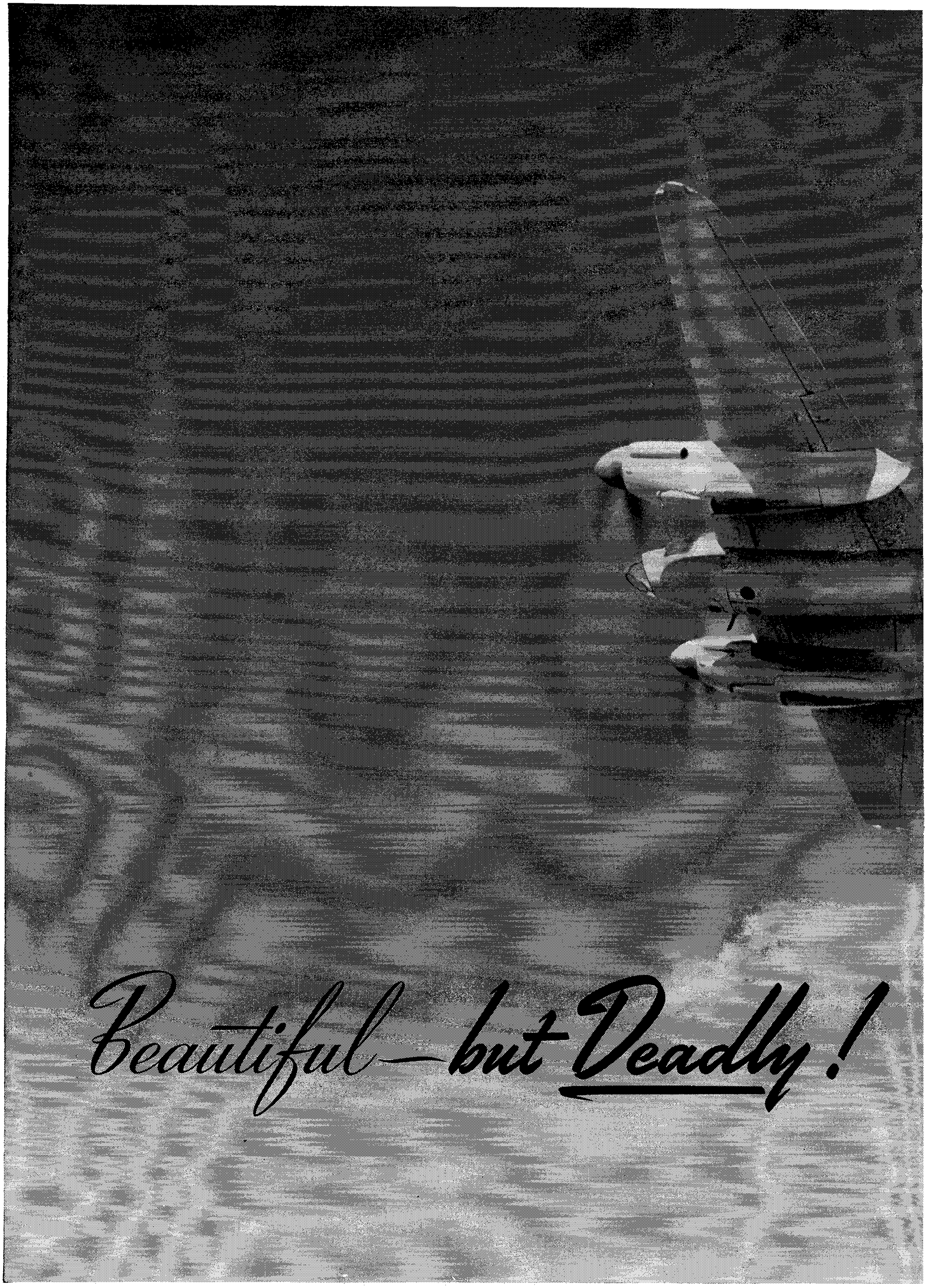
—Morris Bishop

•

Carmen Amaya carries loose unset stones around in a handkerchief, and doles out little emeralds, rubies, and diamonds to those she's particularly fond of. (Don't you wish she adored you?)—*Dorothy Kilgallen in the Bangor Daily News.*

What makes you think she doesn't?

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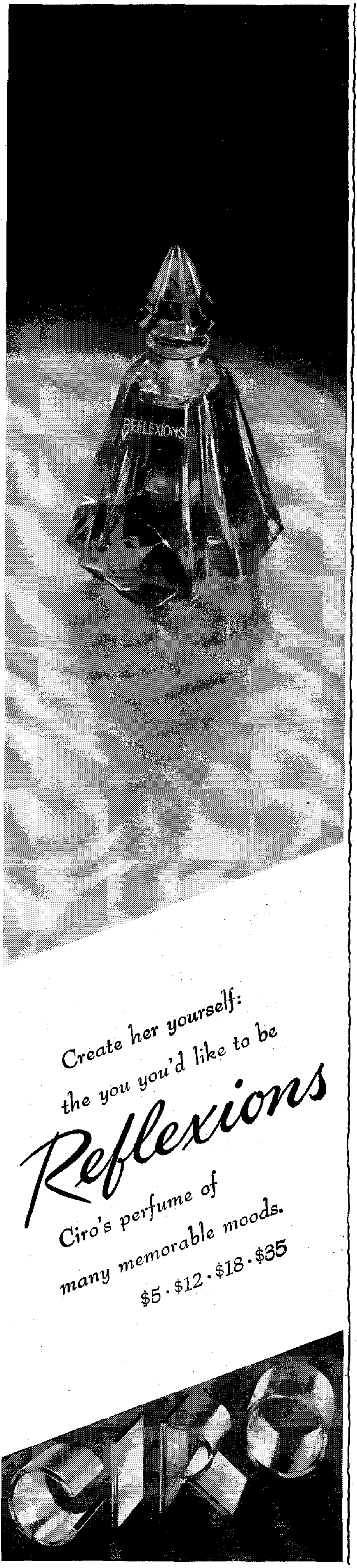
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Global War

DISPATCHES have been coming in from all over this week. "This Land Is Mine," for example, deals with territory that is European and occupied, though not specifically named. You get another look, in other words, at a captive people and their relations with the Germans. In this case your view is provided by Mr. Dudley Nichols, who with this script adds his bit to the ever-growing pool of conjecture on life with the Führer. Mr. Nichols' grapevine is presumably no more reliable a growth than the next movie writer's, but he has logic to temper his imagination and is a handy man with a screenplay at any time.

His story has to do with a timid schoolmaster, played by Charles Laughton, who lives with a possessive mother and can't figure out how to tell the girl next door that he loves her. Once the Germans have entered his town and British planes start coming over with bombs, he is distracted from this purpose by an extravagant fear of violence. He is inclined to withdraw into his shell until the whole thing blows over. The girl's brother, however, begins to indulge a fancy for sabotage and finally raises a commotion that nobody can ignore. The Germans take hostages and among them is the schoolmaster, who finds he is caught up in something bigger than himself. In the end he becomes a man, though not a man with a very secure future.

The events in the picture are, for the most part, exceptionally plausible, the characters are conscientiously drawn, and the performances are all what could be called interesting, to say the least. Maureen O'Hara seems a peg above her usual self as the girl, Kent Smith is fine as her brother, Walter Slezak combines villainy with almost too much guile (for a novelty) as the German commandant, George Sanders is convincing as a traitor with a conscience, and Una O'Connor flies into impressive tantrums as the schoolmaster's witch of a mother. To some degree, each of these people reflects credit on Jean Renoir, who directed the film. As is true of all Hollywood directors, a big part of his job was to keep a group of movie actors as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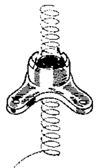


THREADS THAT LIVES MAY HANG ON

When wars were fought at a slower pace, it is said that "for want of a nail" a shoe, a horse, a rider, a battle and finally a kingdom were lost.

Little things can be just as vital in the war today—things as humble, for example, as the nuts which hold fighting aircraft staunch and tight.

The lives of flying crews may hang on the threads of nuts which stay put—hold fast against the chatter of gunfire, the throb of pulsing engines, the wrack and twist and vibration of massive wings wheeling and twisting through thin air.

We make such a nut. We have made more than three billion of them. And as far as is known, not a single one of these nuts has ever failed in service.

It is the special virtue of Elastic Stop Nuts that they never loosen, slip, shake off or break.

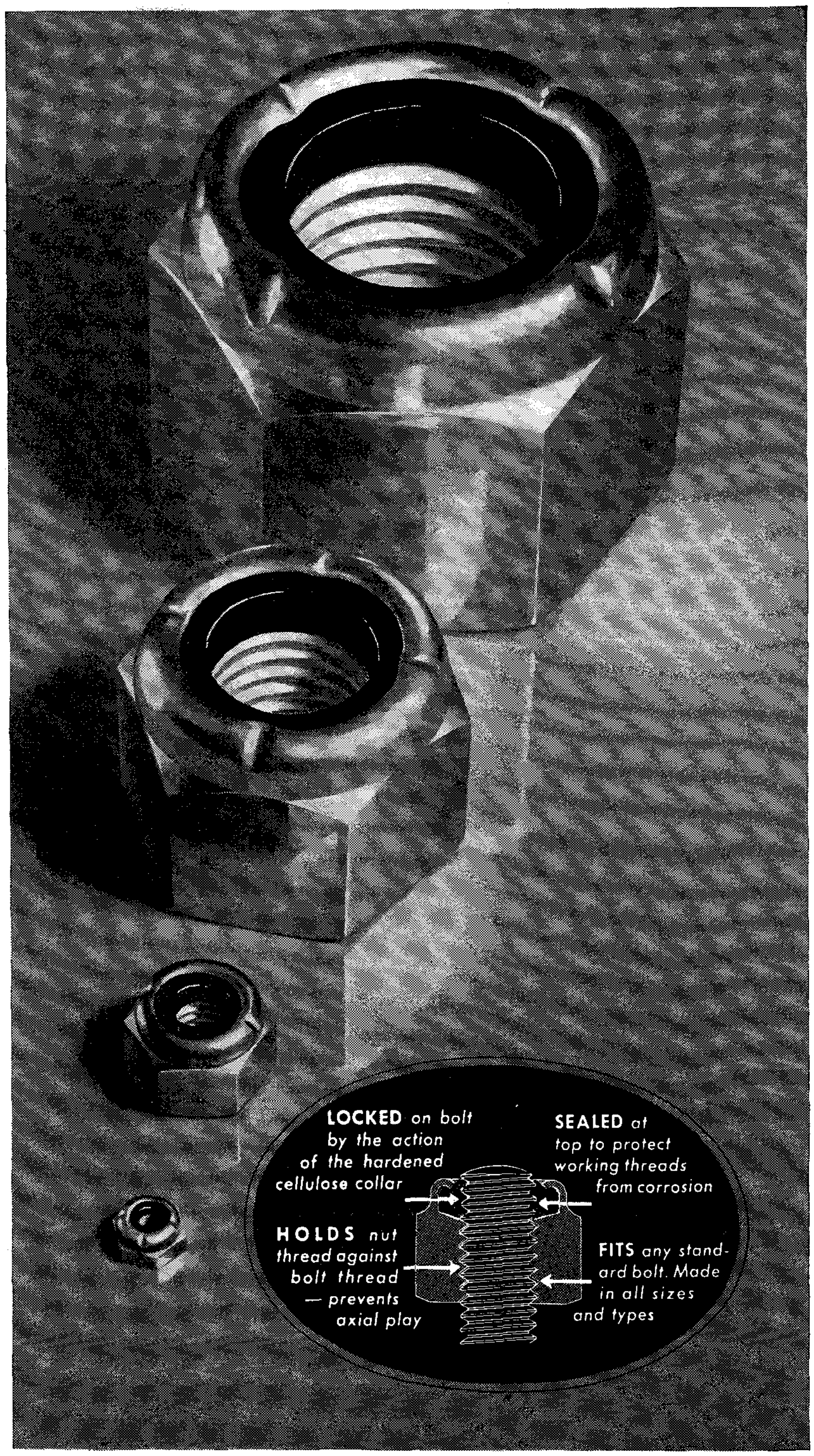
Small wonder they are used on every airplane made in the United States and Canada — as many as 50,000 may be used in a single ship.

Some day these nuts will be available for purposes other than the grim jobs of war.

When they are, automobiles will be tighter and safer and quieter—everything from garden tools or farm tractors to radios and vacuum cleaners will give longer and less troublesome service.

But that's for the future. Today, all these tenacious nuts we can make go for an even more important purpose—which is the simple task of holding tight till the war is won.

Elastic Stop Nut Corporation of America
UNION, NEW JERSEY


LOCKED on bolt by the action of the hardened cellulose collar
SEALED at top to protect working threads from corrosion
HOLDS nut thread against bolt thread — prevents axial play
FITS any standard bolt. Made in all sizes and types

ELASTIC STOP NUTS

Lock fast to make things last

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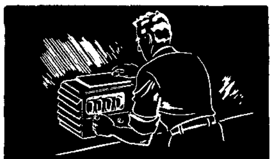
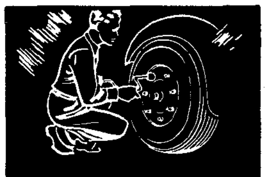
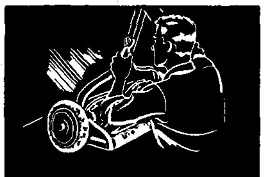
Washing machines call for nut-and-bolt connections that stay tight under heavy use. Elastic Stop Nuts keep such appliances running right.



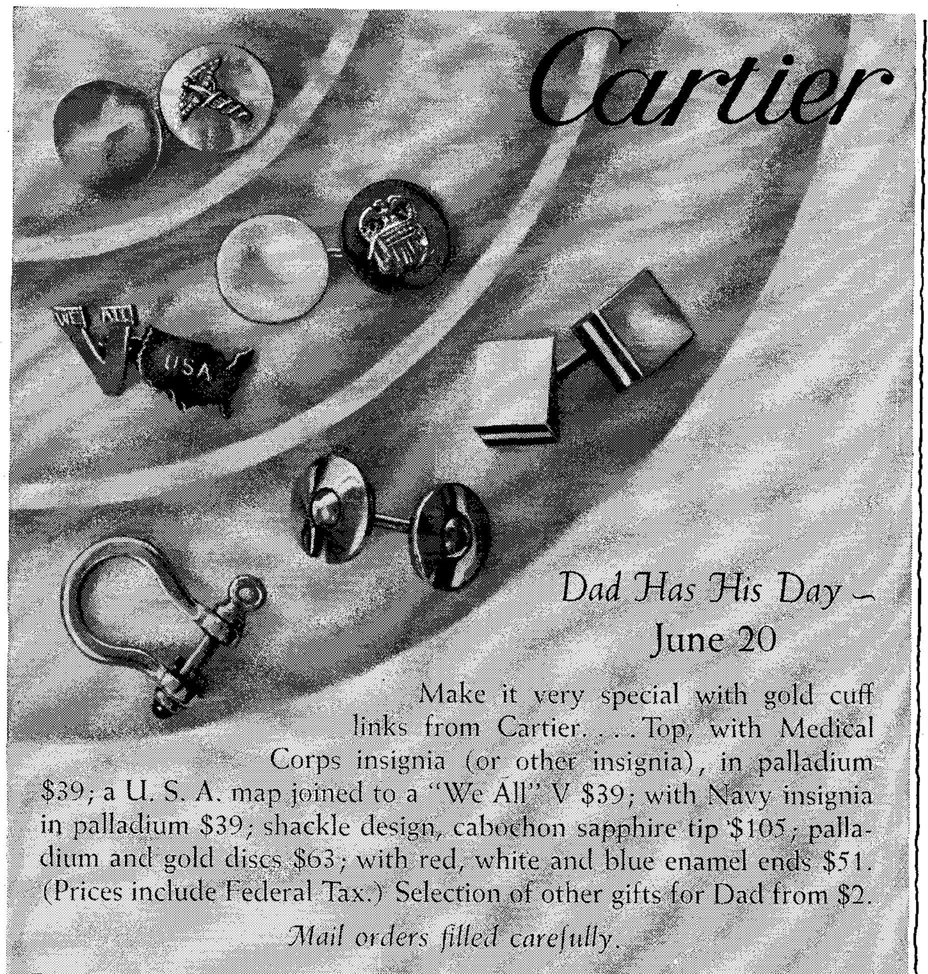
Radio sets will last longer, keep a truer tone, with Elastic Stop Nuts holding important fastenings firm and tight.



When regular nuts loosen, cars squeak. So look ahead to quieter automobiles after victory is won



On a lawn mower, ordinary nuts may loosen, fall off, get lost in deep grass. Elastic Stop Nuts stay put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June 20

Make it very special with gold cuff links from Cartier. . . . Top, with Medical Corps insignia (or other insignia), in palladium $39; a U. S. A. map joined to a "We All" V $39; with Navy insignia in palladium $39; shackle design, cabochon sapphire tip $105; palladium and gold discs $63; with red, white and blue enamel ends $51. (Prices include Federal Tax.) Selection of other gifts for Dad from $2.

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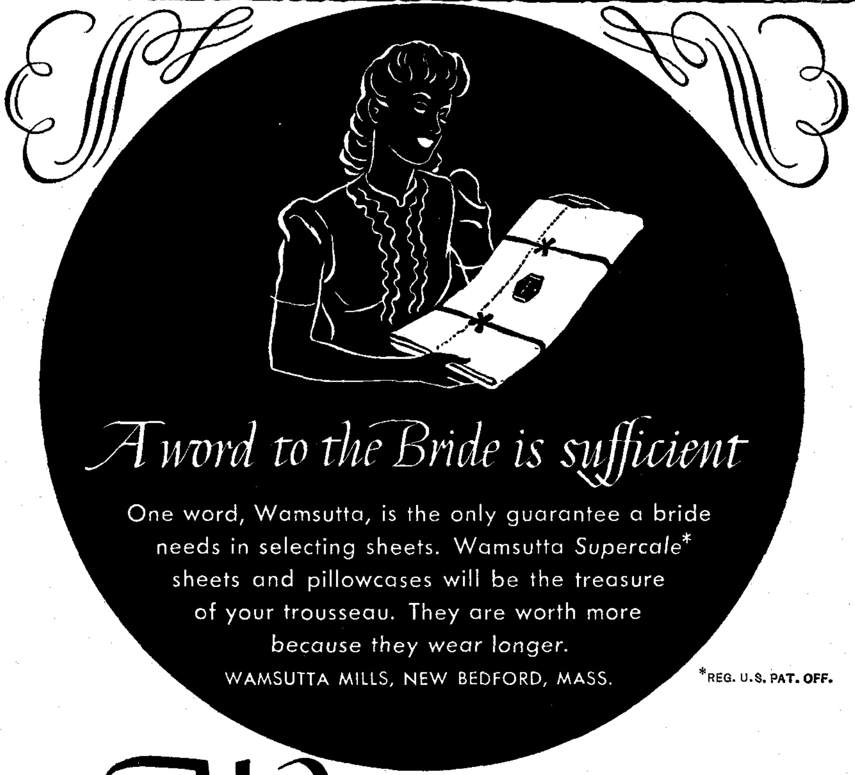
A word to the Bride is sufficient

One word, Wamsutta, is the only guarantee a bride needs in selecting sheets. Wamsutta *Supercale** sheets and pillowcases will be the treasure of your trousseau. They are worth more because they wear longer.

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strictly in hand as possible. The only member of the cast who seems to have been unmanageable is Mr. Laughton, and he's a notoriously unruly case.

"BATAAN" employs the old Lost Patrol *motif* and does it well. A small band of American soldiers find themselves faced with the job of slowing up an overwhelming number of Japs. They are a rag-tag lot who have been thrown together in the rush of a hasty retreat. Most of them haven't fought together before and few of them have been up against the Japs or anybody else. They have a lot to learn and it costs them a good deal to learn it, but they learn it fast. Before they are licked, as they inevitably are, they carry out their assignment in very workmanlike fashion. The picture keeps moving along until that assignment is finished, punctuated, naturally, by pretty grim and constant fireworks. The cast includes Robert Taylor, Thomas Mitchell, George Murphy, and Lloyd Nolan. There are practically no women to get underfoot. The main thing to look out for, if you go to see it, is shell-shock.

A GREAT day for Erich Von Stroheim is provided by "Five Graves to Cairo," which takes us to another corner of the map (you've guessed it), Egypt. The plot involves a strange but entertaining explanation for the defeat of the Germans at El Alamein. Mr. Von Stroheim plays the part of Field Marshal Erwin Rommel, alias the Desert Fox, and he puts his back into it. Additional members of the cast are Franchot Tone, Anne Baxter, and Akim Tamiroff, all of whom do creditably, but the big attraction is the Field Marshal, who is portrayed as a smart baby who knows he's smart. Now that he has been taken down quite a few notches, it's kind of pleasant to watch the old boy strut his stuff, especially when it gives a real gaudy actor a chance to strut his.

—DAVID LARDNER

•

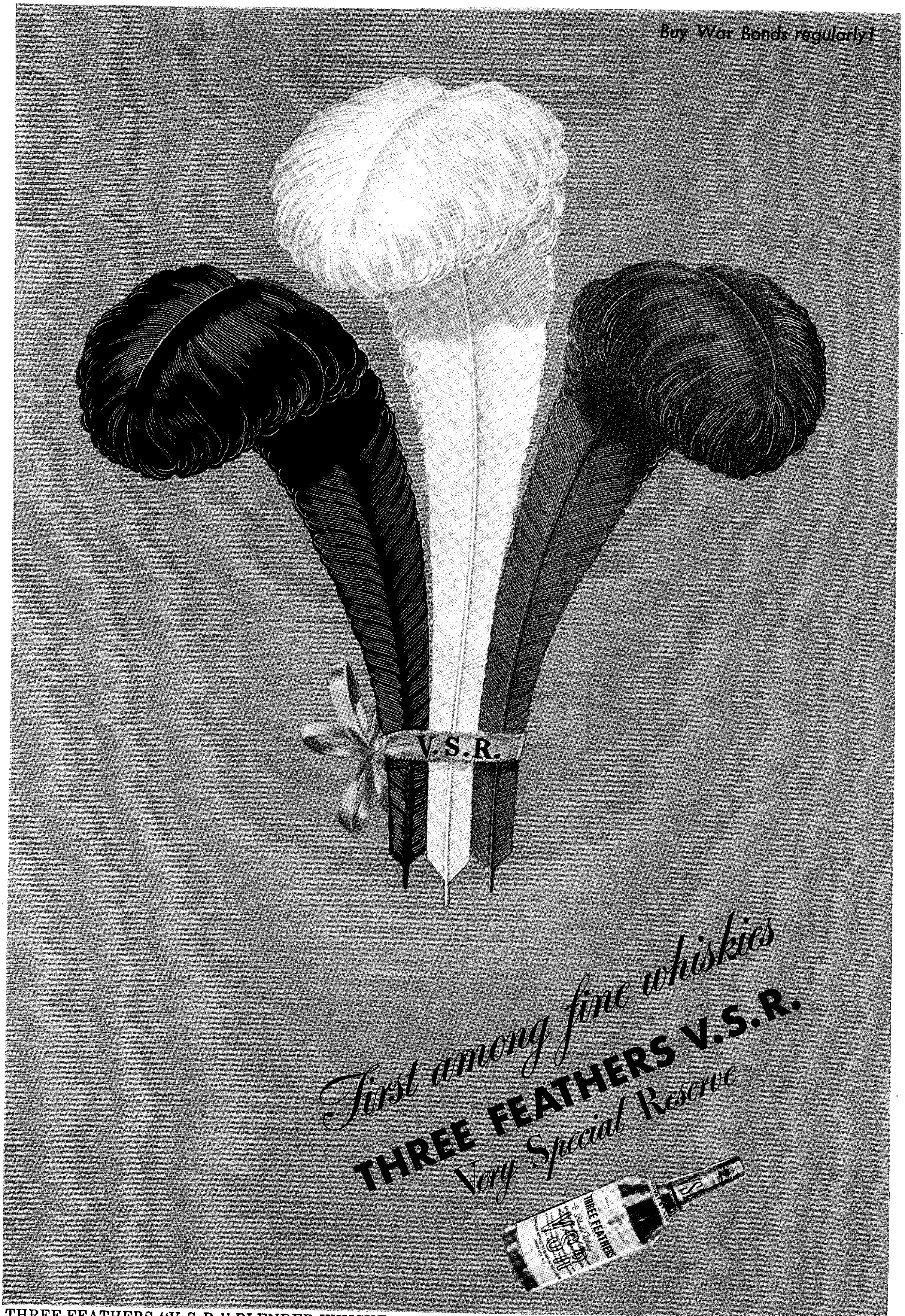
QUICK MEAL.

Frizzled ham
Potatoes with parsley butter
Asparagus with browned crumbs
Dandelion green salad
Raspberry ice Coffee

METHOD OF PREPARATION.

Prepare salad and dressing. Scrub potatoes and boil. Prepare asparagus and cook. Frizzle ham. Prepare browned crumbs. Dress potatoes. Make coffee.
—*The Sun.*

You see, it's all in knowing how.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First among fine whiskies
THREE FEATHERS V.S.R.
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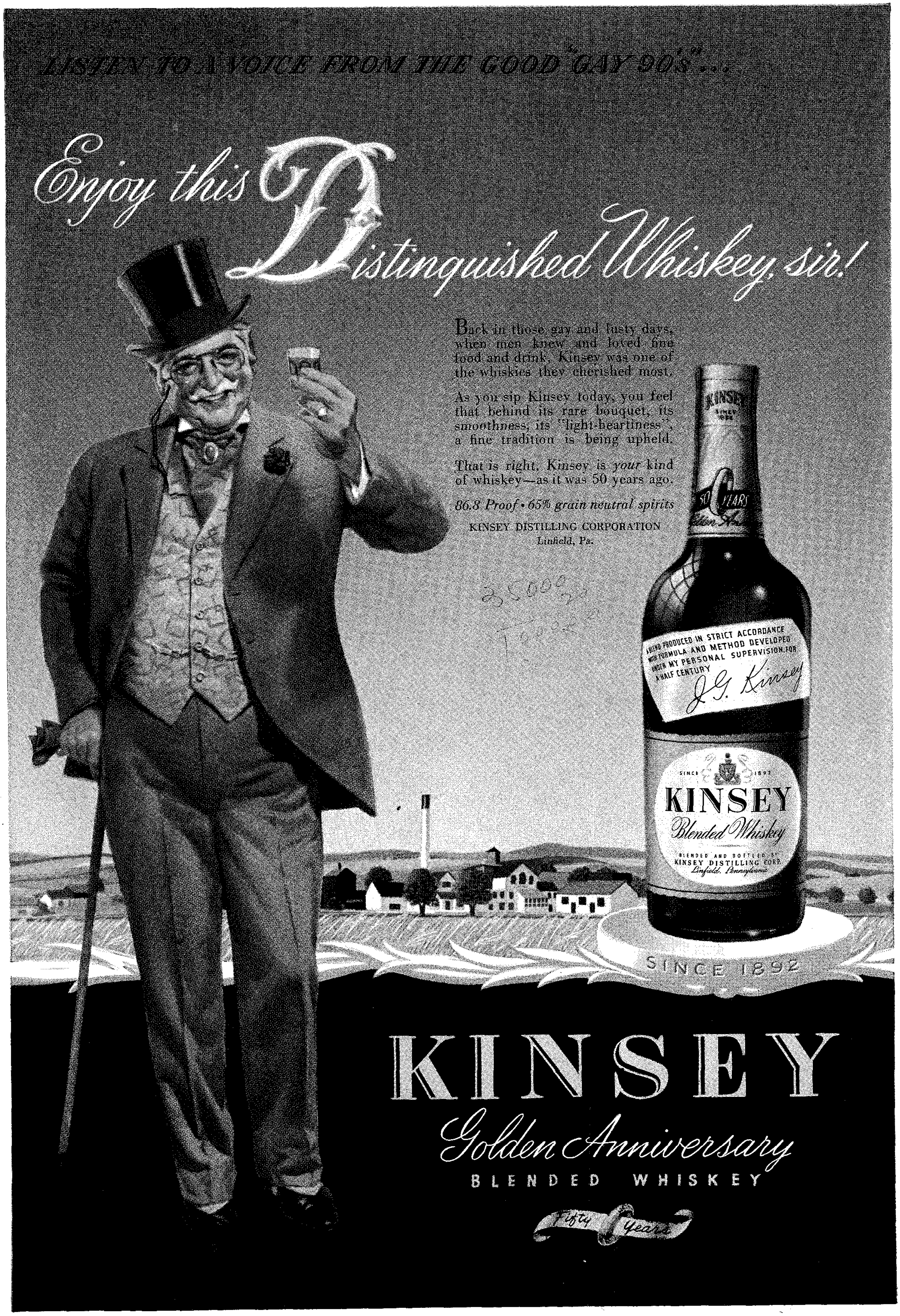
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BLENDED WHISKEY
Fifty Years

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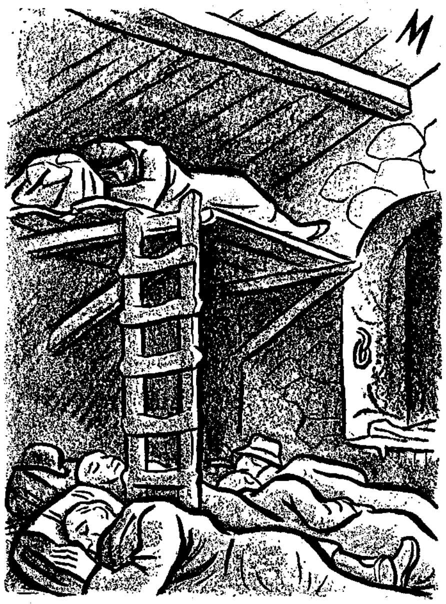
A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE ESCAPE OF MRS. JEFFRIES—III

[EDITORS' NOTE: This is the final part of a three-part article on the escape of an American woman from Paris.]

MRS. JEFFRIES had paid a thirty-five-thousand-franc fee for the services of a guide, had packed her rucksack, had put on her warmest clothes, and was ready to set out from Pau to cross the Pyrenees into Spain. The plan for this, her second, illegal border crossing was simple. All she had to do was pick up a contact man the next morning at the Pau bookshop where she had arranged for what the proprietress had called her mountain *promenade*, go with him to the station, and board a certain southbound train, on which, before it started, the bookshop woman's husband, coming in on an earlier northbound train from border business, would find them. The husband would inform the contact man what town they were to get off at, which guide was to take the job, which taximan to trust, and other vital details. The husband's train was late. Mrs. Jeffries' train was about to depart and the contact man was hanging nervously out the window when the husband, from a window of his train, arriving on the next track, shouted, "Not now! Tomorrow night!" Mrs. Jeffries had checked out of her third-class hotel and it was an additional letdown for her to realize that she didn't have even the dreary maid's room she had been occupying there to spend the next thirty-six hours in. The bookshop woman warned her to keep out of the cafés, as that was where the Gestapo, who were after her, always looked first. She recommended a humble *pension* where no one asked questions or names. Mrs. Jeffries got a room that had a broken window, through which, as special preparation for the crossing, she caught cold.

Mrs. Jeffries and the contact man left Pau by another train the following evening, and in the last vestiges of daylight they got off at a way station and stepped into a waiting taxi and into the company of three men who apparently were to cross with her. All three spoke French with a slight accent and all three immediately protested that she spoke French with a heavy accent and was a woman besides. All three, furthermore, violently agreed that an American woman in the party made the crossing look like a dangerous job. After an hour's quarrelsome ride, the five of them stepped out in the dark into what smelled like a farmyard and fumbled their way into a low building. They were in a sheepfold, together with the warm sheep. The contact man departed. Ten minutes later he returned and said that the coast was clear. He led the party outdoors and, after a brief walk, into a cottage, pleasant and immaculate, which turned out to be the guide's. Their guide, a man named Boniface, who ran a speakeasy in his parlor, where he sold rum by the glass, had just said good night to his last customers. He was big, blond, and dignified. He accepted the surprise of having an American lady with taciturn calm. His young wife served the party a superb supper of black bean soup, an omelet of fresh eggs, a whole roasted baby lamb killed for them that day, goat cheese, strong mountain wine, and a warm loaf of home-made white bread. It was the first white bread Mrs. Jeffries had seen in two years and it tasted like manna.



The bookshop woman had talked of donkeys and a two-hour stroll on the peaks; at the station her husband had mentioned a truck and a four-hour walk. Now Boniface warned them that they would walk on their own legs for fifteen or twenty hours, from the time they left his front door until they slid downhill into Spain, that along the line there was an ascent of seven thousand feet, and that at least one or two nights would be passed in shepherds' huts, unoccupied because of the season of the year. Boniface himself was to take them about three-quarters of the way and then hand them over to a Spanish guide who would meet the party en route. One of the three male travellers, who before supper had formally introduced himself under a fancy French name, angrily declared that he was returning to Pau with the contact man to complain about the American woman, to complain about the distance over the mountains, and to demand his money back. After he had slammed the cottage door on his way out, one of the two remaining men, a dark little fellow, said sadly that his friend would unfortunately be back, that both his fine name and passport were false, that he was really named Fishbein and was a crooked Strasbourg Jew, and that he himself was a Polish Jew named Kowalski.

Kowalski was, he said, a watchmaker; he had become a naturalized Frenchman eighteen years ago and had spent his savings of a hundred thousand francs to get himself and his wife from Paris via Toulouse to Pau. Three days ago the Germans had literally kicked the Kowalskis out of their room in Pau, torn him from his wife, and said that she could sleep under the bridges. Madame Kowalski had a weak heart, which would not permit her to walk over the mountains. He could do nothing but leave her there, wondering if he would ever see her again. He was going to try to get to Tunisia and join up as a chauffeur for the American soldiers. The hitherto silent No. 3 of the party, a blond, blue-eyed young man, then said that he would not tell his name or nationality until they reached Spain. When Mrs. Jeffries laughed and said he was a German, he laughed, too, in selfconscious surprise. He said that he planned to tell the American consul at Madrid that he was an American and so get to Casablanca. Then, in broken English, he said to Mrs. Jeffries that his mother's sister lived in Yorkville and gave her name and address. After they had all retired for the night, Mrs. Jeffries was unable to sleep at first because there was only a thin partition between her room and the room occupied by the two men and the German kept her awake with his haranguing.

Next morning breakfast was brought up to the travellers. They ate together in Mrs. Jeffries' room, at her invitation. They were forbidden to go downstairs all day for fear the parlor grog customers, who twice daily were augmented by the Nazi patrol, would see them. Over their hot milk and grain coffee, the blond young man, who had

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weakened in his resolve at least to the point of calling himself Hans, was still talking. He declared that the whole thing looked like a middle-class swindle to him, that he was an anti-Nazi Socialist who had been in the Foreign Legion, that that cow of a woman in Pau had gypped them all, that he had paid her what she called a bargain price of thirty-five thousand francs because his cousin had paid the same the week before, that the two Jews, because they were Jews, had each had to pay fifty thousand francs, that God alone knew what Madame the American had had to pay, and that out of this fortune the noble Boniface, who did almost all the work and took almost all the risk, received only two thousand francs for the whole job. At noon the noble Boniface brought up a dozen fried eggs, with ham, and said that the other *monsieur*—Fishbein, or whatever his name was—had better return from Pau that day if he expected to cross into Spain before spring. A shepherd down from the uplands had just reported that snow was expected in two days; when it arrived, the pass would be closed for the winter. Fishbein, arrayed in a brand-new mountain-climbing outfit of glossy brown corduroy, turned up for a cold lamb supper.

ON the following day, the party set off in the blackness just before dawn. The slopes of the foothills were steep, slippery with dried grass, and tiring. Mrs. Jeffries, who hadn't eaten as well in two years as she had during the past two days, was short of breath. Boniface vainly kept urging speed; until they reached their first stop, at a shepherd's hut, a few hours up, they would be in danger of encountering the French customs guard, a neighbor of Boniface and a law-abiding man. They came to the hut just before noon. Boniface forbade them to kindle a fire for fear his *douanier* would see the smoke. In the confused haste of departure, no one had remembered to take along water. A lunch of cheese and chocolate made them thirstier. While they rested, Boniface, who had to meet a rum-smuggling friend, walked off into the panorama of soaring granite slopes like a man going to keep a business engagement just around the corner. It was nearly dusk when he returned with a jug of icy mountain-torrent water and bad news. The Spanish guide, who was to meet them the next day, was *brûlé*, or hot; the Nazi patrol was after him and anyone else loose on the mountains. Boniface ordered the party to lie low and spend the night where it was. The hut contained a shelf on which the shepherd, when he was with his flock in the summer, slept on a pallet of bracken. It was too late in the year for bracken, so Mrs. Jeffries slept on the bare boards. The four men slept on the floor.

Daybreak was magnificent in the circus-shaped valleys below, but Boniface was too familiar with the view to waste time on it and was impatient to start the big climb. That day they walked nine hours single file, stopping twice to eat chocolate and bread. All morning the men begged Mrs. Jeffries not to hold them back but to walk faster. By noon only Boniface was still striding along easily. They had left the fan-ribbed plateaus for the Pyrenees' upper reaches and were ascending the gullies that marked the next portion of their route. Once Mrs. Jeffries lit a cigarette, but she quickly found that she was too busy walking to smoke. The gullies, which were the beds of torrents in spring, became rougher and steeper and the stones they walked on rolled in little avalanches underfoot. To maintain her balance, she had to keep her eyes on the toes of her boots and on the heels of the boots in front of her; this gave her something to concentrate on and steadied her. Like a man showing off the local sights to a visiting lady, Boniface politely pointed out to her evidences of his rum runners—the charred wood of a fire under a sheltering rock and later, in a gulch, a broken cask, which it made her thirsty to look at.

A soft rain started and then turned to sleet. Fishbein, who was hung about with small luggage, entreated Mrs. Jeffries to shelter under her topcoat a cardboard box which he said contained noodles, though it felt heavier to her. By four they entered the pass, seventy-five hundred feet above sea level, which Boniface had been aiming for. On the boulders beside a waterfall at which they stopped to drink, they found whiskers of ice that were refreshing to the throat. Here Fishbein emitted a series of questions he had apparently been storing up during the plodding, single-file silence of the day. Did Boniface know if you could get good prices for Moroccan food in the black market in Marseilles? How much could you get for English gold sovereigns in Lisbon? Was it true that saccharine was selling for two thousand pesetas a kilo in Madrid, and did he know anybody on the other side of the border who had ever heard of the stuff? "We have heard enough, Monsieur," said Boniface, "to know that saccharine is so scarce in Pau that the

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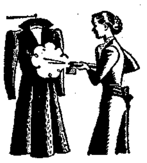
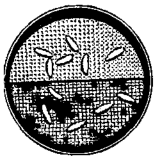


QUICK! A few minutes with LARVEX will mothproof a woman's coat for 12 months!

. . . CHEAP! Just *one* LARVEXING will mothproof this $89 upholstered chair *for a year!*



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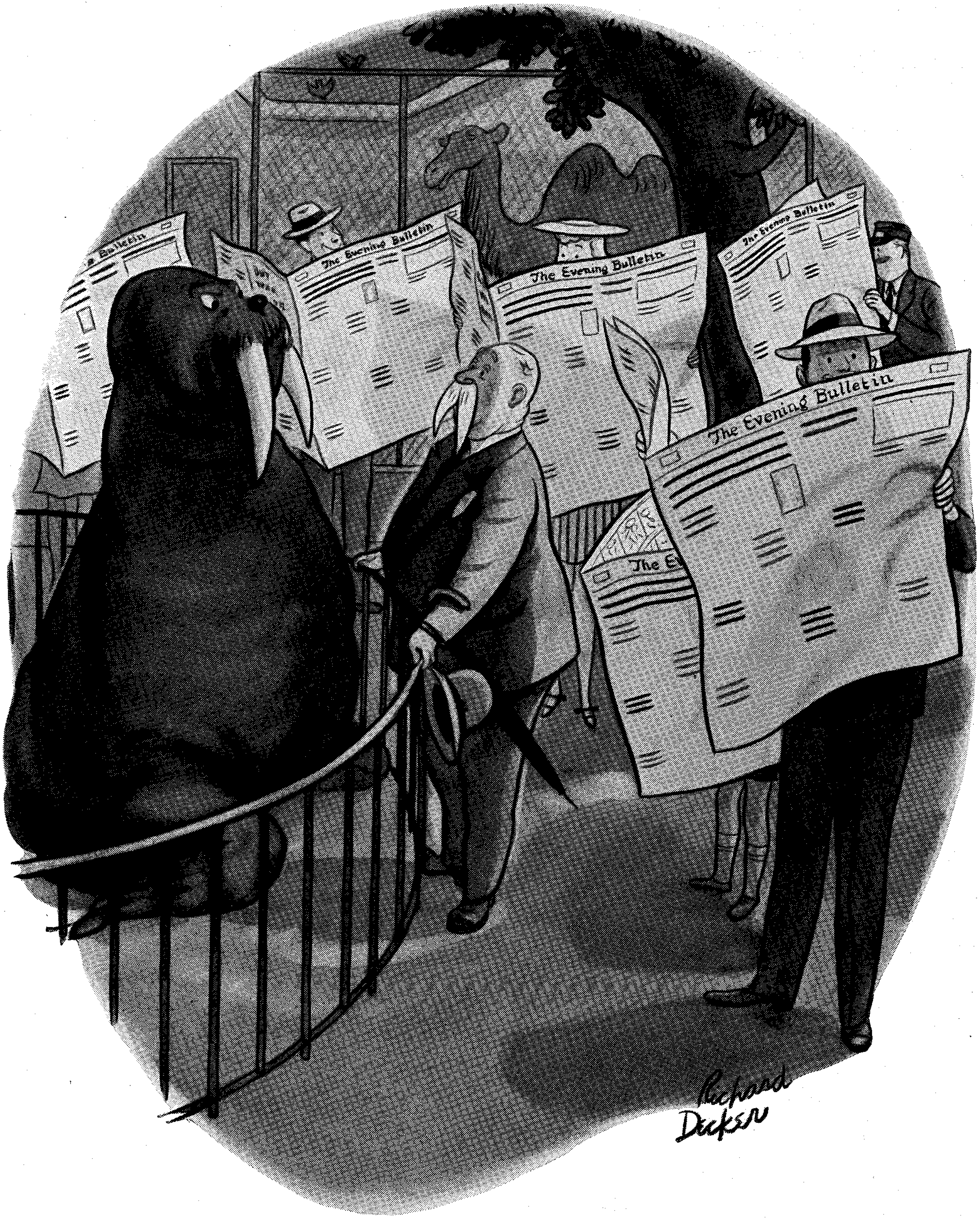
cafés serve it already dissolved in bottles, like sugar water. Here in the mountains, when war comes, we use honey. From father to son we have smuggled rum. *Ça, c'est notre droit.* But we never smuggled dirty things like drugs, even sweet ones." He turned to Mrs. Jeffries. "Give him back his package," he ordered. She handed it over, saying she supposed that Fishbein, after all, was not fool enough to ask her to lug noodles over the Pyrenees and that the box was too light for gold but probably heavy enough for saccharine. Fishbein didn't look at the other men, but he laughed at her and took back his box with alacrity.

At sundown, an increasingly cold wind revived Mrs. Jeffries' New Hampshire blood and gave her second strength, but it seemed to exhaust the already weary men, who begged Boniface, at whose heels she was sturdily treading, to slow down, for the lady's sake. Just before nightfall they reached a second shepherd's hut, also vacant. It proved to be comfortably large; its shelf was big enough for all four travellers to throw themselves down together to rest, close, indifferent, exhausted. A while later, after cheese and chocolate, Mrs. Jeffries uncorked a flask of armagnac she had brought with her, Hans produced a jar of jam, and Kowalski passed around a box of biscuits. There was a spring by the hut but no bucket, so they leaned over the pool and drank from their dirty hands.

At four the next morning the Spanish guide arrived with his dog and a Basque friend. The three had walked all night in contempt of the Nazi patrols, who didn't know their way around in the dark. The Spaniard, who looked like an American Indian and was a taciturn man, grunted what little he had to say in a very limited French. The dog was affectionate. The Basque spoke fluent French and carried a hunting gun, forbidden in France since the armistice. He said that he had brought it along for any game birds he might encounter but that he preferred to shoot at the Nazi patrols; in the mountains their corpses were never found. In the dark and another rainstorm, they started off on their two ways, big Boniface to go alone back home and the crossing party on toward invisible Spain. The party now included two mountaineers, but in the damp darkness Mrs. Jeffries' real guide was whatever light neck scarf was visible in front of her. The Spaniard, who led the way, was nervous and stopped to listen a lot. Just before dawn they walked past a big stone house, inside which a dog barked. No one, however, came outdoors to see what was up. Long after sunup the gullies still gleamed with the ice that had formed in the night. By noon Mrs. Jeffries' pack—her rucksack and a small overnight case strapped to it with her belt—seemed so heavy that she could scarcely breathe in the thin mountain air. Apologetically she offered the mountaineers a thousand francs each if they would carry her luggage. The Spaniard reluctantly took the money. The Basque refused at first to accept her banknote; *tout de même,* he said, he was only a friend, not a guide entitled to pay. Then he gave in.

By two o'clock the party had almost reached the Spanish border. The Spaniard then thought he heard a Nazi patrol and hastily ordered the travellers to slide down a series of gulches. The stones, as Mrs. Jeffries' skirt rolled up, cut her bare thighs. It took the party two more hours to zigzag their way up the side of a mountain to get back on the trail again. Just before they came to the border, their route was strewn with morsels of torn paper. These were the fragments of passports which escaping Frenchmen, who probably aimed to pass themselves off as French-Canadians, had destroyed, as the last proof of their national identity. Hans was not surprised to find a piece of his cousin's forged French passport behind a rock. A tall, impressive stone monument, with "France" carved on the north side and "España" on the south, marked the border line. The party rushed a few feet into Spain and started laughing. They had arrived and felt safe. Hysterically, the German, the Pole, and the Alsatian began asking the American Mrs. Jeffries' advice and shouting their immediate plans. Hans asked if he might become her brother in Spain, since he was going to be American anyhow. It seemed to her a good idea. Fishbein and Kowalski said that they would declare themselves French-Canadians, since they spoke no English. Fishbein said that Quebec was the popular birthplace these days and Kowalski was enthusiastic, though he couldn't remember the name and kept asking Mrs. Jeffries, "Where was it that I was born?"

Their gaiety vanished when their escorts refused to go any farther. The Spaniard and his friend had walked all night, they lived over on the next ridge, and they had to bring another party across the next day, if the snow held off. Mrs. Jeffries, Kowalski, and Hans each offered first the Spaniard and then his friend a thousand francs to continue, but Fishbein wouldn't offer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anything. Both escorts haughtily refused to accept any more money, but they nevertheless accompanied the party another mile to the brow of the mountain. There the guide pointed to a settlement far below. He told his party to go to a house with a wire fence and ask for the friend of José. The two mountaineers and the dog then turned on their heels toward home.

IN the scattered settlement, which the crossing party reached before dusk, no one had heard of José or his friend, and the first three dwellings Mrs. Jeffries and the men came upon all had wire fences. At the third, a tall, elderly Spanish shepherd with two tall young sons hospitably took them in. His cottage consisted of a single room, without illumination except for two resin torches stuck in iron rings beside the fireplace. The room opened into a haymow. While the sons stared in embarrassment, Mrs. Jeffries took off her sweater and skirt by the fire and changed to a rumpled flannel dress. The father gave the visitors bread and two bottles of dark wine, for which he would take no money. He and his sons then sat down at a small table and ate their frugal supper of cabbage soup from one pitifully small pot. There was apparently no other food in the house. The hungry party slept in the haymow and next morning washed in a brook.

By eight o'clock, Hans and Kowalski, who had gone forth to see what sort of hamlet they were in and how they could get out of it, had already been arrested. Fishbein came running into the cottage with the news, plucked his precious cardboard box and bags from the corner in which he had placed them, and plunged into the haymow. For a few minutes Mrs. Jeffries heard him burrowing. She never laid eyes on him again.

Two youthful, smiling members of the *guardia civil*, wearing cocked hats, walked in, quite sociably, with the arrested men. Mrs. Jeffries was not arrested, because she had a passport, but she was detained for questioning. She heard Hans, in Foreign Legion Spanish, tell the police that he was her *hermano*, Frank Jeffries, of Nuevo Hampshire. Kowalski said nothing; he merely looked sad and fatalistic. Neither of them had papers to prove or disprove anything they might say. Hans claimed that their papers had been stolen. Both believed the popular French legend that there were British and American consuls at the big, nearby town of X and that these officials had the magic power of

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Additional Amusement Advertising on page 52

transmuting men, willingly without a country, into British and American soldiers and transporting them to fight on the North African front. There was some discussion between the young policemen of whether it would be correct to let the three foreigners hire a cart to take them to the nearest village jail, ten kilometres distant, or whether they should walk. Kowalski, the only one who had any Spanish money, paid a hundred pesetas for the use of their host's cart. They reached the jail at four.

At the jail the two men were searched for dangerous instruments and Hans's nailfile was taken from him. He stuck to his story that he was Mrs. Jeffries' brother, young Jeffries; neither he nor Mrs. Jeffries had stopped to think, though the village police chief thought of it right away, that as a Jeffries he could at best be only her brother-in-law. The chief, who seemed to be in a dither, said that he had been swamped by ninety so-called French-Canadians in five days and that his jail was full. *Sotto voce*, the two members of the *guardia civil* suggested to the *americana*, whose pocketbook they had just searched for forbidden foreign monies, that, if she wanted to rid herself of her two thousand illegal French francs, accommodations could perhaps be had in the village's crowded hotel for the night for her relative, friend, and self, and how many rooms would they want? Hans and Kowalski humbly whispered, "One room for us all would be fine." Mrs. Jeffries said oh, for the love of God, could she room alone for a change?

Mrs. Jeffries was granted the luxury of solitude. Her room contained an enlarged photograph of a young man whom the proprietress bitterly described as her last and littlest brother, shot by Franco. Three others, she said, had died as Loyalist soldiers during the Civil War. She advised Kowalski and Hans to write that night to the British and American consuls in Madrid and say that if they never turned up to look for them in the stinkhole jail in the town of X.

THE bus to X the next morning contained Mrs. Jeffries, Hans, Kowalski, and eighteen arrested Frenchmen who still hoped to get to North Africa to fight alongside the Americans. Most of the eighteen were advance-guard men and had groups of followers waiting in France to start if and when the chiefs got safely through. An ex-Army officer on the seat beside Mrs. Jeffries was a de Gaullist volunteer who had been arrested in Dakar and sent to a prison camp in Pétain's France, where

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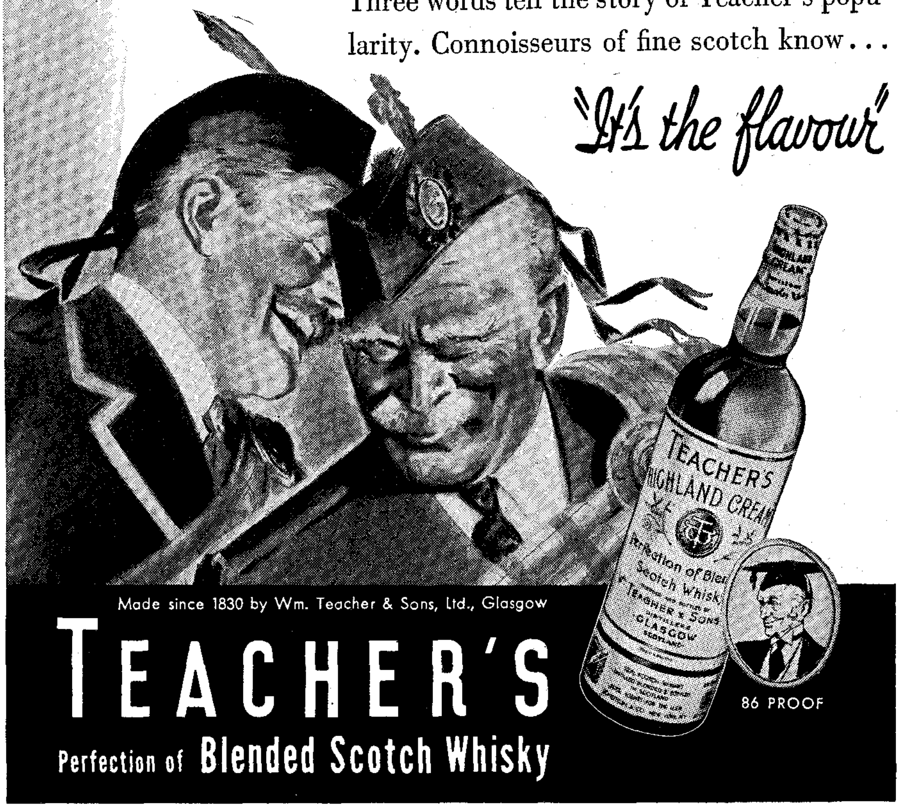

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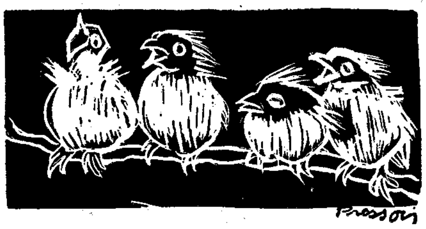
he had learned English and Spanish from other prisoners and, like them, lived on carrot tops. Thirteen of his comrades there had starved to death. When some food packages from home finally came through, five of the men gained enough strength to escape from the concentration camp. He said that the friends of the American lady were lucky not to have been arrested till morning; he and twelve of the others in the bus had spent the night in the village calaboose in a room with a privy in it; the room was so small that five men took turns standing up while eight men lay on the floor. They had been given no food for twenty-four hours. When the French officer discovered that Mrs. Jeffries was that rare traveller, one whose passport and papers were actually in order, she instantly became, in his eyes, a sort of emissary extraordinary. The unreasonable European conviction in a crisis that Americans are saviors who can think of everything and get anything done swept through the bus when the prisoners saw the officer start scribbling on bits of paper. As fugitives, and experienced rebels, they guessed what that meant; he was trusting her with the names and addresses of Spanish friends who might intercede for him if he was imprisoned. Immediately all the men tried to crowd around her in an eager, swaying mass, to give her their own touchstone addresses or their mothers' names. Would she write *Maman*, would she even write President Roosevelt? Most of the men were fliers. One ex-captain had five hundred pilots back in France waiting a chance to fly American fighting planes; the group in the bus included everything from two frightened students who didn't want to be sent to work in Germany to a retired artillery colonel. All the Frenchmen implicitly believed that the British and American consulates could get them through Axis Spain and over to Allied North Africa, which they admitted would be a miracle if it came off but a disgrace if it didn't.

The two amiable members of the *guardia civil* had told Mrs. Jeffries, probably to please a lady, that she was *en libertad* and that there was an American consul at X. At the X police station, which, Spanish fashion, reopened for business at ten o'clock at night, she learned that the nearest British and American consulates were at Madrid and that she certainly was not at liberty. Furthermore, as the police department's problem child, she was put at the end of the night's docket for special questioning, not because she had entered Spain illegally but because her papers were suspiciously O.K. She sat in the stationhouse till midnight, helplessly watching and hearing Hans and Kowalski and all eighteen militant Frenchmen from the bus interrogated into jail. Seventeen of the eighteen declared, while the Spanish roared with laughter, that they were born in Quebec. The retired artillery colonel, who wanted to be different, said he had been born in Winnipeg. Mrs. Jeffries felt very sad when she said good night to Kowalski, whom she promised to visit in jail next day, and to Hans, whom she kissed on both cheeks to strengthen the brother-and-sister story. The police, after studying her papers and questioning her, told her to return in the morning and sent her to a hotel, where a housekeeper was assigned to watch her closely. At 1 A.M. she took off all her clothes for the first time in four days. Her feet had bled when she was crossing the mountains and her thighs were still lacerated from sliding down gullies. Then she took her first bath since leaving Lyons.

The next morning Mrs. Jeffries discovered that though she was in Spain physically she was not there officially and that though she had money in her pocket she was penniless. She had crossed the border with exactly fifty dollars in American currency and a Banque de France draft for two hundred pesetas. No one in X would touch her greenbacks, American money being too illegal in provincial Spain even for the black market. No bank would cash her draft, which was drawn on a bank in the Spanish border town of Canfranc, across the Pyrenees from Pau. The Spanish police refused to admit that she was in Spain at all, because Canfranc, and not X, had also been put on her passport as her Spanish port of entry by the accommodating Lyons Spanish consulate clerk, who was obliged to write down some entrance town and knew that she was planning to smuggle herself across somewhere in the neighborhood of Canfranc. This clerk had also told her that her draft would be good anywhere in Spain and that she need never set foot in Canfranc. Now it looked as if she wouldn't even be allowed to, since, on top of everything else, her hotel refused to let her



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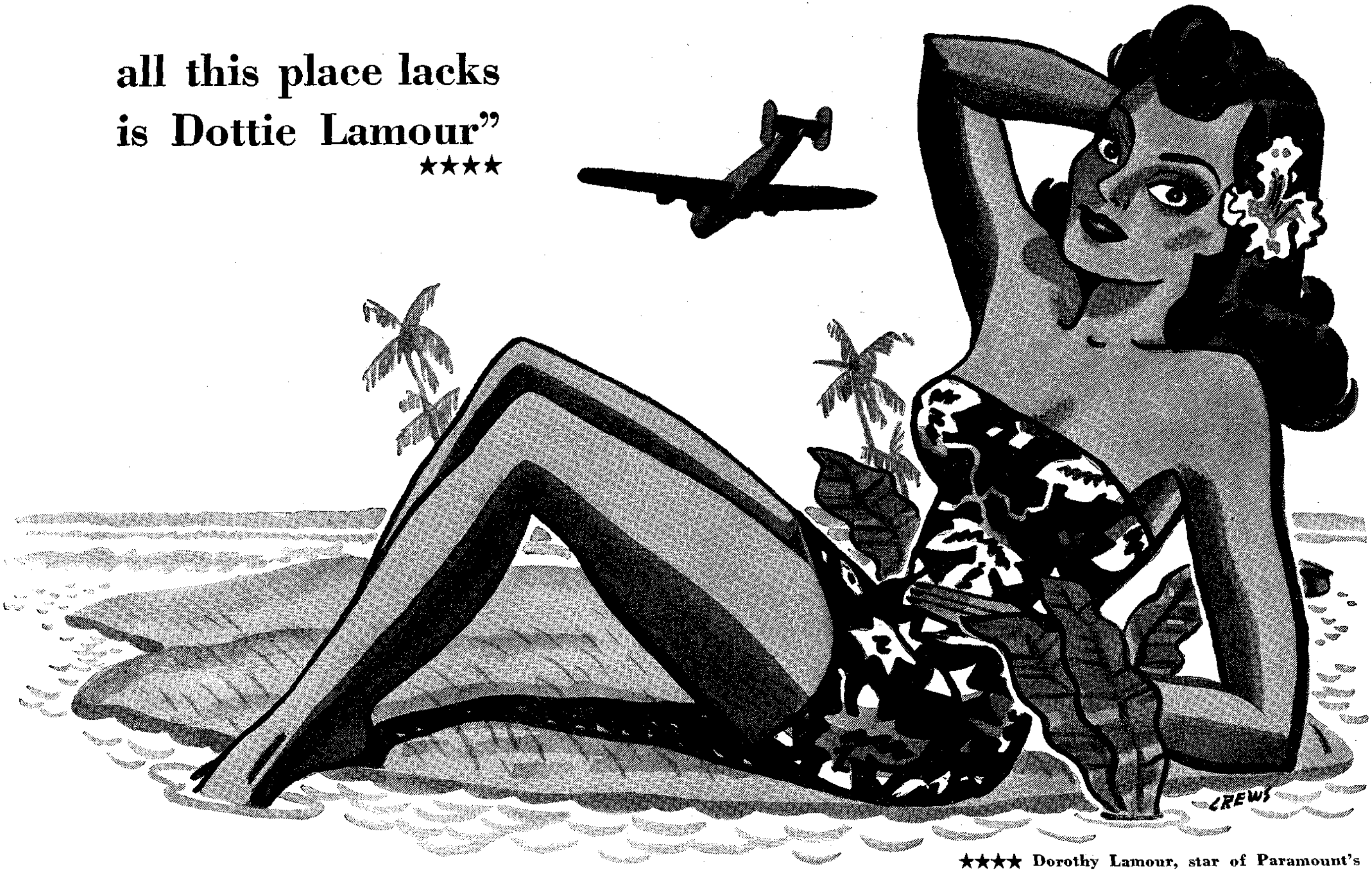

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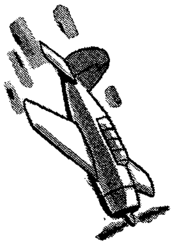
Writes Nephew CARLYLE HOLT, the GLOBE's own bird man, who said the other day . . .



MacDILL FIELD, Fla.—Far up in the deep blue sky over Mullet Key the circling dive bombers looked like gnats, tiny winged specks in the cloudless sky. Then the leader came down, in a long slanting dive. The sun glinted on his wings as he turned and went into the target dive.

Straight down, over the target set among the shattered palm trees and palmetto scrub a couple of hundred yards back of the gleaming white beach, the bomber dropped in a perpendicular dive for thousands of feet . . . Few bombs fell more than 100 feet away from the target . . .

The planes were a squadron of A-24s from Drew Field and they were part of the show we had come out to Mullet Key to watch. The rest of the show was to be the bombing by Martin Marauders, the B-26s, from MacDill Field.

The B-26s started in at low-level bombing practice, 200 feet or so up. As they came in off the sea the drone of their motors steadily rose. They swept past the watchers on the ground like bull terriers scenting a fight. These fellows, clearing the palms on this peaceful Florida island, were practicing the same sort of bombing that many B-26s have done in bloodier tropical islands of the Pacific.

One more show finished the day. Out of nowhere, suddenly, appeared the converted P-51s, North America's fighter plane, renamed the A-36 when used as a dive bomber.

That would not be the end of the day for the maintenance crew at Mullet Key, for the bombing goes on day and night, and not a bomb falls that is not charted and checked on the record of the plane that drops it.

Mullet Key is the place where the fellow named Riley first pitched his tent to live that life of his: miles of snowy beaches, a climate that is always warm but always tempered by a sea breeze, water that swarms with fish and not enough work to break anybody down.

The most active spot on the island is the landing dock, where those with time to spare sit and fish. In 15 or 20 minutes a man can catch enough mullets — flounders to you — to feed the company mess.

The pelicans, too, know about this fishing. The key could easily be called Pelican Paradise. . . . The pelican dives for his fish, plumping down with the easy grace of an empty barrel. When he wishes to alight on the water, he sticks his feet out in front of him and skids to a kind of surprised stop.

Such is Mullet Key, where a lot of grim business is being rehearsed, in an environment that only needs a pretty girl, a sarong, a guitar and some cold beer to be the spot for as romantic an idyll as any ever lived in the South Seas.

This is a condensed article from a series by Carlyle Holt, Aviation Editor of THE BOSTON GLOBE, who is traveling to all parts of the country bringing exclusively to Globe readers the dramatic story of America's airforce in the building.

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leave town unless she paid her bill. The police, on the other hand, wouldn't let her stay in town unless her entry visa was stamped at Canfranc first. The police unsentimentally advised her to raise some cash by selling her wedding ring, which she still wore. That noon, in the hotel corridor, a courtly, middle-aged Spaniard made her a remarkable speech in French which began, "I am not very rich." In it, he explained that he had heard of her sad case and would she permit him to lend her the money for her hotel bill and her journey to Canfranc? When, in her gratitude, she offered him her ring as security to cover his fantastic offer, he refused it. His only request was that the American *señora* post from Lisbon a love letter to his fiancée, aged thirty-five, who for ten years had lived in Rio de Janeiro. At that moment he seemed to Mrs. Jeffries the most quixotic, romantic, and kind man in the world.

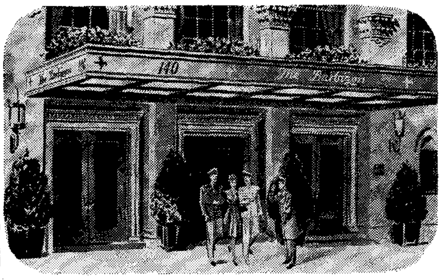
SPANISH trains, because of a shortage of equipment, run into a terminal point one day and out of it the next. X was such a point and this was X's out day, so Mrs. Jeffries left that night at six for the town of Saragossa, which was south, and there she had to wait from midnight till six the next morning for a train to Canfranc, which was north. Two other hotel guests, who also had port-of-entry and money complications at Canfranc, made the trip with her. They were a German-Jewish couple travelling as Catholics on false French passports, which were nothing but sheets of typewriter paper stamped with visas for which, being Jews, they had been forced to pay ten times what Mrs. Jeffries had paid. The couple were desperate because their Portuguese visas, without which their entry visas into Spain were not valid, had just lapsed and they feared, with justification, that they would be sent back to the Nazis in France. By the time Mrs. Jeffries cashed her draft and arrived at the police station in Canfranc to get her passport stamped, the couple's Spanish visas had, indeed, been invalidated and they were speechless with terror. In this state they numbly refused to act as interpreters for an even more tragic female compatriot, just picked up by the police, who could not figure her out. Through Mrs. Jeffries' questionings in halting, high-school German, it was revealed that this woman was Jewish, from Frankfort, and sixty, and had four American dollars and thirty French francs to her name, plus a sister in New Jersey and a ticket to Palestine on a ship which had sailed from Barcelona the month before. The police had temporarily saved her life by arresting her in the border hills; she was in a daze, her feet were frozen, her luggage consisted of a string shopping bag, and she claimed that she had crossed the Pyrenees alone. Her mind was still wandering. She thought that Canfranc, which is in the mountains, was Barcelona, which is on the sea. Mrs. Jeffries took her to a restaurant and fed her. In the midst of the meal she whispered reproachfully, "I have never eaten any but kosher food," and hid some morsels of broken bread in her shopping bag. After coffee she tried to pay her half of the check. Later the police said that they had no choice but to return her to France, though Mrs. Jeffries cajoled, stormed, made a scene, and prophesied that they were sending the old woman back to a very disagreeable death.

From Canfranc Mrs. Jeffries wearily took the train back to Saragossa. That evening, at the Saragossa station, where she was to catch the express for Madrid, she again met, to her surprise, the Jewish couple, shaken but hopeful. They had been able to "arrange things" with the Canfranc police. To pay for their tickets to Madrid, they were selling a heavy gold chain to the station lunch-counter woman, who really did not want to buy it; she said that this sort of jewelry only reminded her of the troubles everybody had been through.

Mrs. Jeffries, at least, was fortunate enough to have three pesetas left when she arrived in Madrid, so she was able to take a tram to the American consulate. There she found a comforting letter of credit, a Clipper reservation, and loving, questioning letters from her worried New Hampshire family. Then the troubles of the world at large and of the Spaniards in particular, with civil war behind them and poverty ahead; the nightmare, somnambulistic existence of refugees, all trying to wake up outside of the continent of Europe; the xenophobia of embittered, hungry Madrileños; the Puerta del Sol prison across the street from one of the nicest cafés in town, and the fourteen other city prisons with anxious crowds hovering nervously at the gates; the sick faces and shabby clothes of the city's poor—the whole, costly, cruel Fascist pattern of life began closing in on her again. In Madrid the penniless political prisoners were dying in rocky cells underground and up on the streets life was even more expensive than it had been under the German occupation in Paris. She spent a hundred and thirty dollars in eight days in Madrid, though all she did was pay her debt to the Quixote in the hotel in X, buy one necessary pair of bad stockings for $3.50, live *en pension* with poor meals and no butter at the second-class Hotel Nacional, and purchase food packages for the now-imprisoned middle-aged Jewish couple, who, whatever they had arranged for themselves in Canfranc, had not been able to make it stick in Madrid. She received a pathetic postal card from Hans, in a concentration camp with Kowalski at Campo de Miranda de Ebro, in the mountains. Like a man of the modern world, he said that it was not a bad concentration camp, as camps went, and that the American consul had sent him neither passport, uniform, nor food. In a faint, pencilled postscript in English he added, "I am kold. Write soonly. Your brother, Frank J."

IT took a full eight days and ceaseless scurrying for Mrs. Jeffries to renew her Portuguese visa, which had lapsed, and to obtain a precious temporary extension of her Spanish visa until the new Portuguese stamp was obtained. The complications of special police papers, which the Franco administration had built up like a towering wall against foreigners, whom it was supposed to keep from staying in the country, in the end merely made it more difficult for them to leave. For forty-eight hours she stayed in her hotel because the Madrid police had taken and held her passport. In the Europe of today, to walk around without your passport buttoned in your pocket is as abnormal as it would be to walk around without your heart beating in your body.

Ignorance, revenge, and bureaucracy in all their contemporary European forms made Mrs. Jeffries' days in Madrid a seesaw of uncertainty. Until her last hour there she did not know when she would leave or why it could not have been sooner. No one in any country in Europe knows what is going on in the country next to it; international trains, whose movement formerly seemed as sure as the sun's, are now spoken of as if they could disappear off the face of the earth once they crossed a border. Officials themselves, who have people's lives, documents, and plans in their hands, know little that is exact, except that whatever they know can change by breakfast tomorrow. In place of certainty there is only a vast, tangled ball of rumor. In place of sensible, humane procedure, now destroyed by wars, revenge, suspicion, and power politics, petty official strictures have been built up against which the individual is



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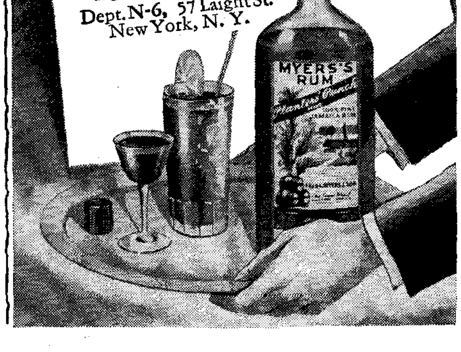

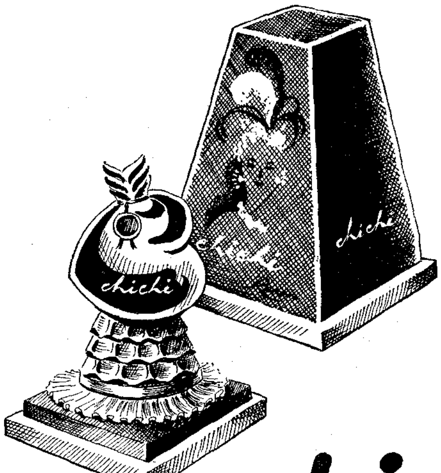

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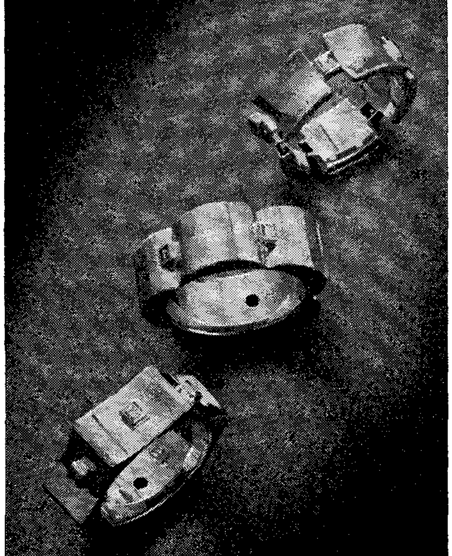
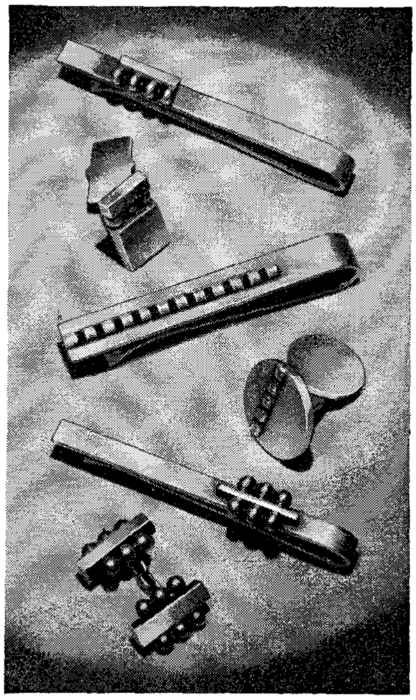


Wide gold rings set with square diamonds from $125 up

as helpless as a caged animal. Because Mrs. Jeffries had lived in so-called Communistic France under the Front Populaire, which favored the Spanish Loyalists, a high-up Spanish Fascist official spitefully delayed signing one of her papers, which made her miss the night express she was scheduled to take to Lisbon. Because she had lived in non-interventionist France under the Radical Socialists, who had imprisoned refugee Loyalists, a lower-down Spanish Republican concierge maliciously made her miss the next night's train.

Mrs. Jeffries had been officially told that the Madrid-Lisbon sleeping compartments cost seventy pesetas and could be arranged for only with the porter on the train; rumor told her that the compartments actually cost thirty pesetas at the railway station but were sold there only to Spaniards. She got on the train Monday, December 21, 1942, with seventy-five pesetas in her pocket and discovered that the porter demanded eighty for a berth. Fortunately, an Englishman in the crowded day coach had the eighty and was willing to spend it, so at least she was able to get his seat. She had been officially told that she could take a hundred pesetas from Spain into Portugal. Next morning, at the Portuguese border, a Spanish customs inspector told her she could not take even her seventy-five pesetas out, that all of it had to be left behind for the poor of Spain. A jovial Spanish policeman advised her to spend her money for breakfast in the station. She spent her pesetas for her breakfast and for his, too. The policeman drank a cup of coffee and a bottle of anisette.

AFTER the harshness of Madrid, Lisbon seemed soft. After the acute astringencies of the rest of Europe, Portugal seemed only pinched. The hotels and bars of Lisbon, the last diplomatic freehold on the Continent's all-important Atlantic coastline, were full of Turks, Americans, English, Poles, French, Germans, Scandinavians, Swiss, Iranians, South Americans, and a medley of decorated buttonholes, uniforms, medals, spies, oil men, ambassadors, black-market agents, legation attachés, political secretaries, and Berlin *Damen* who, if they had any chic at all, were sized up as tarts doubling as *agents provocateurs*. Mrs. Jeffries passed Christmas Day in bed, reading a second-hand copy of Voltaire's "Candide," which is now having a popular revival among Lisbon's international, war-worn misanthropes, possibly because it cynically describes the city's



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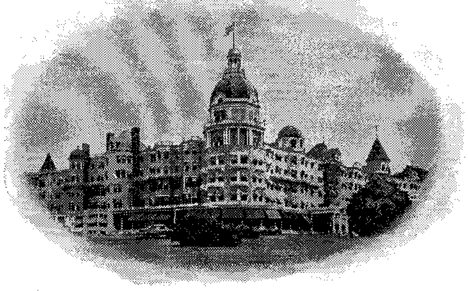

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calamitous earthquake of nearly two hundred years back as being (like Europe's new disasters?) something which was "all for the best in the best of all possible worlds."

Mrs. Jeffries had supposed that she would leave Lisbon, and all Europe, shortly after New Year's Day. However, an early January Clipper reservation was cancelled owing to the priorities of diplomats and generals. As the weeks went by, she was squeezed out again and again by diplomats' secretaries, lend-lease agents, and the military. Along with a growing crowd of patient, unimportant civilians, Mrs. Jeffries, awaiting her turn, saw the winter out and spring established in Lisbon before she was at last lucky enough to get another Clipper passage for the first week in April. Seven months after Mrs. Jeffries had left Paris, she left Europe and started flying, roundabout, toward the United States. To get to New York from Lisbon she flew to Portuguese Guinea, and from there to Fisherman's Lake in Liberia, where the passengers lunched on fried pork chops a few steps from the equator. From there she flew the South Atlantic to Natal in Brazil, then to Belém in the same country, then north to Port of Spain in Trinidad, on to San Juan in Puerto Rico, to Bermuda, and, on her fourth day in the air, to LaGuardia Field, wet but welcome in an April shower. She had never flown home before. It didn't seem quite right to land in New York without first sighting the Statue of Liberty.—JANET FLANNER

•

His cast includes Barbara Stanwyck, Edward Smith, himself in one sequence, Frank Craven, Charles Winninger names. oauaou uaon naonaonaoua and quite a few additional big names.—*Dallas Morning News.*

Big name in Hawaii, maybe.

•

Not only is such carelessness as shooting down one's own planes unnecessary, but it promotes bad feeling between cooperating units and reflects directly on the shortcomings of the Junior Officers.—*The Periscope, published by the Harvard Naval R.O.T.C.*

And on top of that, it's inept.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Niagara Falls Gazette*]

Harold Curry, 4831 Frontier avenue, notified police last night that his son, Harry, had left home driving his father's car. The son left a week ago and the father said that he was anxious to have his car returned.

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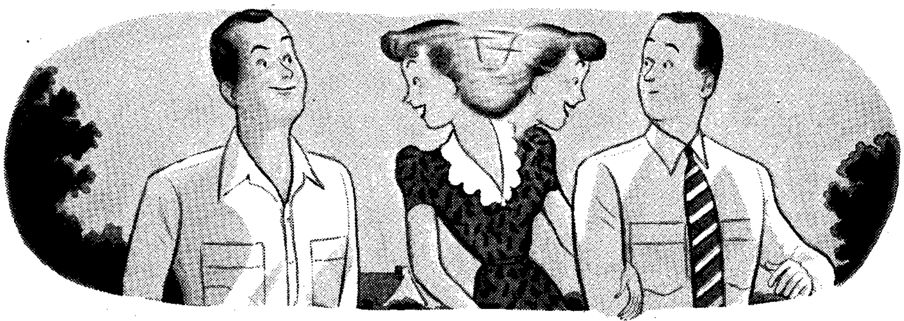
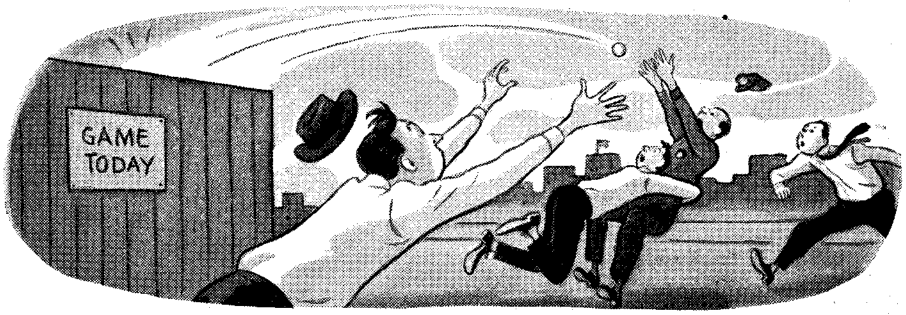
Because — once you're in one of Arrow's summer shirts — you're cool on even the very hottest days! They're sheer . . . they're porous . . . they're true featherweights. They have super-handsome collars, and they run, lightly and modestly, from $2.24 up.



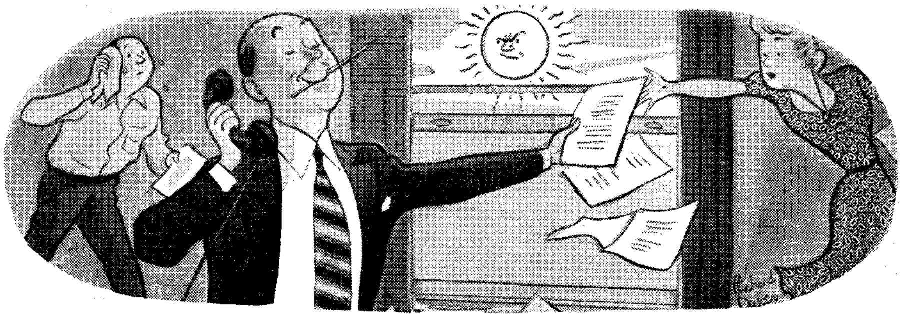
a two-faced woman?

Because *this* shirt — Arrow *Doubler* — can change, *instantly*, from one thing to another; from Business to Sport Shirt! NOTE: *Doubler* comes in *exact* collar-and-sleeve sizes — an innovation in sport shirts! Two pockets. Convertible collar. In cool oxfords, lightweights, $2.24 up.



a 400 hitter?

Rings the bell with all sorts of men — day in, day out! Arrow Sport Shirts come in sheer, cucumber-cool fabrics; in a magnificent range of summer shades. All are carefully tailored of tested, long-wearing fabrics. Buy some, and put Old Sol's nose out of joint!



no other shirt?

Arrow summer shirts have the *one-and-only* Arrow Collar, "Mitoga" figure-fit; "Sanforized" label (less than 1% shrinkage). (And you'll throw Crepe Suzettes in your grandmother's face before you'll lose a button from an Arrow Shirt! They STAY!) *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, New York.*

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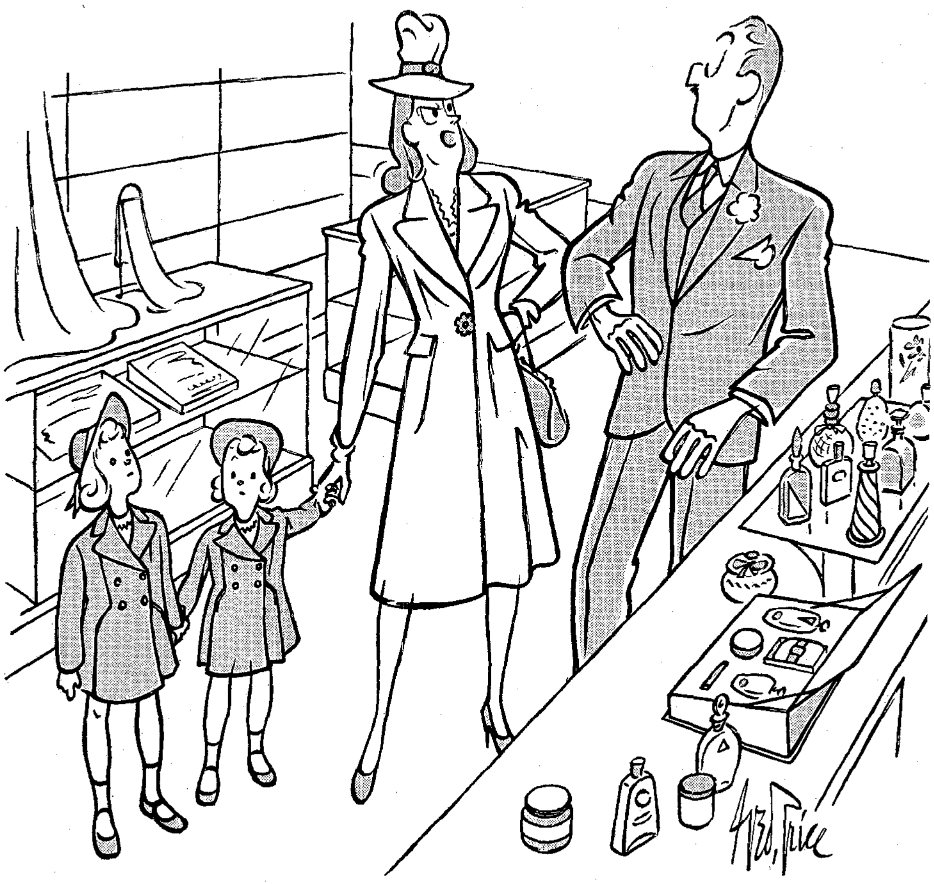
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

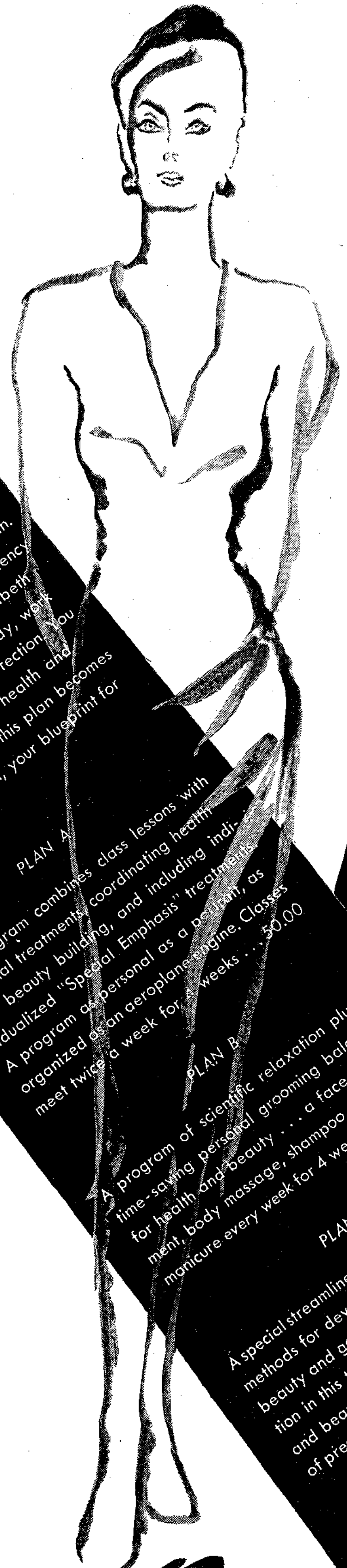
WITH beautiful unconcern for both decorating tradition and the imminence of summer, Jones & Erwin are inviting everyone to come quick and see their newest acquisition, which is nothing less than the whole kit and kaboodle of Harriett Bryant's celebrated wallpaper collection—panorama panels, document copies, and all. If *you* want to be equally bland about wallpapers out of season and feel that your rooms can do with some fresh backgrounds either now or later, you shouldn't miss seeing what is on display at the Jones & Erwin showrooms, 15 East 57th Street.

Harriett Bryant's wallpaper patterns, assembled in some twenty-five years of research and travel, betray a preference for the sort of designs which were popular in substantial American homes in the early nineteenth century and on through the first (and best) Victorian years. The range wanders from things like the simplest of monotone speckles spattered over neutral-colored backgrounds, through prim stencils and flower repeats in the early New England tradition, to Gothic grandeur planned for taller walls than most of us have to cope with today. While you can pay up to $25 a roll for the special treasures in the group, the bulk of the collection has been priced at $3.75. The borders that go with some of these are, naturally, extra. The $3.75 papers include many of the sort for which Harriett Bryant has always had a special affection—the familiar and beautiful snow-crystal medallions, stencil-like and usually traced in a dark color (dull blue, maybe, or brownish) against a background several shades lighter; the stiff little flower-sprig repeats that early Cape Cod and New England cottagers loved; the widely spaced vignettes of huntsmen, sailing ships, and village scenes, all surrounded by lacy arabesques, which decorators like to use in halls and dining rooms. At $5 a roll there is a paper that looks like polka-dot fabric drapery arranged in panels, which are divided by ropes of lush greenery, so the overall effect is one of broad, vertical stripes. This paper has top and bottom borders and altogether is something to go in a dream house. The polka-dot-panel theme crops up again in one of the truly great beauties of the collection, a $25-a-roll, American-history paper which the Jones & Erwin staff calls, in hushed tones, The Hull. You have a choice of two background colors in this—soft gray and a wonderful, clear French blue—and the dotted panels, which are marked off by strands of rope, have medallions showing, alternately, Old Ironsides and a portrait of Commodore Isaac Hull, the hero of the fight between the Guerrière and the Constitution in the War of 1812. All of these papers, and many more, are present in quantity and will be reprinted from Harriett Bryant's blocks when the supply gives out, so you're assured of open stock for any necessary patching in the future.

IF it's a piece of unused earth and not a shabby wall that's nagging at your conscience right now, don't let anyone tell you it's too late to start a Victory garden, even if you've missed your chance of spring crops. You can still get tomato, eggplant, green-pepper, and cabbage plants from local truck farms, hardware stores, roadside stands, or greenhouses, or by mail from Sears Roebuck. If you want to try an old-fashioned country-housewife trick that will make you feel you are behind the war effort with every ounce of thrift you can muster, you might save out a handful of potato peelings from dinner some night (cut them a little thicker than usual, and be sure that eyes are present) and plant a few in each of, say, a dozen hills, for a fall crop of full-grown spuds or for midsummer feasts of little new potatoes boiled in their jackets. If you have room for only one vegetable, I'd say make it tomatoes, which yield an abundant crop, are useful to the cook in the greatest variety of ways, and, of course, are safe to can even if you haven't a pressure cooker. Two dozen plants, requiring at most a row (or rows) totalling seventy-five feet, should provide a family of four with all the tomatoes it can use (fresh) this summer and (canned) next winter; a mere dozen plants ought to supply enough fruit to take care of the summer salad



"Yes, the Bridal Shop—and never mind shooting up those eyebrows."



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situation and a little canning on the side. The principal threat to success with tomato plants set out now—and this goes for the others as well, especially the cabbage—is that cutworms are in their most active state and can be depended upon to attack at the earliest possible opportunity. To thwart them, the plants, as you set them in the earth, should be gently fitted with two-inch-high collars of light tarpaper or thin cardboard. Be sure that there is plenty of overlap in the collars to permit the stems to expand as the plants grow. One inch of the collar's width should be below ground. I have yet to see the cutworm which can conquer this hurdle.

Tomatoes should be staked, too, for best results. Since the subject was dealt with some weeks ago in this column, I'll merely remind you that the stake I like best for tomatoes is the three-legged metal ring support designed for peonies. It's still advertised in seed catalogues, but I wouldn't dawdle over ordering if I were you.

RATIONING of canned goods has made the old-fashioned custom of dehydrating vegetables fashionable again, and several dehydrators have lately come on the market. Since, however, the only ones available are the sort heated by electric-light bulbs, and since the experts say that even thousand-watt bulbs don't seem to do a completely satisfactory drying-out job, it might be worth your while to wait a bit for new developments. Certainly everybody who grows a vegetable this summer is going to want to try this dehydrating stunt, but there's no need to go overboard for

the first models that come out. Right now, the stores are expecting deliveries of a dehydrator to fit inside cookstove ovens. While this version will be necessarily limited in size, it promises plenty of efficiency at little cost, because it employs the stove's own excellent insulation and heating unit instead of having to furnish its own. —B. B.

•

LIFE ON SAGAMORE ROAD

[*From the Philadelphia Legal Intelligencer*]

FINDINGS OF FACT

1. Complainant is a resident of Brookline, Haverford Township, Delaware County, Pa., and resides at No. 219 Sagamore Road, where he has lived for 21 years.
2. Respondent is a resident of Brookline, Haverford Township, Delaware County, Pa., and resides at No. 220 Sagamore Road, where she has lived for 17 years.
3. Respondent has possessed and used in her own home a musical instrument known as a marimba for a period of approximately six years.
4. The tone of the marimba used by respondent is musical and melodious.
5. Respondent has for a long period of time played and manipulated the said marimba so constantly and for such long periods of time and so loudly that it disturbs the peace and quiet of the neighborhood.
6. Respondent has played songs or tunes intended to annoy and disturb her neighbors.
7. Respondent has on a great many occasions played the song "Jingle Bells" to disturb complainant, Horace Griffith Collier.
8. Respondent played the tune "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" upon many occasions when Mr. Leo J. Kelly enters or leaves his home, and that the same is intended to annoy and disturb him.
9. Respondent played the tune "Anchors Aweigh" on many occasions when a naval officer who lives in the neighborhood enters or leaves his home, with the intention to annoy and disturb him.
10. Respondent on many occasions played the tune "Little Old Lady" when Mrs. Broadbelt, an elderly woman, was entering or leaving her home, with the intention of annoying and disturbing her.
11. Respondent plays the said instrument so loudly and with such volume that the sound and vibration can be heard for a distance of 250 to 300 feet.
12. That respondent plays the said musical instrument for a great many hours each day and has, in effect, played it from 9:00 a. m. on Sundays until eleven or twelve o'clock at night; said period being interrupted only briefly for rest and meals.
13. That on weekdays respondent plays the said instrument as early as nine o'clock in the morning and continues until about eleven o'clock at night, in two hour periods.
14. Respondent, while practicing on said instrument, often plays particular notes for as long as an hour at a time.

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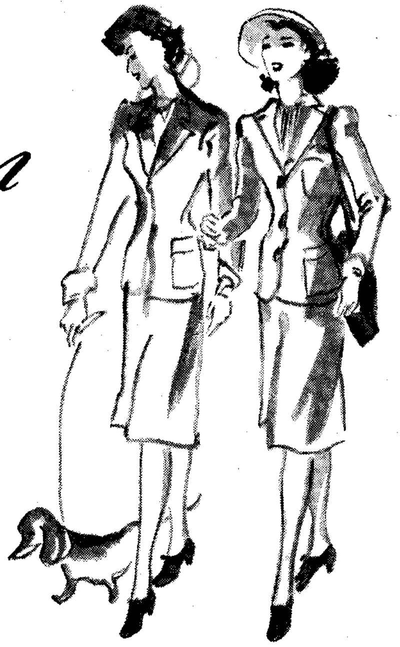

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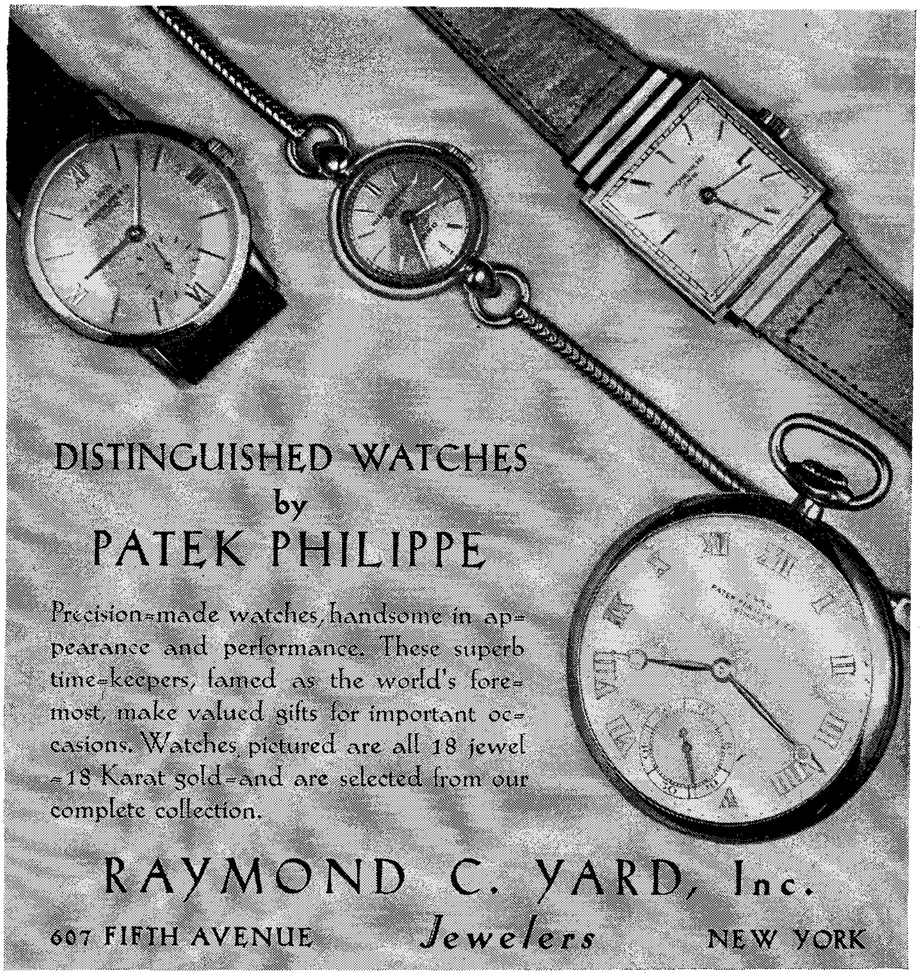

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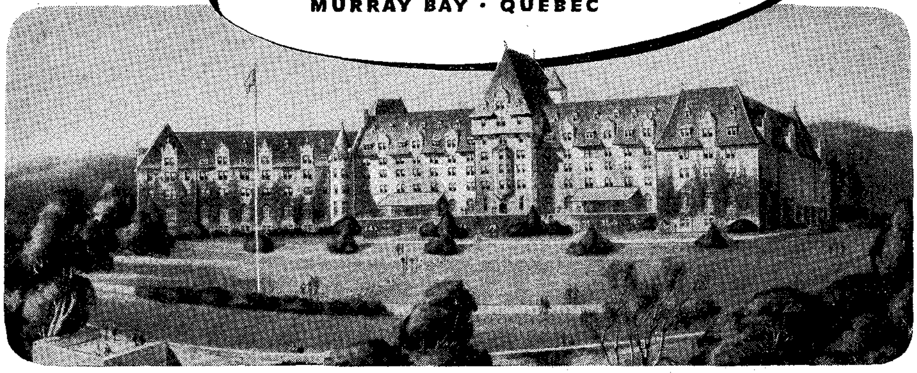

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OF ALL THINGS

HITLER'S habits seem to have changed for the better. In lovely spring weather like this he used to like to go out and shoot neighbors.

•

The Nipponese have a right to complain that Americans are lacking in courtesy. The Aleutian chain of islands is now pointing at Tokio in a way that is far from polite.

•

Franco's government declares that the bombing of populous cities is barbarous and cruel. The surviving residents of Madrid would no doubt agree.

•

The liquidation of the Communist International deprives Pierre Laval of his only visible means of support. It also takes the bread out of the mouth of our own Dies Committee.

•

The idea back of the proposed twenty-per-cent withholding tax is easy enough to understand. Workers would give their money to their country instead of squandering it on luxuries like potatoes.

•

Dean Smith of the Columbia Law School warns us that our supply of young lawyers is running dangerously low. This is another case in which we must try to make the old things do.

•

New York's air-raid-signal system is facing a grave crisis. There is danger that the war may be over before people get the hang of it.

•

The custom of Sunday driving has fallen into disuse in this vicinity. Nowadays pedestrians who go out to take the air can actually get some.

•

The WPB urges the press to redouble its efforts to cut its consumption of newsprint. Newspaper publishers trying to save space should remember that their most economical form of literature is the crossword puzzle, which uses every letter twice.

•

Baseball umpires do not seem to keep in touch with the trend of the times. They keep throwing players out of games as if there were no such thing as a manpower shortage.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

CONSOLATION PRIZE

Mrs. Findlay, driving the station wagon carefully through the rain and the late-afternoon traffic on Chapel Street, knew that she was a few minutes late for the first of her appointments. She wouldn't have been late at all if the expressman at the station hadn't taken so long to fill out his various documents when she collected her Rhode Island Reds, sixteen warranted layers, each no more and no less than eight months old. A cheerful company still in their wooden crates, the hens filled the back of the station wagon and already smelled terrific, but since they were the first the Findlays had ever owned, Mrs. Findlay didn't dare have the windows open for fear of the rain and draughts; she and Mr. Findlay had recently read a lot of government pamphlets and been horrified at the number of circumstances that menace the lives and happiness of poultry. She certainly didn't want to arrive home with a carful of hens with colds and sore throats. Listening nervously, she thought they sounded a little croupy already; one sneezed, and her foot leaped upon the accelerator.

Mrs. Findlay wouldn't have chosen to collect poultry the same afternoon she interviewed three prospective cooks, but she was nearly at the end of her gasoline book and she had decided to combine all possible errands for this one day. Before picking up her hens at the station she had had her teeth cleaned, bought a dozen and a half pairs of spring socks for the children, a new pretty bedspread for whatever cook she hired this afternoon, and birthday presents for her mother-in-law, who had everything. All these were piled on the seat beside her. It was a few minutes after five when she maneuvered the car into the space beside a parking meter, not too far from the door of the Blue Cupboard, where she was to meet, in careful succession, her three prospects. Probably a good thing to keep Bertha Apfel waiting for five minutes; she'd be all the more pleased when Mrs. Findlay came up to her smiling and friendly. "I'll be wearing a green hat with a little green veil," Mrs. Findlay had told Bertha. Now, as she took a minute for powder and lipstick, she thought, "I must tell her about the new hens. I'll tell her about all the wonderful fresh eggs we're going to have; she'll be crazy to cook for us." Her heart warmed toward Bertha, and she foresaw a succession of happy years, of bowls of endless eggs being beaten into innumerable tall cakes. In her handbag was a slip of paper and she glanced at it, just to refresh her memory. She was startled to see that it wasn't Bertha Apfel who had been waiting for her since five, but Mrs. Haggerty. Bertha Apfel was to come to the Blue Cupboard at five-fifteen. And then Agnes Toohey at five-thirty. Well, it had been wonderful luck, anyway—*and* good management, Mrs. Findlay felt—to have been able, in these difficult times, to arrange to interview three possible cooks, one right after another. Surely among three . . . Mrs. Findlay didn't even bother to finish the thought. And in a way, she mused, getting out of the car and poking a penny into the parking meter's little, turned-down mouth, I hope two of them will be noticeably less good than the other, though I realize I can't pretend to be too particular, not in these times; still, it would make it so much easier for me if I had no choice.

Mrs. Findlay said goodbye to the hens, who peered out at her from between the slender wooden pins of the crates, and went briskly into the teashop, welcoming the coming encounters and mistress of her own small world. Inside, the smell of cinnamon and lemon rode the warm air. Shiny brown china teapots stood about on various tables and there was a constant low hum and clatter. No single woman stood waiting for her; there were two or three single women sitting by themselves at tables, but none of them quite looked as if she would be Mrs. Haggerty. Well, she'd be along. Unfortunately, no table near the door was empty, but Mrs. Findlay slid onto a narrow leatherette bench against the wall halfway down the room and fastened her eyes on the door.

"I'm waiting," she told the waitress. "Someone's meeting me here, so I won't order for a few minutes." The waitress did not reply, looked incredibly uninterested, straightened a paper doily as if in the last throes of sleepwalking, and moved off. Mrs. Findlay watched the door eagerly. It opened and closed, opened and closed, and every time a single woman of any age whatever came in, Mrs. Findlay half rose from the leatherette and smiled. But Mrs. Haggerty was being very late indeed, because no one smiled back. Women stared sometimes, but that was all. At quarter past five Mrs. Findlay summoned the floating waitress and ordered coffee. "For one," she added. "My—friend is late. No one has asked for me, have they? No one has telephoned? I'm Mrs. Findlay."

The waitress said *she* certainly wouldn't know; why not ask the cashier. So Mrs. Findlay left her coat, took her handbag and gloves, and threaded her way between the little tables to speak to the woman in the cage near the door. "Unh-unh," the woman replied, and shook her head. Mrs. Findlay decided that while she was up, she had better put another penny in the meter. She went out into the rain, and the hens, appearing to recognize her for a friend, all struggled to thrust their faces at her through their bars. "Croo-k! . . . . . Crooooo-k!" they said, making quite a racket. She hoped there was no law about parking hens on Chapel Street, hastily slid her penny into the meter, and hurried back.

Her coffee was waiting for her, but that was all. No Mrs. Haggerty. Nor any Bertha Apfel, she realized with a sinking heart, looking at her wristwatch. Her watch could be wrong, of course, but the clock on the wall said five-twenty too. She drank the coffee slowly, to make it last. Embarrassing, perhaps, to Bertha, to order hers, if Mrs. Findlay was obviously nearly through. "Meet me tomorrow at the Blue Cupboard at a quarter past five," she had said yesterday over the telephone to Bertha. "We can have a nice cup of coffee together and talk things over. I'm sure you will like the position when you hear more about it." She had used the same friendly, hopeful words to Mrs. Haggerty (5) and Agnes Toohey (5:30) and all three had sounded pleased and acquiescent. Very strange, Mrs. Findlay thought, and finished her coffee in one long drink. "Another cup, please," she ordered, and when it came drank it right down.

Both hands on the clock on the wall jerked nearer and nearer the VI. She rose and went to stand restlessly by the door, and this move was instantly rewarded. The door was pushed timidly open by a rosy-cheeked little old woman clutching an enormous black handbag, who paused and smiled uncertainly at Mrs. Findlay. "Ah, she's an old sweetie," Mrs. Findlay decided instant-

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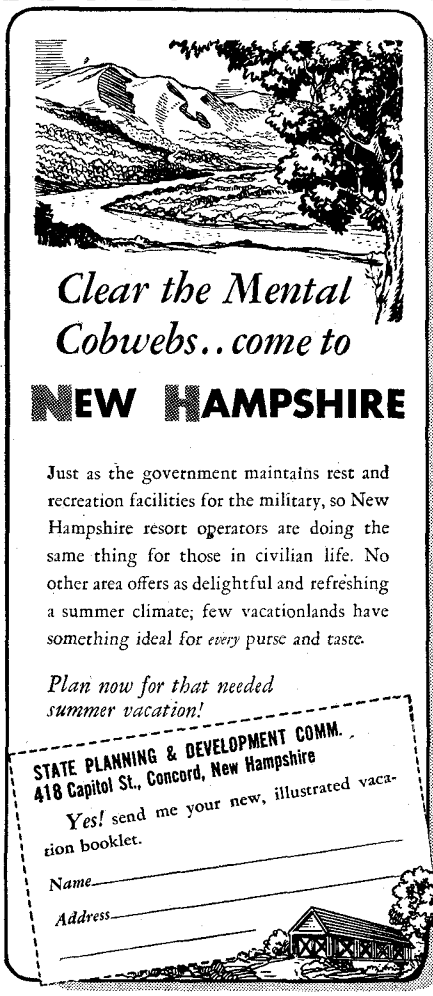
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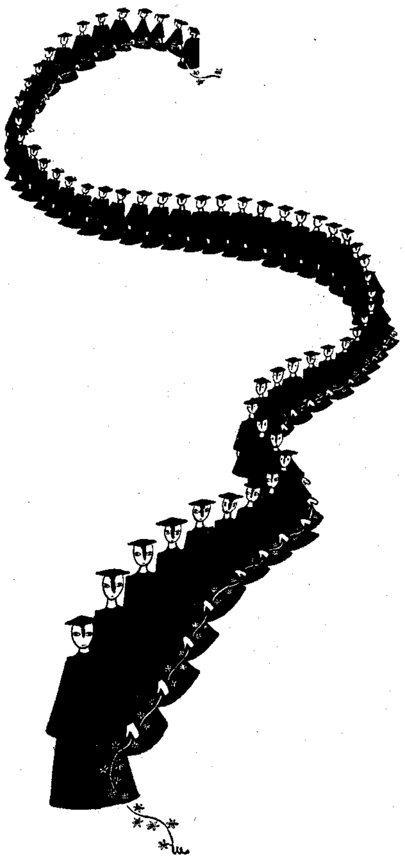
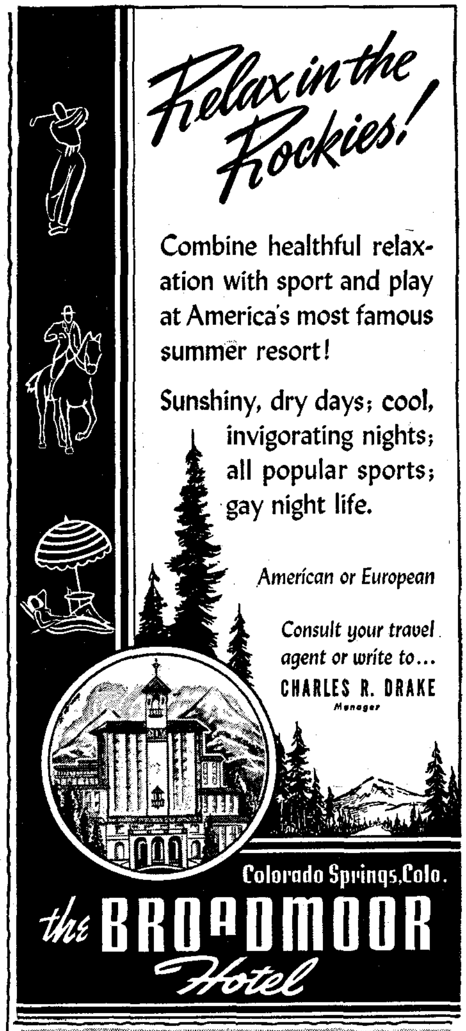
ly, and went up to her. "Mrs. Haggerty?" she said. "I'm so glad to see you; I was just beginning to wonder—"

"Schuyler's my name, m'dear," the little woman said. "You wouldn't know me. I'm motoring through to Boston and my chauffeur said there's something—of course I don't know *what*—the matter with the car, so we've stopped in this town. Whatever it *is*. He's taken the car to a garage and now I'm going to have my tea." She padded to the nearest empty table, leaving Mrs. Findlay murmuring, "Oh—excuse me—I see—I thought . . ."

SOMEWHAT shaken, Mrs. Findlay took up her vigil by the door, but by now she wasn't sure whether it was Mrs. Haggerty or Bertha Apfel or Agnes Toohey she was longing for, and she peered hopefully into even the most unlikely faces. Each time the door opened, either when someone came in or someone went out, she could hear the faint "Croo-ook-ook-ook!" of her hens. At five-forty-five she went out and put another penny in the slot.

"Another cup of coffee, please," she asked, back on her narrow bench once more. Her eyes followed a desperate arc between the clock and the door. The hum of voices, the clatter of trays and plates, were louder now. Simple suppers began to appear at a few of the tables, and Mrs. Schuyler was deep in a raisin bun. Mrs. Findlay knew that

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her waitress wished she would give up drinking coffee and go. "But I won't," she told herself stubbornly. "Not yet. This must be the way drunks feel, when they've been hanging around a bar for hours and hours and know they're unwelcome. I could order a sandwich, I suppose." But her whole nature revolted at the idea of a sandwich, and she longed now only for Agnes Toohey to push open the door and come to her; she had never wanted anything so much. "Come Agnes, come Agnes," she whispered, willing the door to open and a fine, strapping, unmistakable cook to come through. "Come Agnes . . . I'll give her till six."

At one minute of six the waitress asked would she be wanting supper and Mrs. Findlay sadly gathered up her handbag and gloves. As she went past the cashier in her cage she said to her, "If anyone asks for me—Mrs. Findlay, you remember? I was here."

So much coffee had made her lightheaded, and as she crossed the sidewalk and opened the front door of the car, her feet felt very far away beneath her and her eyes big and round like butter plates. She climbed across the many packages in the front seat and, her butter-plate eyes happening to be directed into the rear of the car, she was electrified to see one enormous egg, a really enormous, brown, smooth egg, roll quietly out from between the bars of a crate and slowly, slowly roll along the floor.

—Louise Field Cooper

•

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—Nathaniel Burt

•

He was followed by another dancer, a Cambridge girl named Jacqueline MacGregor, a well-known entertainer who often uses the neckname Jackie.—*Boston Globe.*

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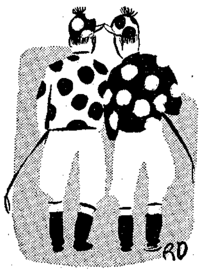
THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION (OF JAMAICA), LTD.-KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I.

THE RACE TRACK

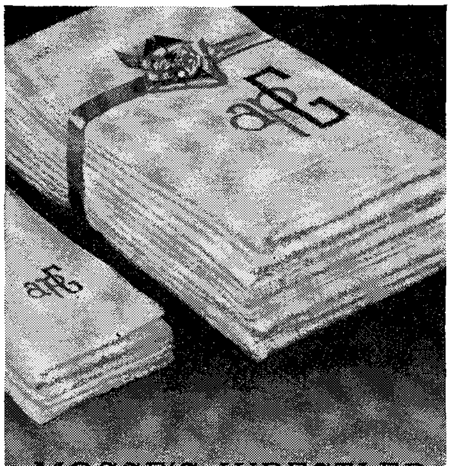
Saratoga on Long Island



EVERYBODY has known for some time that there will be no racing at Saratoga this summer and that all that remains to be decided is whether the meet will be held at Belmont Park or at Aqueduct. The decision probably won't be made for at least a fortnight; by that time it ought to be clear which track would offer the larger crowds and the fewer transportation problems.

From a purely practical point of view there is very little to be said against Aqueduct, since the Long Island Railroad trains run right past the door. However, there is one drawback that has probably occurred to all old racegoers and, I fancy, to the directors of the Queens County Jockey Club as well: the customers would have to spend too long a time in one place. The expatriate Saratoga meet will run from July 26th to August 28th, and Aqueduct's regular autumn meeting of eighteen days begins on August 30th. Touts and horse-copers and all the rest of us begin to yearn for a change of scenery after a few weeks. Furthermore, Belmont Park is a much pleasanter place, even if you do have to walk a mile from the station. It's roomy and it has a shady paddock, which should be popular with horse-lovers on the hot summer days ahead. Also, if I may be sentimental, Belmont Park would provide a more agreeable setting for the Saratoga Special, the Hopeful, the Travers, and all the other famous old races than Aqueduct, which is just another plain, businesslike race track.

The thing will work this way: The Saratoga Association will lease the course it chooses. The Association will pay the expenses of running the meeting and keep the profits, which will be considerably more than they ever were on the home grounds. There won't be any great technical difficulties about transferring the historic Saratoga stakes races to Long Island, since none of the races are endowed by individuals and subject to their restrictions. That sort of thing hasn't been done for years. Nowadays, purses are put up by the track managements and owners of race horses merely subscribe at so much an



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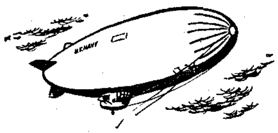
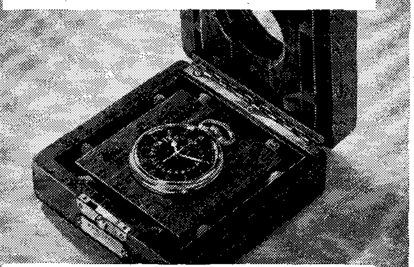


THEY GET THERE BY Hamilton TIME



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entry, depending on the conditions of the event, to the sweepstakes in which they want to run their animals.

THE best race at Belmont last week was the Ballot Handicap, won by Market Wise, who seems his old self again. A lot of people were astonished to see Shut Out, in the same race, run the first half mile in 45⅘ seconds and the six furlongs in 1:10—Count Fleet's times in the Withers, if you please. No doubt they had forgotten that when Shut Out and Devil Diver were two-year-olds, their stable considered Shut Out a much better sprinter than Devil Diver, and had merely recalled that last season, when both horses were three, it was the other way around.

On the whole, the Coaching Club American Oaks wasn't such a doleful show. It's true that Bierman, the boy who used to ride Alsab, handled Askmenow as though he were going a mile instead of a mile and a half and that Longden apparently thought he was riding Count Fleet instead of La Reigh. On the other hand, Too Timely was perfectly ridden by Woolf, and so she won easily. She's a good filly. The members of the Coaching Club did not come to the track for the event in their traditional road four, but they didn't come by subway or the Bee Line bus either. There was no road coach at the track that day, but there was a swell collection of herdics, including a glassed-in station wagon, and an open barouche.

WELL, Belmont's practically all over now, except the cheering for Count Fleet when he runs in the Belmont Stakes this weekend. After that, he'll probably have a short rest, since, unless John Hertz overcomes his dislike of the sharp turns in the Aqueduct track, Count Fleet will not run for the Dwyer Stakes. I don't suppose there will be a large field in Belmont's National Stallion Stakes either, for the loudest noise you hear around the stables now is the coughing of the two-year-olds. One trainer said the other day that in his stables twenty-five horses and one jockey are barking.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

ANSWERS TO HARD QUESTIONS

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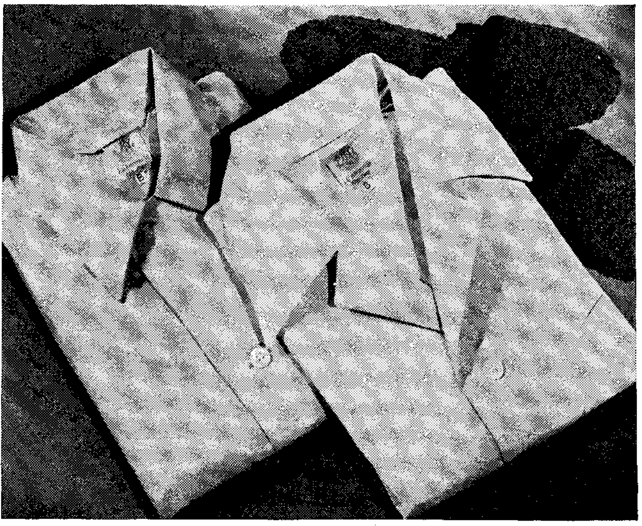
No, honey. Some way you just won't need a divorce.



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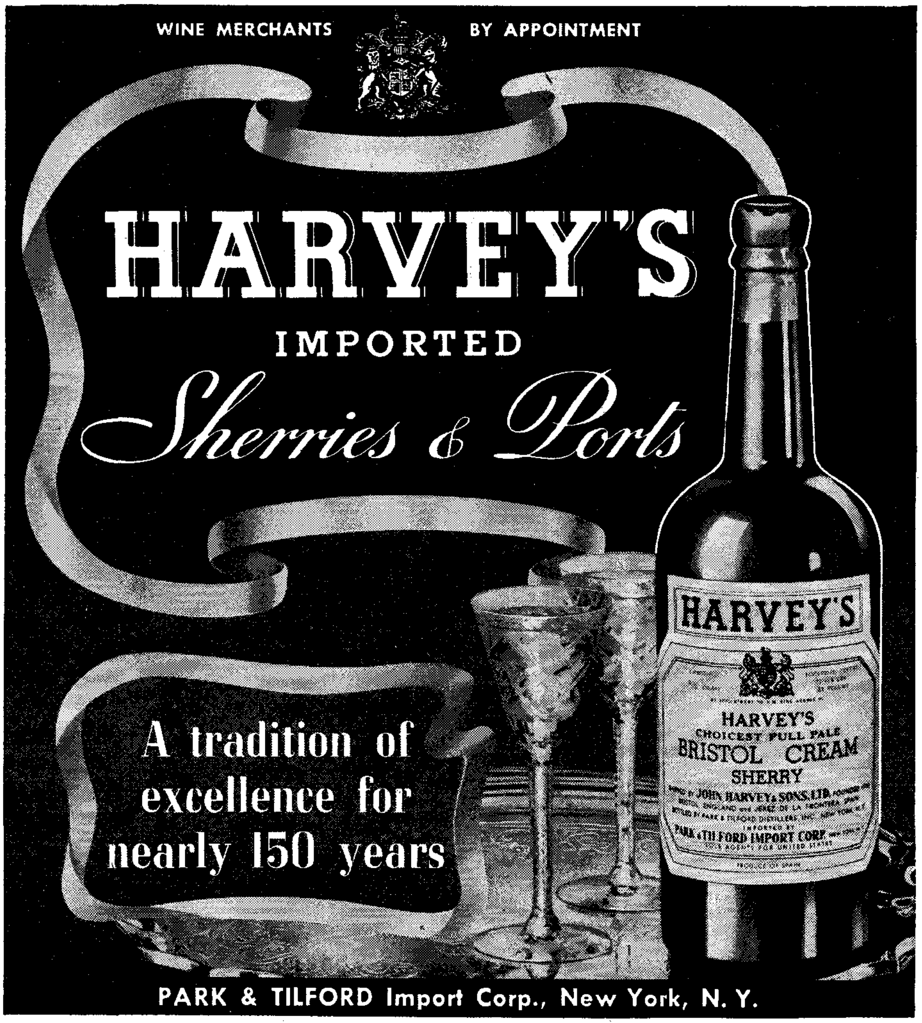

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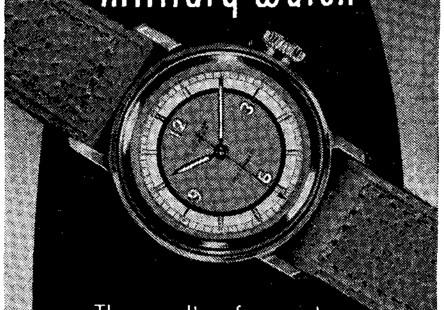

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Popular Records

ILL wind though it may be, the Petrillo ban against making new recordings has brought back some fine but forgotten performances that had been reposing in the archives of the various companies. The result is that a number of old-timers—once good, and, for my money, still good—may now be found in the shops. Decca, particularly busy in this variety of welcome pinch-hitting, recently released three albums of discs taken over from the Brunswick catalogue—"Red Nichols Classics," "Pine Top Smith," and "Ellingtonia."

Red Nichols and his justly famed Five Pennies (of which there seem to be a round dozen on each of his discs) perform in that impulsive way we have come to associate with Chicago jazz. Three of the items ("Peg o' My Heart," "Shim-Me-Sha-Wabble," and "Indiana") in his set—which contains eight sides, all told—are made from what the trade calls "second masters," which means, among other things, that the performances on these records, though they took place on the same day as the recording of the original releases, are not quite the same and therefore have special historic interest. Nichols and such eminent assistants as Jack Teagarden, Benny Goodman, Jimmy Dorsey, Glenn Miller, Joe Sullivan, Gene Krupa, Babe Russin, and Adrian Rollini give these three pieces, as well as the five others, a first-class going over. A high spot in the Nichols collection is the leader's superb solo work in "China Boy," which, happily, is included in the album.

The precise origin of boogie-woogie is a mystery, though such evidence as there is suggests that it was born in New Orleans sometime early in this century. Nevertheless, Clarence (Pine Top) Smith, an Alabama Negro whose unusual pianistics used to entertain night-club and theatre audiences in the twenties, is supposed to have brought it a long way toward its present stylistic pattern. There are many hot-music experts who might choke at the mere suggestion that any of his contemporaries really approached him, whether in richness of invention, spontaneity, or technique. Unfortunately, Pine Top's career

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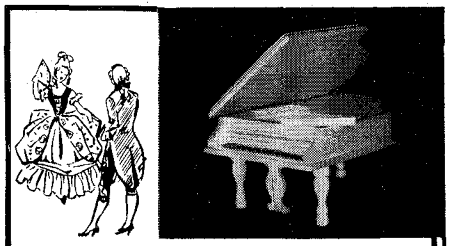

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was ended in Chicago in 1929 by a revolver bullet—a stray bullet, at that; he was an innocent bystander.

In all, Pine Top recorded eight compositions of his own for Brunswick. Four of them are in the "Pine Top Smith" album—"Pine Top's Boogie Woogie," "Pine Top's Blues," "Jump Steady Blues," and "I'm Sober Now," a group one might consider representative of his talents. His singing isn't much, but it is buoyant and sort of cozy. It is his playing of boogie-woogie and blues, however, that makes him a superior artist.

Any culling of Duke Ellington items from any part of his recording career is bound to be rewarding, because he has always been too exacting to let anything second rate get by him. Some weeks ago Victor produced an album of Ellington classics, and now Decca has done the same in one called "Ellingtonia," with eight of his pre-1933 Brunswick selections. The compositions involved are "East St. Louis Toodle-oo," "Birmingham Breakdown," "Rockin' in Rhythm," "Twelfth Street Rag," "The Mooche," "Wall Street Wail," and, inevitably, "Black and Tan Fantasy" and "Mood Indigo." There is no need for comment, because these, after all, are well-known recordings and each of them is close to perfect in its class.

THE list of recommended dance records is small this time because there just haven't been many to choose from. As usual, swing is marked by an asterisk. We have to consider:

ALL OR NOTHING AT ALL and FLASH*—Harry James and his orchestra. The news here is Frank Sinatra, who is the vocalist in "All or Nothing at All," which he sings in that careless but musical fashion of his. This number was recorded a couple of years ago, when Sinatra was merely a member of the James entourage. Anyway, the band supports the singer nicely and its purely instrumental moments are up to par. "Flash" turns out to be a moderately good swing with solos, hot stuff, and such. (*Columbia 35587*)

RUSTY DUSTY BLUES* and ALL OF ME—Count Basie and his orchestra. In these the Basie band just accompanies singers but it still makes very competent music. James Rushing sings "Rusty Dusty Blues" in the best blues manner and Lynne Sherman delivers an engaging if tremulous account of "All of Me." (*Columbia 36675*)

—OFFBEAT

•

Because the United Nations food conference which opens in Hot Springs, Va., on Tuesday of this week may be one of the most significant international meetings in history, the Free Press has sent Clifford Prevost, its Washington bureau chief, to Arkansas.—*Detroit Free Press.*

So far so good.

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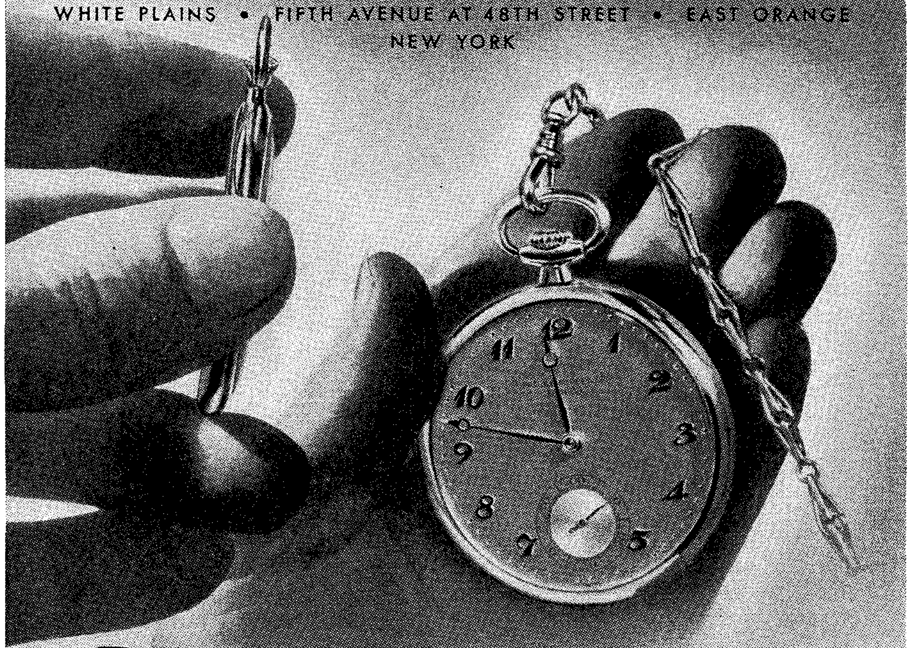

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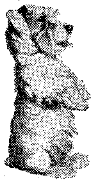

The Fireside Book of Dog Stories is destined, the publishers believe, to become the top dog in its field. As may be seen by the Table of Contents, it is a great Dane among anthologies, containing 608 pages, two complete novels, thirty-three short stories and articles, and several novelettes.

It contains gay stories and sad ones, philosophical ones and shamelessly sentimental ones. There are stories about mastiffs and bull terriers, pointers and poodles, Airedales and just plain mutts. The reader need bring only one thing to it—an attachment to dogs, by leashes or other ties.

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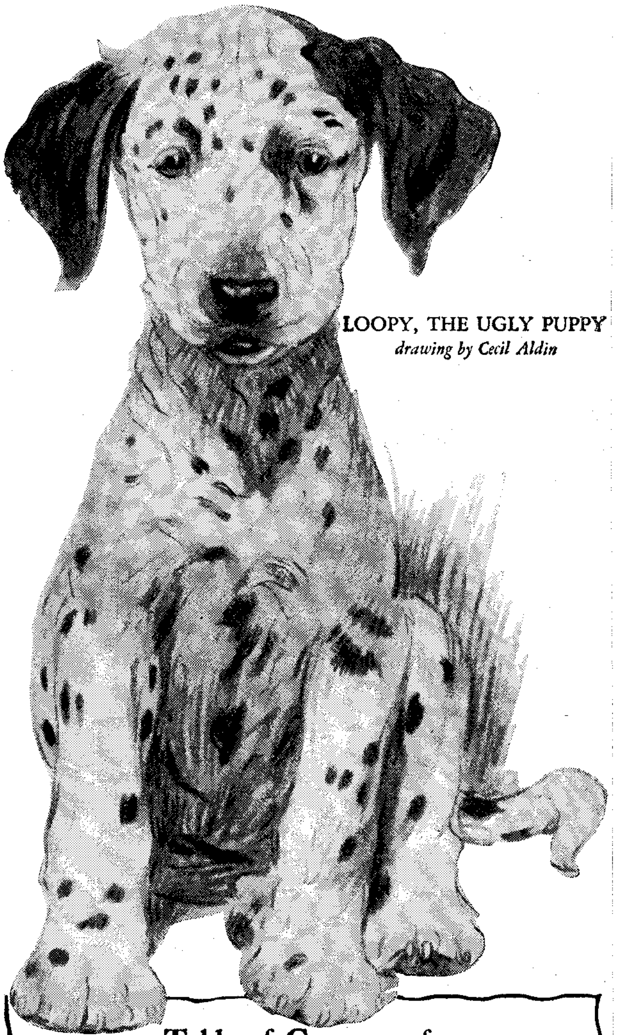

LOOPY, THE UGLY PUPPY
drawing by Cecil Aldin

Table of Contents of "The Fireside Book of Dog Stories"

For the Love of a Man (*The Call of the Wild*)	*by* JACK LONDON
Blue Milk	*by* BOOTH TARKINGTON
Memories	*by* JOHN GALSWORTHY
The Hound and the Hat	*by* JAMES THURBER
The Dog That Bit People	*by* JAMES THURBER
Snapshot of a Dog	*by* JAMES THURBER
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Verdun Belle	*by* ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT
Gulliver the Great	*by* WALTER A. DYER
The Bar Sinister	*by* RICHARD HARDING DAVIS
The Coming of Riquet	*by* ANATOLE FRANCE
The Odyssey of Runyon Jones	*by* NORMAN CORWIN
Brag Dog	*by* VEREEN BELL
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The Care and Training of a Dog	*by* E. B. WHITE
Obituary	*by* E. B. WHITE
Our Friend the Dog	*by* MAURICE MAETERLINCK
The Biscuit Eater	*by* JAMES STREET
Rex	*by* D. H. LAWRENCE
My Talks with Dean Spanley	*by* LORD DUNSANY
Memoirs of a Yellow Dog	*by* O. HENRY
From Pillar to Post	*by* JACK ALAN
A Dark-Brown Dog	*by* STEPHEN CRANE
Ruffled Paws	*by* BERTHA DAMON
Bashan	*by* THOMAS MANN
The Dog of Pompeii	*by* LOUIS UNTERMEYER
Being a Public Character	*by* DON MARQUIS
Moses	*by* WALTER D. EDMONDS
The Soul of Caliban	*by* EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER
The Dark Gentleman	*by* G. B. STERN
A Pair of Lovers	*by* ELSIE SINGMASTER
Garm—A Hostage	*by* RUDYARD KIPLING
Lassie Come Home	*by* ERIC KNIGHT
The Voice of Bugle Ann	*by* MACKINLAY KANTOR
Some Sunnybank Dogs	*by* ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE
The Whistle	*by* HUGH WALPOLE
The Character of Dogs	*by* ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

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BOOKS

White and Red

WITH the publication of "Queens Die Proudly," the pattern of W. L. White's method of reporting the war becomes standardized. It's a sound method and there is no reason he should not use it again and again. His procedure is simple. He isolates a single but large and typical episode—the adventure of the motor torpedo-boat squadron in his first book, that of the Southwest Pacific Flying Fortresses in this one. Then he concentrates on a group or crew; this war is being fought by groups or crews rather than by individuals or masses. Then he permits the group to tell its collective story more or less in its own words. It is useless to pretend that Mr. White gives us the original words; he is an artist and so he makes his people talk much better than they could have done themselves. Finally, the whole story is subjected to a process of ruthless compression, somewhat in the style of Hemingway's short stories. The result is a powerful piece of reporting with the fine, solid ring of truth.

"Queens Die Proudly" does not, I think, pack quite the same punch the author's "They Were Expendable" did. It is not as unified a story and though it is about an entire crew, a preponderant part of the narrative is related by one man, Lieutenant Colonel Frank Kurtz, pilot of the Swoose, the only Flying Fortress of the original group in the Philippines to survive the Clark Field massacre in Luzon and see home again.

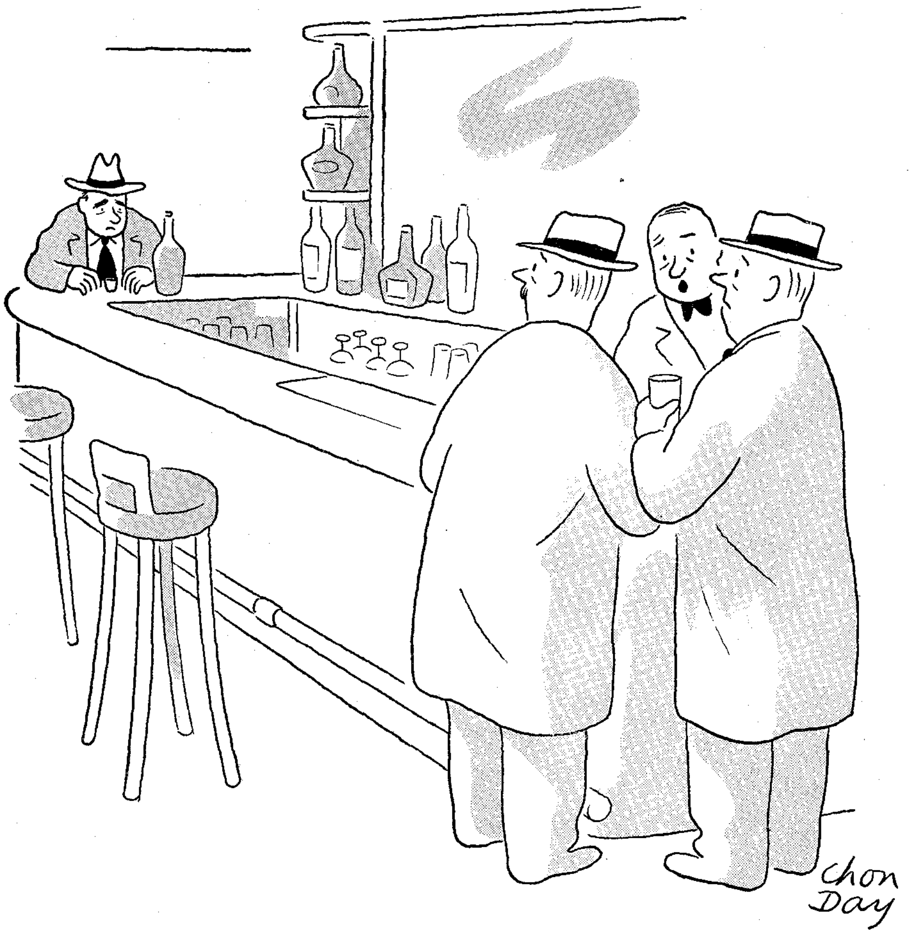
The tale begins, grim and relentless, on the day of that massacre, with the men on the ground blazing away with .45's at the Jap dive-bombers. Driven out of the Philippines, the survivors of the Flying Fortress crews established themselves at Port Darwin, then in Java, then back in Australia again. Pitifully outnumbered, lacking equipment but never lacking ingenuity and courage, these men proceeded to their task, undertaken against tremendous odds, of ranging the Southwest Pacific in order to break up the Jap invasion fleets wherever they might appear.

These were the truly heroic early hours of the war with Japan. Reinforcements didn't come, pilots were few, they knew they were fighting a losing battle, the advance of the Japs into Java and Sumatra was irresistible. It was a war of airdromes, and we simply didn't have the men or the planes to hold them. "To fight an air war," says Kurtz, "you need two things: enough equipment and enough responsibility. Nobody who flew in Java will ever gripe that they didn't give us enough responsibility."

The book's accounts of air action are as clean-cut and exciting as any the war has evoked, and while there is plenty of the technical detail that Mr. White handles so skillfully, the figures of the human beings behind the machines—they include such names as Buzz Wagner, Wheless, and Kelly—are always projected in clear outline. There is perhaps less bitterness against military and political officialdom than there was in "They Were Expendable," but there is enough of it to drive home (which is where it should be driven) the irrefutable fact of our woeful unpreparedness.

IN "Mother Russia," the latest episode of Maurice Hindus's public love affair with the Russian people, the author reminds us of the fact that Russia's conflict with invading Germans began in 1214. She has had seven hundred years of coping with the German lust to annihilate or enslave "inferior" races, in this case the Slavs. Seven hundred years can teach people a good deal; Stalingrad is a symbol of what they have taught Russians about Germans. The Russians, the author tells us, hate Germans for the simple reason that their land has been gleefully devastated and their citizens gleefully tortured by millions of Germans who have never been within heiling distance of a Nazi Party card.

"Mother Russia" is a warm, somewhat sentimental report, not on the Soviet regime but on the men, women, and children who defend it. It's an up-to-date account—Mr. Hindus was there in 1942—and, together with the Russian sections of Eve Curie's "Journey Among Warriors," comprises about the most vivid description of our ally available to us. Hindus tells in detail the stories of dozens of Russian women, youths, and children—the civilian he-



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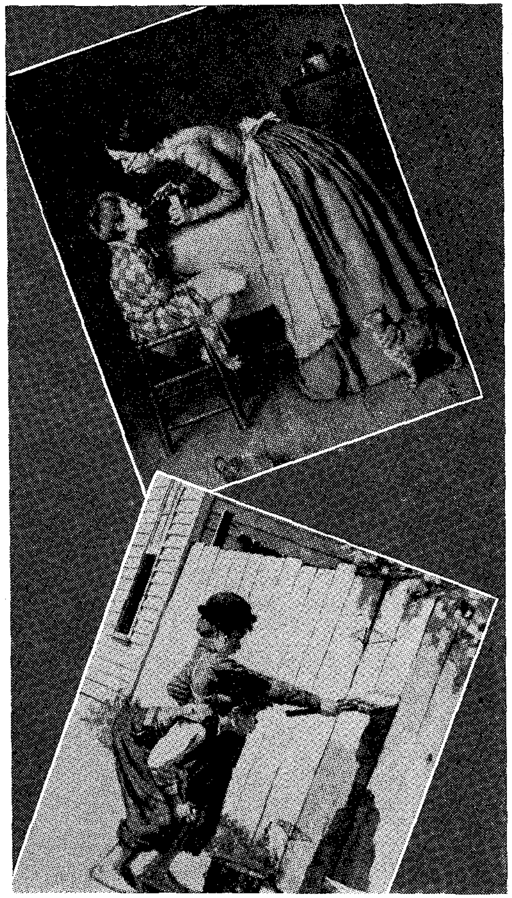

THE MOST FAMOUS BOYS in American literature are a pair of Missouri rascals, Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. Tom made his appearance between the covers of a book in 1876, but he really was born more than a hundred years ago, when a lively urchin named Samuel Clemens began his own lusty, footloose boyhood in the Mississippi River town of Hannibal, drowsing at the foot of Cardiff Hill. Huck's own story—he had already shared in Tom's adventures—was published in 1884 and almost at once was a classic. Imperishable as Robinson Crusoe, it portrays a whole civilization.

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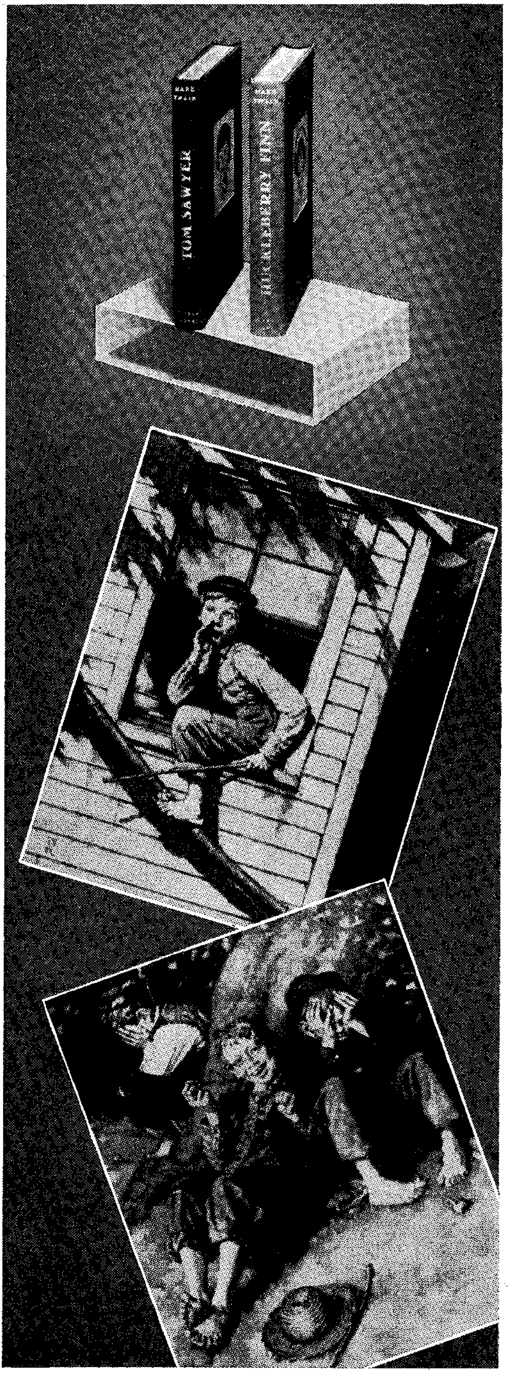

previous illustrator of Tom and Huck had done: he went to Hannibal and wandered about the town sketching everything from Tom's rainspout escape to the gray river which the boys ferried to reach their sand bar retreat. The originals of the paintings are in the Mark Twain Museum at Hannibal, where they are much admired by visitors from literally everywhere who stop to see first-hand the scenes of the famous books.

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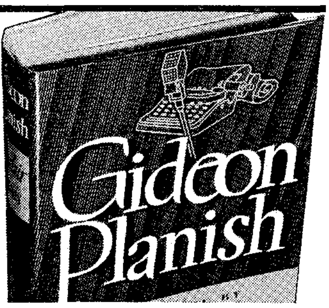

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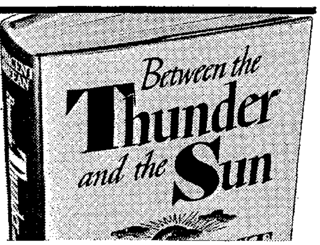

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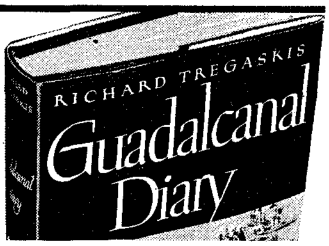

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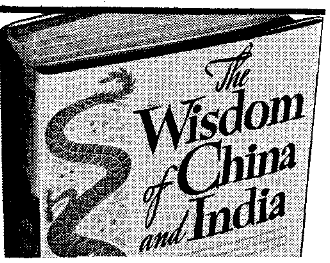

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roes of the Soviet Union, whose almost madly sacrificial spirit is the intangible factor that has brought victory to the Russian armies. He sketches what happened in three representative cities—Tula, Moscow, and Stalingrad—to show how a total war of resistance is fought. More important, he reveals in detail the life of a typical Soviet factory, showing the Russian scheme of ownership and management, who gets how much pay, what the incentives are in a socialist society, and what the factory means to the worker socially as well as economically. This same detailed analysis is also applied to a typical *kolkhoz*, or collective farm. Without the *kolkhoz*, Hindus believes, Russia would have lost the war. Another point he stresses is that there is a growing moral puritanism among the Russians, a puritanism precisely of the sort that should appeal most strongly to our own bluenoses.

One section of the book deals with the German New Order in occupied Russia, or that part of occupied Russia that the Russians have been able to win back. The mass of evidence presented by Hindus, as well as by other observers, points clearly to a few basic conclusions. The aim of the Germans is simply to roll Russia back into the eighteenth century. To effect this relapse into feudalism, they have murdered men, women, and children by the million, burned or devastated houses, destroyed or exported machinery, and, in particular, consigned to the flames all books and records of any description. These same Germans, when they surrender to the Russians, often blandly announce that they are Communists. Other Germans are doubtless busy assuring our army in Africa that they are really democrats. The Russians have not been deceived.

EMIL LUDWIG's mild Beethoven complex has driven him to supersede his 1930 sketch of his hero with a full-length biography called "Beethoven: Life of a Conqueror," sympathetically translated by George Stewart McManus. Mr. Ludwig's book, obviously the fruit of an almost lifelong absorption in his subject, runs in excess of three hundred and fifty pages. His subtitle expresses whatever is novel in his viewpoint. He sees Beethoven not as a suffering and misunderstood genius but as a conquering hero, quite capable of handling the world about him, strong enough to rise above the handicaps of a confused and unsatisfactory love life, deafness, and, in his later years, a dearth of affection. Ludwig's interpretation is

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consistent and seems to make sense, rather more sense than do his explanations of Beethoven's music, which are couched in somewhat inflated, old-fashioned program-note style.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

RIDE THIS NIGHT!, by Vilhelm Moberg, translated by Henry Alexander. The time of this impressive work is the reign of Queen Christina of Sweden, when the misery of the peasants had led to sporadic revolts throughout the country. The action involves the conflict between freeborn, land-owning peasants of a small village and the lord of the manor, who, like many of the German nobles who found their way to Sweden after the Thirty Years' War, looked upon the destitute farmers as slaves. Only one of the unhappy peasants has the courage to resist with violence the brutality of the overlord, and it is the resistance of this courageous, stubborn, and defeated man that makes the story. Mr. Moberg's narrative has a fine, hard core that is not often found in the works of our own much-touted historical novelists, but his effort to make the hero into a symbol of revolt against an alien tyranny doesn't quite come off.

SPEARHEAD, by John Brophy. A straightforward, well-written account of the work of a subsection of a Commando unit, and the story of a love affair in which one of its members becomes involved. The descriptions of the raids (one on a Norwegian port and another on the French coast) are first-rate bits of narrative, stirring and informative, and the love interest, which is not allowed to intrude upon the military operations, is original and moving. Recommended to those who are curious about how the Commandos function.

MY DARLING FROM THE LIONS, by Edita Morris. Anna and Jezza, two not very probable little girls, keep diaries in which they record the even less probable life that goes on in a big country house somewhere in the north of Sweden. The children's diaries manage to convey much of the excitement of the strange northern country and to make the cracked-brain household interesting if not convincing. When the girls grow up and take lovers, the diaries slump into sophomoric tedium.

THE SHINING SEA, by Kjerstin Gor-

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ranson-Ljungman, translated by Barrows Mussey. This is a great month for the Swedes. Here is a story told in words of not much more than one syllable about a small-town Swedish girl who refuses to marry the rich farmer of her parents' choice and runs off with a poor but handsome fisherman. After this, life for the girl is mostly herring and babies, and no herring in bad years. The publishers quite reasonably liken the novel to one of our own earthy sagas of the Maine coast. After all, sex on a lonely island off the Swedish coast is very like sex down on the old farm.

Kate Fennigate, by Booth Tarkington. Full-length portraits of two women in a Midwestern city—the heroine, good as gold, and her foil, predatory and unscrupulous. The story is told with the author's usual facility, but you get the impression that for once Mr. Tarkington has been completely taken in by one of his girls and that he doesn't suspect his heroine is an insufferable little prig.

GENERAL

Moscow Dateline, by Henry C. Cassidy. The author, formerly head of the Associated Press bureau in Moscow, does a good, levelheaded job of reporting the principal events in Russia between the spring of 1941 and February of this year. Carefully detailed material on the battles for Moscow, Sebastopol, Stalingrad, and other cities. Mr. Cassidy seems to be able to write freshly and objectively even about himself and his colleagues, which is unheard of in a correspondent's memoirs.

Old Nameless, by Sidney Shalett. One of our new battlewagons, her commander, and her green crew in the Battle of Santa Cruz and the Battle of Guadalcanal. Ship and crew behaved magnificently, and the author, a Washington correspondent for the *Times*, does them stirring justice in a chronicle that deserves to be ranked up close to "Queen of the Flat-Tops." Occasionally sentimental, though, and not especially distinguished writing.

The Wind that Swept Mexico, by Anita Brenner and George R. Leighton. Excellent photographic history of the Mexican Revolution, the continuing movement for social change in Mexico, from 1910 to 1942. Miss Brenner's full-length introduction and running text, which lean toward an exclusively economic interpretation, are knowledgeable and well written. Mr. Leighton has assembled 184 striking photographs and contributes a note on the photographers.

The Fighting French, by Raoul Aglion. Detailed history of the Fighting French movement, beginning with the 1940 armistice and going on up to the present, including an account of the battles de Gaulle's men have engaged in, conditions in French colonies all over the world, portrait sketches of the French leaders, personal histories, and so on. A good job, but the author seems inclined to be a trifle too tactful on occasion. Photographs and maps.

Islands of the Pacific, by Hawthorne Daniel. Timely handbook of facts about nearly all the Pacific islands north, south, and west of Hawaii: location, climate, topography, peoples, and so on. No war information. One terse statement about Wake Island is characteristic: "It was never fortified, but a small body of Marines was formerly stationed there." Maps.

The God of the Machine, by Isabel Paterson. Survey of history from the Phoenicians to modern America in terms of the analogy between engineering and human society. Reaches the not very novel conclusion that only free enterprise, in a Hamiltonian republic rather than a democracy, can produce the fullest flow of social energy. Some interesting observations, and well written, too.

They Also Ran, by Irving Stone. Short biographies of nineteen defeated candidates for the Presidency—Clay, Frémont, Douglas, Bryan, Smith, and Willkie, among others—plus an estimate of what their worth to the nation might have been if they had been elected. Vigorous writing, and some new evaluations. Box scores and photographs.

The Twilight of Civilization, by Jacques Maritain, translated by Lionel Landry. A short lecture, first delivered in Paris in 1939, in which the author defends "the primacy of the spiritual" and argues that true democracy must be founded on the Christian concepts of justice and love. Good translation. Part of it has appeared in the *Virginia Quarterly Review*.

With a Merry Heart, compiled and edited, with an introduction and biographical comment, by Paul J. Phelan. A jolly collection of humorous pieces, prose and verse, by Catholic writers, English and American.

Medieval American Art, by Pál Kelemen. A work in two volumes, one devoted to text and the other to photographs, and probably the most comprehensive survey of pre-Columbian art—Mayan, Toltec, Aztec, and so on—that has yet been attempted. The text is crisp, dry, and documentary. The three hundred-odd photographs are as wisely chosen as they are beautifully reproduced. Together, text and reproductions give an unusually attractive opportunity to study those half-mysterious, wholly native cultures that existed on this continent long before the advent of the white man.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

The Rat Began to Gnaw the Rope, by C. W. Grafton. Gil Henry, junior member of a Kentucky law firm, is visited by Ruth McClure of the nearby town of Harpersville. She wants to know why a Mr. Harper is offering to buy her shares of his company's stock for more than their market value. Henry turns detective and is involved in a murder case. Fast, humorous story with flashes of brilliance by a new writer of mysteries.

Painted for the Kill, by Lucy Cores. Lili Michaud, a beautiful French actress, visits Lais', famous New York beauty culture salon, before she leaves for Hollywood. During her mud-pack treatment she is murdered, and the personnel of Lais' and some of the clients are put on the spot. This first mystery has a well-thought-out plot and is written with malice and gaiety.

Crimson Friday, by Dorothy Cameron Disney. An eccentric old woman named Veronica Moran and her equally eccentric maid, Hannah, come to live in the village of Merristone, Connecticut. When Hannah is found murdered in the cellar of a cottage which is being remodelled by a young couple named Blake, the Blakes, their relatives, and friends find themselves entangled in a mesh of mystery and murder. Nice plot undermined slightly by some forced and fancy writing.

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(1) "Chlorinated hydrocarbon refrigerants" means trichloromonofluoromethane, dichlorodifluoromethane, dichloromonofluoromethane, trichlorotrifluoroethane, and dichlorotetrafluoroethane.

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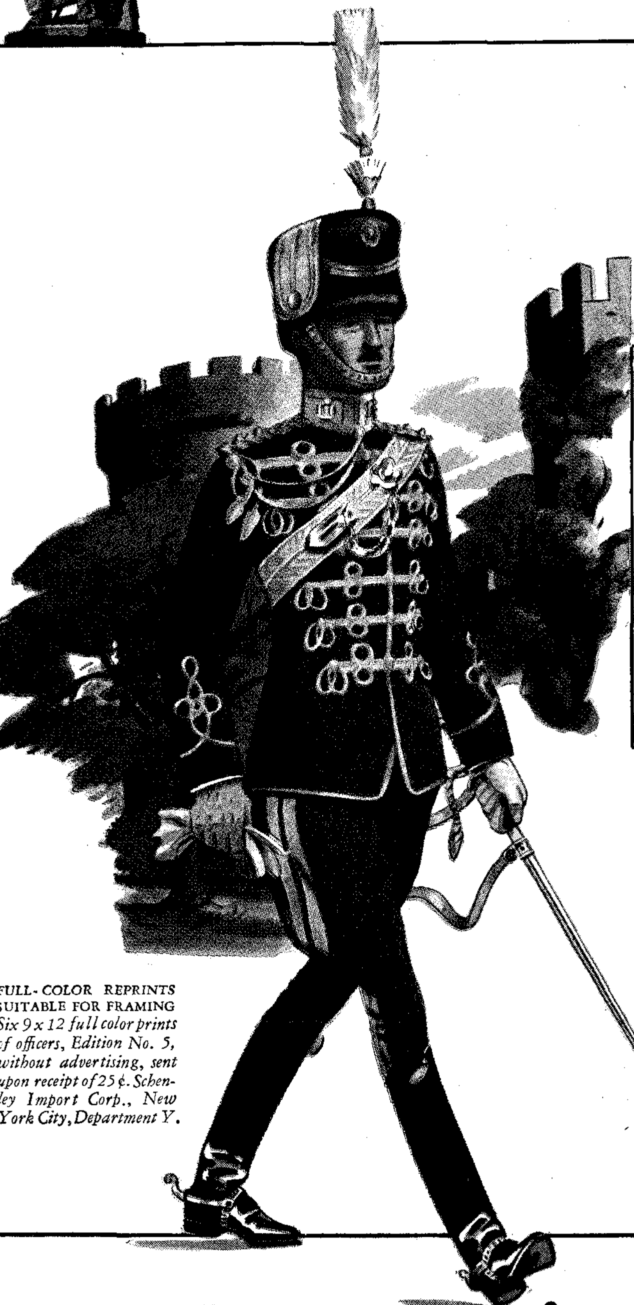

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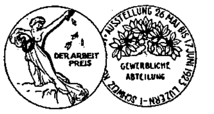
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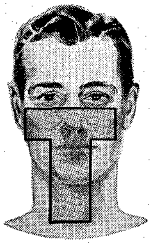

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